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EUROPE AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR 1831.

THE past year exhibited a state of affairs unexampled since the fall of the Roman empire—the supremacy of the multitude ! The origin of all the modern dominations of Europe was in the power of the armed people. The northern tribes who broke down the Roman empire were a populace, warlike, yet but half-armed, and accustomed to obey princes and chieftains, yet possessed of rights which made them almost independent of authority. They fell upon the tottering mass of the Roman empire with a weight which crushed it ; and from the ruins they raised kingdoms and principalities, in which the sovereign was little more than the chief magistrate, and the government little more than a republic of soldiers.

In 1830, the French returned nearly to the model of their ancestors in the sixth century ; by an insurrection of the armed multitude, overthrew the monarchy ; and established a sovereignty in its stead, in which the governor is but the chief magistrate, and the form of the government is, in all but name, republican.

The example of this powerful and leading people rapidly produced imitators. The people of Brussels mastered the government, defeated its forces, and, establishing the independence of Belgium, fully declared their right to a separate government, a new-modeled constitution, and the choice of a king.

The next demand of those popular rights was in Switzerland. A peasant army rose, marched into Berne, and obtained all their demands. The facility of their success has made their insurrection obscure ; but the principle of the exertion of popular power to obtain popular rights was amply established.

The flame now spread to the north ; and, on the 29th of November, the people of Warsaw rose, drove out the Russian garrison, formed a government, and declared the independence of Poland. In the minor German States, the popular spirit not less displayed itself. The people rose in Brunswick, expelled their Duke on the ground of personal injuries, and have since finally given over his authority to his brother. The same effervescence exhibited in several of the other principalities, without proceeding to the same length, produced, at least, promises of constitutional rights, which, if not performed, will, in all probability, produce

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revolutions. Even in England, a new and angry feeling had begun to spread. The abettors of popular violence, excited by the success of the French and Belgian insurrections, became more daring. A blind and fierce system of outrage was put in practice; and the breaking of machines, and the burning of farm-yards, menaced the destruction of agriculture.

A new year is before us; and it may exceed human sagacity to anticipate the nature of the changes which shall occur before its close. But some extraordinary changes in the condition of the continental governments must be apprehended. In England—strong in her constitution, in her position, in the power of her middle class, and the consciousness of all wise and honourable men, that the *principles* of the monarchy cannot be changed for the better—we have no reason to fear revolution. But it is possible that a multitude of the abuses, which time or corruption has drawn round the government, will be tolerated no longer.

The first object which stings the public feeling is, of course, the Public Expenditure. England is taxed to ten times the amount of any other European State. It has been computed that, in one shape or other, every article which belongs to the support, the civilization, or the enjoyment of life, contributes three-fourths of its value to the State; that, in fact, every tax-paying individual in England pays £75. out of every £100. of his income! The question is loudly asked—why, with the productive soil, the temperate climate, and the singularly advantageous geographical position of England, are the means of life more difficult to be provided here than in any other country of Europe?—why the same quantity of bread which costs one penny in France—but fifteen miles from England—should in England cost three?—why all the other necessities of life are in the same proportion?—why the labourer on the Continent lives in comfort and plenty, while the English labourer lives in penury, and is driven to poaching, smuggling, and the parish?—why the incomes of the great landholders, the church, and the farmers, are all sinking, and yet no other class is the richer?

The general answer assigned to those queries is the inordinate taxation which goes to support the inordinate expenditure of Government. The public investigation is now turned keenly on the ways in which the national property is expended; and the strongest anxiety is already directed to the measures to which Parliament is pledged on the subject of retrenchment. A topic of peculiar offence is the Pension-List. The crowd of names which that document exhibits as sharing the public money, has been already severely investigated, and will be brought into inquiry with still more unsparing determination. The popular writers demand, by what service to the State, or personal virtue, or meritorious claim of any kind on the public, have three-fourths of those pensioners been fixed upon the national purse? They state that, in a crowd of instances, the only grounds which they can even conjecture are of a kind which it is not consistent with decorum to name. In other instances, they find the families of men who had long enjoyed highly lucrative employments, and who, though with the most obvious means of providing for the decent subsistence of their families, preferred leading a life of show and extravagance, living up to the last shilling of their income, and then fastening their wives and children upon the State. Others, who, having not even the claim of such service, contrived, merely by some private interest, to secure this provision, and thus support individuals in rank and luxury, whose natural place, whatever their

titles may be, would be in the humblest ranks of society, and whose bread must be earned by the far honestest labour of their own hands.

Other objects of investigation must be the *Sinecures, Pluralities, and Reversions*. It is stated that the Privy Council receive, on an average, £5,000. per annum each, or the enormous total of upwards of £600,000. a year!—that, of course, many of those individuals hold two, three, or four places;—that the land is eaten up with *sinecurism*;—and that, on this system, the worthless branches of noble families, the dependents of ministers, and the general brood of the idle and useless, are fed out of the earnings of the people.

It is obvious, however, that these charges fall entirely short of striking at the Constitution; that they merely advert to abuses, and leave the principles untouched; that the British Constitution is still the first object of political homage; and that even the most violent advocates for public change declare that their views are directed, not to the overthrow, but to the greater activity and supremacy of the Constitution.

The state of property, as it refers to Agriculture, the Church, Manufactures, and Commerce, presents some new and anxious aspects. Throughout England, the agricultural interests are in a state of depression. Rents have generally fallen, or been voluntarily lowered. The poor-rates have increased; labour is failing; and the agricultural population is either in open riot, or latent discontent. The most singular feature in all this, is the utter difficulty of ascertaining its cause. None of the great casualties of nations—famine, war, sudden loss of market for manufactures or produce, have occurred; yet, undoubtedly, the crisis is now more severe than at any former period. The political economists have, of course, all failed in discovering either cause or remedy. The theory of one is, that the distress is owing to the return to a circulation in coin; but that return is now half-a-dozen years old, and it is totally impossible to perceive how, by giving the extraordinary power to coin, to every man who chose to call himself a banker, any end could follow except that which has followed in every instance of the experiment—an infinite quantity of fraud, of baseless speculation, of loss among the poor, of forgery and its consequent loss of life among the wretched people tempted by the facility of the practice, and—as a result of the whole—a trembling credit, which the first accident would throw into universal bankruptcy.

As matters proceed now, every man who has value can obtain gold; the circulation is unchecked by any paucity of the precious metals, and the only sufferers on the subject are the country dealer in paper, which he can now no more manufacture into pounds, and millions of pounds, on his sole credit, which has so often proved not worth sixpence; or the speculator without capital, who is ready to embark in any desperate enterprize, and borrow at any interest, in the hope of realizing something or other in the chances of the world. We are told, too, that the restricted issues of the country bankers, by preventing the farmers from being able to obtain notes by mortgaging their crops for the time, prevent them from keeping back their produce until the season of the highest prices. But why should the farmers, or any other men, be aided to keep up the market thus artificially, and extract an inordinate price from the public necessities, by the help of fictitious money?*

* Some remarks on this subject, from an intelligent correspondent, will be found at p. 164.

according to the advocates for the one-pound note, public prosperity is to depend on two fictions—paper-money, without funds—and a monopoly price for corn. This is evidently against common-sense and the nature of things; and the cause must be sought elsewhere.

The true cause of the public pressure is, beyond all doubt, the Taxation. No nation was ever exposed to such tremendous imposts. The taxes of England amount to not much less than seventy millions sterling a-year! Twenty millions to the government; twenty to the local expenditure, poor-rates, highways, watching, lighting, &c. &c.; and nearly thirty millions to the interest of the national debt. We are to recollect too, that this enormous sum is paid by a population of twelve millions, of whom one half are females, and about one half of the remainder infants and old people, classes from whose labour little can be raised; in other words, that about three millions of men pay upwards of twenty pounds sterling each! In America the taxation is nine shillings and threepence a-head! We certainly pay rather high for our privilege in living at this side of the Atlantic.

This frightful taxation must be diminished within reasonable bounds by some means or other; the fact is beyond all dispute. The people of England cannot be rationally expected by any government to see themselves reduced to extremity by enormous imposts, for the vanity, the improvidence, or the vice of others, let them bear what name they may. It is monstrous to conceive, that about two hundred individuals, three-fourths of whom are almost totally unknown as public servants, and of whom not one fiftieth ever performed any service to the State worth fifty pounds, should yearly be suffered to draw from the exigencies of the country upwards of £600,000!

It is monstrous that for fifteen years of Peace, and with the most constant assurances from the Throne that there was not the slightest probability of War with any power of Europe, we should have been keeping up an army of upwards of 100,000 men! and paying for them at three times the rate of any European power besides; namely, eight millions a year! To the advocates of this most unwise expenditure we unhesitatingly say, that this support of a standing army is among the most extraordinary instances in which a people of common sense have ever suffered themselves to be misled.

In all countries a standing army is a declared evil. On the continent the only result of the system has been to inspire kingdoms with mutual jealousy, make military habits supersede those of all the purer, more healthy, and more productive classes of society; set a coxcomb with a pair of epaulettes above the man of science, the merchant, the scholar, the agriculturist, above every body who has any better employment than strutting in moustaches and a laced coat. It prompts princely cupidity to aggression on the neighbouring states, just as when every man wore a sword, every word produced a deadly quarrel. It impoverishes the nation, and, after all, when the time of Invasion comes, the only period in which it can be important for any people to have an army, it is generally found inefficient, and the true defence of the country is found in the multitude who have never received a shilling of pay, and whose natural intrepidity serves their country better than all the drilling and parading of their coxcomb hussars, lancers, life-guards, and the whole haughty and costly crowd of encumbrances of the land. But in England, with her Cliffs for an insurmountable rampart, and the

Sea for an impassable ditch ; with the most compact and vigorous population on earth to man this mighty fortress ; with Fleets for her outposts, invincible by human force ; with the power of sending a force on the wings of the wind to attack any kingdom of the earth on the most vulnerable side ;—what necessity can we have for a Standing Army ? When all our colonies are fatal to European life, how shall the pretext be advanced, that we require this army for our colonial possessions ? It is notorious that a militia raised in the colonies, of men seasoned to the climate, and acquainted with the habits of the natives, and the face of the country, is the only description of force that common sense would think of using. The hideous mortality of the British troops in the West Indies should have long since taught us, on the mere ground of humanity, the senselessness of giving the defence of the West Indies to the raw recruits of England.

We are not to be told that the state of Ireland requires a standing army. Our answer is, that the Irish yeomanry would be more than equal to put down any papist insurrection ; that it put down a papist insurrection before ; and that from its cheapness, its constitutional nature, and its adaptation to the circumstances of Ireland, it is of all forces the fittest to put down Irish disturbance. To advert to other points.

The burnings have been repressed for the moment in some degree ; but they have not been put an end to. The capital condemnations have neither deterred the incendiaries, nor detected the principals. It seems unquestionable that there are some individuals, at least, of wealth, behind the curtain, and neither public justice nor private security will be attained until those criminals, tenfold more guilty than their wretched tools, shall have fallen into the hands of the law. The state of Ireland is the next that forces itself on our contemplation. That country exhibits a scene which must make the members of the late ministry cover themselves with sackcloth and ashes, if they were capable of either shame or repentance. The "healing measure," the "measure of unanimity," the "infallible conciliation," has turned out to be a firebrand, as every friend of the protestant religion and constitution told the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and the rest of the Cabinet. They were told as distinctly as words could tell them, "You are blindly holding out a premium by this Emancipation, to a gang of disturbers, who live by disturbance ; your measure is actually alienating the whole respectable portion of Ireland, taking the sword out of the hand of the protestant, and stimulating the rude passions, and brute ambition of every low mob-hunter, broken-down political gamester, and characterless hanger-on upon the skirts of life in Ireland. Do you expect to conciliate such men as the Irish demagogues by concession ? You might as well extinguish a midnight conflagration by thrusting fuel into the hand of the incendiary. You might as well turn the robber or the cut-throat into an honest man, by shewing him gold, or throwing the object of his hatred and revenge into his power !"

But we find it next to impossible to give any man credit for the simplicity of believing that this measure would produce any fruits, but those which it is producing at this hour. Ignorant as ministers might be, we could not imagine them ignorant enough for that. Yet on what grounds the offence was committed, we will not even conjecture. The mystery is one of bosoms that we disdain to fathom. There let it lie, among the dreams of baffled politicians : and lie only to embitter the re-

flections of men driven out of power by national scorn. But, for this blunder, if to them it were a blunder, we are paying severely now; and well may we execrate the "Measure," which has caused a state of Ireland, unexampled in the history even of Irish turbulence, and which will speedily, unless changed by some interposition little short of miraculous, cover the land with civil blood.

Yet in the midst of all this regret, it is scarcely possible to suppress a bitter and contemptuous joy at the recompence which the crowd of Irish Protestant abettors of the party are undergoing day by day. We now see the popularity-hunters trembling at the work of their own hands, attempting to put down by their silly signatures the fierce spirit which they raised by their own miserable partizanship, and scoffed at for the attempt. We see the whole tribe turned into cyphers. The Viceroy received in silence, or in sneers, by the mob, to "conciliate" whose huzzas this personage stooped to the flattery of the populace; and we see him treated with the most insolent defiance by the leader of that populace. We well remember his letter to Dr. Curtis, telling the papists to "agitate, agitate, agitate;" and we contemptuously exult that the individual who dared to utter this advice, is now compelled to witness the result of this "agitation." But, enough of such triflers. A sterner time is coming. To repel the storm is now all but impossible, at all events it will never be repelled by weak counsels, nor feeble instruments. The fate of kingdoms is not to be averted by such means as reside in the hearts and heads of the present administrators of Ireland.

Their arrest of O'Connell betrays the tardiness of their sense of their situation. They have not ventured to seize the disturber on the ground which would be intelligible to all men, that of conspiring to rouse the populace against the "Incorporation" of England and Ireland, a portion of the Constitution as distinctly declared by law to be irrevocable, as the establishment of a house of peers, or the throne. But they have dwindled down the charge into a legal subtlety, which will be sure to sink under them before a jury; and the defeat of this frivolous attempt will only inspirit the disturbance, and place the disturber beyond all control. "Evading a proclamation!" what is this, but what O'Connell has declared it to be, "giving no opportunity for the proclamation to seize on him?" The very words imply that he has not come within the grasp of the proclamation; and he is now to be seized, in virtue of that prohibition which he is acknowledged not to have violated. But the error lies even deeper. By making O'Connell's crime to be against a proclamation of a Viceroy, and not against the Constitution of the Empire, it makes the charge degenerate at once into a squabble with an official, whose own words are on record, advising "agitation." It opposes O'Connell, not to the majesty of British justice and the established rights of the empire, but to a viceroy who scribbled an actual exhortation to the populace to "agitate;" and to a secretary whose parliamentary harangues were directed against the spirit of the acts which he is now promulgating with his pen. To the principles of the governors, let them throw in the principles of Lord Plunkett, and we shall see how the scale will vibrate. But the contest will be one of mere person. The crime against the Constitution will be merged in the contest with the individual; it will be altogether an affair of character; and no man will care a straw how it is decided. But this state of things cannot last; popular fury will not be calmed by the flimsy contrivances of lawyers. The

first spark will awaken the whole mass of combustibles into a flame, and the flame will sweep the land.

The aspect of the Continent is calculated to excite the strongest anxiety in every mind that feels peace to be essential to the good of nations. France, at all times the prime-mover of the Continent, is gradually sinking from its monarchical attitude. Every hour gives some new evidence of the growing force of Republicanism. Lafayette's abandonment of the king, and his open declaration that he is dissatisfied with the royal measures, on the ground that they are not sufficiently republican; the rapid changes in the cabinet, all tending to Republicanism; the haughty and domineering spirit of the populace, who palpably consider themselves as the ruling power of France; and the fiery generation of clubs in the capital and in the provinces, holding doctrines directly subversive of royal authority, all combine to predict the erection of a great Republic in the centre of Europe.

The Republicanism of Belgium is still triumphant. Belgium, secretly sustained by France, has wrested the recognition of its independence from the European powers; and is, like France, propagating its principles through the entire extent of Europe. Touching the dominions of Prussia in so many points, the influence is already felt there, and the Prussian troops are kept perpetually in readiness for the field, the Prussian court is kept in constant alarm; and the most trivial squabble of the populace throws the whole government into tremors.

Even in the Hanoverian territory the revolutionary spirit has broke out. On the 8th, 9th, and 10th of January, a crowd of the citizens and students of Gottingen, arming themselves as a Burgher guard, rushed through the streets, and demanded a "New Constitution." The Duke of Cambridge was sent for, and his arrival was alone awaited, to decide the complexion of this extravagant proceeding.

The cause of Poland is still undecided. The people are enthusiastic, but powerless against the gigantic force of Russia. The Czar's manifesto leaves no hope of reconciliation, and he has directed upon this most unhappy and long injured of all countries, an army to which, humanly speaking, it can offer no resistance. But a formidable obstacle has already interposed, in the season; whose singular mildness has hitherto checked the movement of the Russian troops. The roads are rivers of sleet and mire, the country is a deluge, the artillery and waggons are fixed to the ground, and the campaign, which would have been favoured by the keenest violence of winter, has been hitherto defeated by a softness like that of spring.

Another obstacle, whose name itself strikes terror, is reported to have arisen to repel the invader. The Cholera! is said to have displayed itself in the Russian cantonments. This dreadful disease, acting upon the crowded population of a Russian camp, would speedily unstring all the sinews of war. But we may well tremble for all Europe, at the announcement of an enemy that, if the sword slew its thousands, would slay its ten thousands.

Negotiations on the Polish affairs have been already announced by the French minister at war. French officers have already taken service in the Polish levies, the popular feeling of France is eagerly turned on Polish liberty, and it can scarcely be doubted that if the invasion be deferred for a few months more, or if the Poles are able to resist for a

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while the impression of the Russian armies, they will receive direct assistance from France.

But, whatever direction may be given to the Continent, one fact is unquestionable—that no year, since the commencement of the first French revolution, ever opened with such universal preparations for War. France is already forming immense camps on her frontiers, and raising her regular force to nearly half a million of men. Austria is arming new levies, remounting her cavalry, and sending troops by the ten thousand into Italy. The Piedmontaise army is to be instantly raised to 130,000 men. Poland is, naturally, exerting all her strength, and ordering every man into the field. Russia has ordered a levy throughout her whole empire. Every manufactory of arms in Europe rings day and night with the note of preparation. Every Cabinet is holding anxious deliberations. Every continental king is alarmed for his throne. Of all the powers of Europe, the only ones who seem to be beyond the sphere of this terror, are Sultan Mahmoud, and our own Monarch. Yet the Sultan is incessantly labouring to reinvigorate the national strength, and prepare, by the full development of the remaining energies of Moslemism, for the storm of war which hangs over him from the North. Our country is still a fortunate exception. Yet, if we can have no fear of foreign conquest, nor of domestic revolution, we have our trials too, and we shall see them deepen from day to day, unless the old spirit of England return, and we meet the evil by that fearless determination to extinguish abuses, to purify the conduct of public affairs, and at all risks to do our duty, without which the fate of all governments tells us there is no substantial power.

TO A LADY, READING.

Oh! while polluted lips impart

High virtue's maxims, boasts, professions,

Which wake no echoes in the heart,

And leave on our's but cold impressions,—

While in thy life a model shines,

Of all that's innocent and holy,

All nature prompts, and truth refines,

In mind so wise, in heart so lowly;—

'Tis strange to hear thee breathe the names

Of faults which thy pure soul is scorning;

Such zeal thy blest example claims,

We scarce require, from thee, such warning.

Wanderers, who long to find the right,

Need but be told thine own sweet story;

And none but fiends, who fear the light,

Would cast one shadow on thy glory.

I—who on none, save thee, e'er gazed

With envy—daring not, nor deigning—

Still love thee more than I have praised,

Feel more than are thy flatterers feigning.

Speak what thou wilt, our smiles and tears

“Chast’ning, by pity and by terror”—

And Heaven preserve thy future years,

As free from sorrow as from error!

I. H.

ANECDOTES OF BRAZIL.

ONE thing above all others which extends our acquaintance with human affairs, and enlarges and enlightens the mind—what most eminently distinguishes the present age from every other, is the facility of locomotion. As little is thought now-a-days of circumnavigating the globe, as was formerly of travelling to the northern extremity of our island. In fact, no one can pretend to the rank of a traveller who has not either pic-nicked at the foot of the Pyramids, climbed the heaven-kissing peaks of the Himalaya range, hunted the ostrich on the Pampas, or listened to the deafening roar of Niagara. With what ineffable contempt will this superb locomotive creature look down on his fellow, who merely tours over the European Continent, dreaming away his life amidst the frivolities of its numerous capitals, but deriving no more information of men and manners than what strikes his organs of vision through the windows of his well-padded travelling-carriage! Who would now, with a grain of the *odi profanum vulgus* in his composition, condescend to ascend Mont Blanc, vulgarized as it has lately been by the profanation of Cockney footsteps! The exclusive has now literally nothing left but a voyage to the North Pole, or an attempt to discover the course of the mysterious Niger.

The country that, more than any other, has engaged the attention of mankind in our day, is South America. We do not say that the people of this continent are either, on account of their character or their actual achievements, the most interesting on the face of the globe; but, in their accidental position, they unquestionably are so. Their grand experiment in government and social regeneration; their trial in their voyage onwards to a mighty fulfilment, or a still mightier failure, we cannot but feel places them as no other nation is, for concentrating on them the gaze of a liberal and philosophical curiosity.

So far back as the days of old Montaigne and Montesquieu, the independence of the Spanish-American colonies was a political problem, the solution of which had occupied the attention of speculative politicians; while of late years the revolution which had taken place in men's minds on the subject of colonies, had enabled the practical statesman to demonstrate the event with mathematical certainty. The boundless extent of these magnificent colonies—the colossal proportions of their natural features—their riches, real or fabulous—added to the romantic halo shed around them by the history of their early conquest—had, in every age since their first discovery powerfully inflamed the imagination of men, and generated a wild and chimerical spirit of adventure. It is not, therefore, singular that, at the earliest dawn of independence in the Western World, men of every rank and denomination should have looked towards it as an extended field, for the development of some long-cherished scheme of daring ambition, or all-grasping avarice.

The martial spirits of Europe, whose sphere of action had been narrowed by the setting of the sun of Napoleon, flocked in crowds to the patriot standards. The speculative politician dreamed that the moment for the realization of his Utopia was at length arrived. It was, however, in the mercantile world that the vibrations of the chord excitement was felt with the most powerful effect. The Spanish El Dorado, so long closed to the other nations of the world by the singular system of colonial policy of the mother-country, was at length brought within the

grasp of British enterprise; and, in the blind infatuation of the moment, they wildly imagined that the dream of poetry and romance—the golden age—was about to be substantially realized in the nineteenth century.

It is easy, I am aware, to reason after an event; for the causes and effects being then developed, there remains only to place them in their juxtaposition to arrive at the wished-for result. The history of this singular period, unparalleled in the annals of human folly, will be pointed at by the future historian as a fano on the ocean-rocks of time—a salutary warning to after ages. As a climax to this mania, there was wanting but the formation of a company, whose object was, Titan-like, to scale heaven by piling the huge mass of Cotapayi on the giant Chimborazo.

But the illusion has passed away. This *fata morgana* of the mind, like its prototype in the natural world, after dazzling the imagination with its fantastic imagery, has disappeared. Spanish-America, the subject of so many magnificent aspirations and conceptions, has proved a failure. A fearful reaction has been felt through every gradation of life. The soldier found there a grave—the merchant, ruin; while the political projector has heard the death-knell of his hopes in the words of the master-spirit of the revolution:—"After twenty years' struggle," said the Liberator Bolivar, "we have obtained our independence, but at the sacrifice of every thing else!"

While the tide of public attention was setting with headlong current towards Spanish-America, Brazil—in whatever point we view her—indisputably the most valuable and important part of this vast continent, attracted to itself none of the capital or enterprise so prodigally lavished on the sister colonies. This may, in some measure, be accounted for from the barrenness of her early history, and the absence of all that could gratify the high-seasoned and romantic taste of the present age. What the sagacious mind of the great Pombal was unable to carry into execution, the terror of Napoleon's arms finally accomplished. Threatened with the fate of the Spanish monarchy, the house of Braganza transferred the seat of their empire from Portugal to their extensive transatlantic dominion. Although our commercial relations with Brazil have, ever since this event, been on a most extensive and important scale, it is really singular how little we yet know of the interior of this beautiful country. Thinly scattered along an immense line of maritime coast, the English residents in Brazil, with very few exceptions, were all engaged in commercial pursuits, and were composed of a class of men who, from their previous habits of life, were as little gifted with the requisite powers of observation and deduction, for forming just and adequate ideas of the vast resources and capabilities of the country in which they resided, as they were formed by education and intellectual attainments for inspiring the Brazilians with any more elevated ideas of our own national character, than such as the plodding virtues of a counting-house could convey. But a new era has dawned: the vast mineral resources of this country are on the eve of rapid development, by the combined operations of British science and enterprise, assisted by a train of favourable circumstances, that must ensure the most splendid success.

In this early stage of her history, it would be as futile as vain to speculate on the future destinies that await Brazil. I am well aware that it may be alleged, that all improvement is there personal, and that, in fact,

the whole social system is dependent on so frail a tenure as the existence of one man. "What countervailing chance," it may be asked, "does there exist for this country, that, in the event of the present emperor being snatched from this life ere he has consolidated the disjointed parts of his immense empire, a similar reaction to that which, in the Spanish colonies, has reduced every thing to a chaos of confusion, may not happen?" On a superficial view, it will perhaps be difficult satisfactorily to answer these objections. But it must be recollected that the Brazilian people are eminently monarchical in their habits and prejudices—that, for upwards of twenty years, they have been accustomed to the residence of a court—that the example of the Spanish colonies, so far from proving alluring, will operate as a salutary warning to them—to say nothing of the difference of caste and colour—an insuperable obstacle to a republican form of government wherever it exists.

What most forcibly strikes the stranger in Brazil, is the extraordinary mélange of antitheses in the character of its people. Singularly blended with the most artless simplicity he discovers consummate hypocrisy, the basest superstition with the most frightful latitudinarianism, and abject servility with an impatience of control bordering on savage independence. Unlike the old countries of Europe, morality in Brazil is at a lower ebb in the country than in the towns, in the interior than on the sea-coast. In the latter, by means of commerce, the inhabitants have been kept up to a certain degree of civilization, though, it must be confessed, of the lowest ebb; but in the interior, where the restraints of religion can no longer be observed, the only preservative has failed, and the descendants of the first settlers have fallen into a state infinitely below that of the aborigines they have displaced. Accustomed, almost from the cradle, to wander at will over their extensive and boundless plains, they naturally imbibe ideas of independence, which spurn at all social control, and which but too often betray them into fits of lawless passion, productive of the most fatal results. Of this singular state of manners, I had myself a melancholy example, while in the interior of the province of Bahia. A Senhor d'Eugenho (a planter), of high rank and influence, on his return from the chace, stopped at the house of a lavrador (a farmer), and requested refreshment and shelter from the burning heat of a vertical sun. The farmer was from home; but he was, in the mean time, hospitably received by his wife, who administered to his wants with the best her humble residence could afford. The senhora was a remarkably pretty woman, and her interesting appearance caused her guest to forget the better feelings of his nature. The proposals thus made were indignantly repelled; and, baffled in his criminal designs, the brutal ruffian precipitately quitted the house, breathing revenge—which he was not long in executing; for, on the night of the same day, he returned at the head of a band of hirelings, set fire to the house, inhumanly butchered the husband, and carried off the unfortunate wife. His high rank and influence locked the wheel of justice, and enabled him to enjoy in triumphant impunity the fruits of his atrocious crime.

In this world, the merits of every human conception, whether on a narrow or an extended scale, must be measured by the success of its practical application. Those institutions which, in the improved state of European society, are found to be so prejudicial to its best interest, and dangerous in their operation, were, at the hour of their birth, and during

a long subsequent period of years, attended with results as beneficial as they afterwards proved vicious.

No one, who is not blinded by bigotry or hurried away by feelings of romance, will regret the abolition in Europe of the Society of Jesus; but I know not if he can view with equal complacency the abolition of this celebrated order in South America. The many vices so justly charged to the disciples of Loyola must not prevent our acknowledging the numerous benefits which both literature and science have received from them. It is here, in South America—for the discovery of most of the valuable productions of which Europe is indebted to the Jesuits—that the lover of humanity may be permitted to mourn over their fall. Their singular system of government at the missions—the subject of such contending opinions—will be best estimated by comparing the present deplorable state of morals in those districts with the period when they were subject to the jurisdiction of their order. To the absence of all religious instruction is to be attributed the singular state of manners which so strongly marks the interior province of Brazil. The clergy are in numbers few, while their flocks are scattered over benefices which in extent, at least, will rival a European province. Although I have witnessed some splendid instances of religion and piety among the clergy, the major part of them are totally indifferent to the spiritual weal of their flocks. Thus it but too often happens that those great scenes of life—birth, marriage, and death—pass unhallowed by the rites of religion, and fail to excite those finer feelings which embellish our existence.

If the interior provinces of the empire are so miserably provided with spiritual pastors, the remark does not apply to the sea-coast, in the towns of which the church militants, from the haughty Dominican to the dirty Franciscan, literally swarm. I have often been forcibly struck with the exquisitely fine taste for the picturesque displayed by these reverend fathers in the choice of the sites of their convents. In fact, all the ceremonies of the Romish church are on a scale of gorgeous magnificence, admirably calculated for the purpose of dazzling the imagination of an ignorant people. On one occasion, I lionized, in company with a party of British officers, the city of Bahia. Among other objects, we visited the convent of St. Francis, which, for its extent and the splendour of its internal decorations, powerfully elicited the admiration of the late king on his first arrival at Brazil—a sovereign whose ideas of conventual magnificence were certainly fixed at an elevated point. After devoting some time to its numerous chapels and richly-decorated shrines, our attention was forcibly arrested by a most singular spectacle. In a small glass case was a wax figure of the infant Jesus, but dressed in a style so singularly *outré*, as would have provoked the risibility of a *Santon*. Picture for a moment the infant Saviour in a wig à *l'aile de pigeon*—a court-dress of *la vieille cour*, blazoned with stars and orders—a cocked-hat and sword completed the toilette!—certainly calculated to produce a laugh at the expense of our *cicérone*, who apparently guessed what was passing in our minds; for he said to us—
 “Senhores, in religion, as in every thing else, fashion will assert her empire. Formerly, the image of the Saviour, arrayed in the simple tunic of the East, was sufficient to command the reverence of the multitude; but now,” he added, with a smile, “nothing goes down with them but a full court-dress.”

The revenues of the convent would, I have no doubt, have borne ample testimony to the justice of the reverend father's remark. As we were quitting the convent, one of our party, a youngster, indulged in a jest on the ridicule of some passages in the life of St. Francis, which were rudely delineated in Dutch tiles on the walls of the corridors. To our surprise, he was sharply rebuked—though I thought, at the moment, more in jest than earnest—by the lay-brother, in our own vernacular tongue. On our eagerly questioning him as to where he had acquired his knowledge of English, he told us that he had been for ten years a mizen-top-man in the British navy; and, at the close of the war, being paid off, he returned to Portugal, where he exchanged the blue jacket for the flowing robes of St. Francis. Judging from his appearance, he had no reason to be dissatisfied with his new mode of life. As the door of the convent swung heavily on its hinges after us, the aphorism “from the sublime to the ridiculous” forcibly occurred to me.

To one accustomed to the gaieties and amusements of European society, nothing can be imagined more dull and insipid than life in Brazil. The existence of the Brazilian may be likened to a stagnant pool, unmarked by any thing to enliven its undeviating monotony, or embellish its career. In most of the large towns there are theatres, many of them really handsome structures; but the artists are execrable—while their performances consist of a few miserable translations from the French and Spanish dramas. During Lent, sacred pieces—termed, during the middle ages, “Mysteries”—are still performed, and, in the shape of dramatic representation, were decidedly the best things I saw. Familiar intercourse between families is almost totally unknown; their indolence and the intense heat of the climate render visiting too great an exertion. The *vrais spectacles du pays* are the churches, which, on the high festivals, are sure to be crowded. In the cool of a moonlight evening, so beautiful in a tropical climate, a Brazilian family will sometimes sally forth. Their order of march is conducted according to all the rules of the military art;—their advance-guard formed by a sable-coloured duenna and her attendants; at some distance follow the young *senhoras*, in pairs, according to age—their rear scrupulously guarded by the elder branches of the family. In spite of all their vigilance, however, I have often observed a group of gallants hovering, like guerillas, on the flank of the column, succeed, by a dashing manœuvre, in conveying some love-token into the hands of a pretty brunette, whose dark gazelle eye danced with joy at their success. At others, they may be seen inhaling the evening breeze in their spacious verandahs; the mother engaged in animated colloquy with a solemn friar; the father discussing the politics of the day; while the younger branches of the family form a beautiful group in the fore-ground of the picture, and sing to a guitar accompaniment some of their sweet *modinhas*, with all the impassioned tones of their sunny climes.

The political independence, while it cost the Spanish-American colonies a twenty years' struggle to effect, was in Brazil achieved in only as many months—a result, produced rather by the operation of intrigue than the force of arms. The constitutional system of Portugal, proclaimed in Brazil in 1821, was a prologue to the grand drama of independence. Previous to the dawn of this eventful period, the political condition of this extensive colony had been as still and unruffled as a mountain-lake. Unlike the neighbouring Spanish colonies, she had

not been systematically debased by a tyrannical system of colonial government; but, on the contrary, had enjoyed, ever since the removal of the seat of empire from Europe, all the privileges and advantages of an independent kingdom. Under the mild and paternal government of the house of Braganza, she was silently making gigantic strides in the march of civilization. The political horizon, hitherto so bright and serene, now became clouded; the flood-gates of ambition were burst open, and a torrent of new opinions deluged the country. Liberty, independence, the rights of man, and the dignity of human nature, with other abstract metaphysical questions—the very names of which they were previously unacquainted with—now engrossed the minds of the Brazilians to the exclusion of every other subject. In the blind infatuation of the moment, they enthusiastically dreamed that the golden age was about to be substantially realized; and that, too, without any other exertion on their part than vociferating from morning till night, “*Viva a constituição!*”—“Now that Brazil has a constitution,” said a young officer to me one day, “England is no longer anything.” A very few months taught them the fallacy of their opinions. Disappointed in their magnificent conceptions of the constitutional system, they watched with intense anxiety the star of independence just rising on their political horizon. Ardent, of a lively imagination, and as susceptible of impression as mercury itself, the Brazilian was easily wrought on by the master-spirits of the revolution. The new mania spread with inconceivable rapidity from one end of the country to the other. The ideas of the mass of the political changes going on, must have been vague and indeterminate in the extreme; for I have heard the soldiery vociferating in the same breath, “The perpetual union of Brazil with Portugal for ever!” and then, in singular juxtaposition, “Independence for ever, and death to royalists!”

I was one day highly amused with a colloquy which I overheard between a Sertanejo, just arrived from the interior, and his correspondent in the capital. “Amigo,” said he, “what means this ‘*Independência!*’ which I hear in every body’s mouth?”—“What does it mean, indeed!” rejoined the other, with a look of the most profound political sagacity; “why, simply this—that the English merchant who lives yonder will now be obliged to sell us his merchandize for almost nothing.”—“Oh!” rejoined the other, with something like a tone of misgiving, “how will he, in that case, be able to purchase my hides?”—“Independence will do every thing; give yourself no concern!” was the reply. The prophecy, so confidently put forth by the pseudo-politician, was not realized. The ardently-desired political change was effected; but the English merchant still continued to ask and obtain the same prices as before for his wares; while the Sertanejo found, to his astonishment, that many of the channels through which he used to dispose of his hides were most unaccountably dried up. At last, they sagaciously discovered that they had committed a grand mistake by choosing a monarchical form of government. A republic was the grand panacea for their wants; but their further career around the political zodiac was arrested by the stern decision of the Emperor Pedro. Scarcely seated on his new-raised throne, than revolution broke out at the very gates of his palace; the Emperor felt that there are moments when to temporize is madness—to hesitate, is death! With admirable firmness he stopped the wheel of revolution, already in full career; overturned, at the head of

his guards, the constitution; and gave another, infinitely better adapted to the previous habits and imperfect political education of his people. Although the minds of the Brazilian people can scarcely be said to have been prepared for the change, still a great step has been gained: the seeds of genuine freedom have been deeply implanted in the soil, and will, at the proper season, shoot up in luxuriant health and vigour. The dignity of man is no longer insulted by the degrading despotism of the old court. The conduct of Don Pedro beautifully contrasts with that of his late mother, and his brother Miguel, whose arbitrary exaction of the most servile deference was carried to an excess scarcely credible to one accustomed to the free institutions of our own country.

The earliest dawn of Miguel's career gave indication of the fiery wrath which has since marked its meridian height. While yet a child, he was remarkable for his tyrannical and cruel disposition: his chief delight consisted in tormenting animals, or in transfixing the baratos (cockroaches) with pins, and contemplating with savage joy their excruciating torture. No people, I am aware, are more skilful in heaping opprobrium on a man than the Brazilians; but the following anecdote, which I had from a source to which I am inclined, on most occasions, to give implicit credence, displays a cold-blooded depravity of mind and singleness of purpose perfectly characteristic of the individual.

Miguel, at the age of fourteen, had formed into a Lilliputian battalion the sons of the hidalgos about the court. These young soldiers were distinguished by all the pomp and circumstance of warriors of a larger growth. On one occasion, two of these young noblemen absented themselves for a couple of days together from the morning parade. On making their reappearance, they were put under arrest by Miguel's orders, and a court-martial assembled to try them for desertion. Of this most extraordinary tribunal, Miguel constituted himself the president; the proceedings were hurried through, and, to the horror and astonishment of the two youthful culprits, sentence of death passed upon them, by the unanimous voice of all its members. Miguel was resolved that the *dénouement* of this tragedy should as rapidly follow. They were immediately led out to execution—the platoon had already taken its ground—when one of the king's chamberlains, observing a more than usual bustle in the court below, rushed down, and fortunately, in time to save the two victims on the brink of destruction.

As I heard this anecdote, so have I given it. Even in ordinary life, it is often difficult to arrive at truth—but still more so in a court where every thing is coloured by flattery, or distorted by detraction.

THE LONELY MAN OF THE OCEAN.

CARMEN DI SEPOLCRI.

Come to my narrow bed—
 My cold and calm sojourn !
 No riot there is bred,
 No raging passions burn ;
 No cruel wrongs their poison shed—
 Come to my narrow bed !

Come to my narrow bed—
 To her whom thou didst love !
 In life we could not wed,
 And death our faith will prove ;
 Come to thy nuptial with the dead—
 Come to my narrow bed !

Come to my narrow bed !—
 Six boards the couch compose ;
 The worm, our bridemaid, at my head,
 Attends our long repose ;
 Thy last of life is well nigh sped—
 Come to my narrow bed !

Come to my narrow bed !—
 Life hath no rest so sweet ;
 With me thou canst not dread
 The sod at head and feet,
 Where Spring's sweet flowers are bred—
 Come to my narrow bed !

Come to my narrow bed !—
 No toil awaits thee there ;
 Pain never racks the weary head,
 Unknown is carking care :
 Come where no grief can ever tread—
 Come to my narrow bed !

Come to my narrow bed !—
 There holy peace is given ;
 There care-worn souls are led
 Up to the land of heaven,
 To taste of bliss unlimited—
 Come to my narrow bed !

Come to my narrow bed !—
 Come to thy parted bride !
 Sweet is the slumber, 'mid the dead,
 Of lovers side by side :
 Come, by our long-told love, and wed—
 Come to my narrow bed !

C. R.

THE LONELY MAN OF THE OCEAN.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DEMON-SHIP."

It was on the evening of her departure for a transatlantic voyage, that the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war, lying in the Tagus, was splendidly illuminated, in honour of a farewell entertainment given by the British officers to a favoured selection of the residents of Lisbon.

No scene of gaiety presents a more picturesque appearance than that exhibited by the festive decorations of a full-sized man-of-war; and, on the present occasion, the *Invincible* was not behind her sisters of the ocean in the arrangements of her marine festivities. Her quarter-deck was covered by an awning of gay and party-coloured flags, whose British admixture of red glowed richly and gaily in the light of the variegated lamps, which, suspended on strings, hung in long rows from the masts and rigging of the vessel. To a spectator, standing at the verge of her stern, the quarter-deck, with its awning, gay lights, and distinct groups of figures, might almost have resembled the rural and diversified scene of a village pleasure-fair; while behind, the faces of hundreds of sailors, peeping from comparative obscurity on the gaieties of their officers, formed a whimsical and not unpicturesque back-ground. Below, the tables of the ward-room were spread with the most delicate and even costly refreshments. All was mirth and apparently reckless gaiety; and it seemed as if the sons of Neptune, in exercising their proverbial fondness for the dance, and acknowledged gallantry to their partners, had forgotten that the revolution of twenty-four hours would place a world of waters between them and the fair objects of their devotion, and would give far other employment for their limbs than the fascinating measures to which they now lent them.

There were, however, two beings in that assembly whose feelings of grief, extending from the heart to the countenance, communicated to the latter an expression which consorted ill with the gaiety of the surrounding scene. One of these countenances wore the aspect of an intense grief, which yet the mind of the possessor had strength sufficient to keep in a state of manly subjection; the other presented that appearance of unmingled, yet unutterable woe, which woman alone is capable either of feeling or meekly sustaining in silence. Christian Loëffler and Ernestine Fredeberg had been married but seven days, yet they were now passing their last evening together ere Loëffler sailed, a passenger in the *Invincible*, to the Brazils. Why circumstances thus severed those so recently united by the holiest ties, and why the devoted Ernestine was unable to accompany her husband, are queries that might be satisfactorily answered if our limits permitted. But the fact alone can here be stated.

The husband and wife joined the dance but once that evening, and then—publish it not at Almack's—they danced together! Yet their hearts sickened ere the measure was ended; and retiring to the raised end of the stern, they sate apart from the mirthful crowd, their countenances averted from those faces of gladness, and their eyes directed towards the distant main, which shewed dismal, dark, and waste, when contrasted with the bright scene within that gay floating-house of pleasure. Christian Loëffler united a somewhat exaggerated tone of senti-

* Should the circumstances of this story be criticized as overdrawn, the writer can affirm that the main event is founded on fact; an assertion often advanced, and seldom believed, yet not the less true in the present instance.

ment with a certain moral firmness of mind, which is not unfrequently combined in the German character, and which, joining high-strung feelings with powers of soul sufficient to hold them in subjection, presents an exterior composed, and even phlegmatic, while the soul within glows like ignited matter beneath a surface of frigidity.

The revels broke up; and ere the sun had set on the succeeding day, the so recent pleasure-vessel was ploughing her solitary way on the Atlantic; her festive decorations vanished like a dream, and even the shores that had witnessed them were no longer within sight.

On the second day of the voyage, the attention of Loëffler was forcibly arrested by the livid and almost indescribable appearance of a young seaman, who was mounting the main-shrouds of the vessel. Christian called to him, inquired if he were ill, and, in the voice of humanity, counselled him to descend. The young man did not, however, appear to hear the humane caution; and ere the lapse of a few seconds, he loosed his hold on the main-yards which he had reached, and rushing, with falling violence, through sails and rigging, was quickly precipitated to the deck. Loëffler ran to raise him; but not only was life extinct, even its very traces had disappeared, and—unlike one so recently warm with vitality—the features of the youth had assumed the livid and straightened character of a corpse long deprived of its animating principle.

The log-book, however, passed a verdict of “accidental death, occasioned by a fall from the main-yard,” on the youth’s case; and as such it went down in the marine record, amid notices of fair weather and foul, notwithstanding Loëffler’s repeated representations of the young seaman’s previous appearance. Christian’s testimony was fated ere long to obtain a fearful credence. On the succeeding day several of the crew sickened; and ere the lapse of another twenty-four hours, death as well as sickness began to shew itself. The captain became alarmed, and a report was soon whispered through the vessel that the hand of some direful, base, or revengeful Portuguese had mingled poison with the festive viands which had been liberally distributed to the whole crew at the farewell entertainment of the *Invincible*. Loëffler, although a German, was no great believer in tales of mystery and dark vengeance. A more fearful idea than even that of poison once or twice half-insinuated itself into his mind, but was forced from it with horror.

The wind, which had blown favourably for the first ten days of the voyage, now seemed totally to die away, and left the vessel becalmed in the midway ocean. But for the idle rocking occasioned by the under swell of the broad Atlantic waves, she might have seemed a fixture to those seas; for not even the minutest calculable fraction in her latitude and longitude could have been discovered, even by the nicest observer, for fourteen days. All this while a tropical sun sent its burning, searching rays on the vessel, whose increasing sick and dying gasped for air; and unable either to endure the suffocation below, or the fiery sunbeams above, choked the gangways in their restless passage to and from deck, or giving themselves up in despair, called on death for relief. The whole crew were in consternation; and they who had still health and strength left to manage or clear the ship, went about their usual duties with the feelings of men who might, at a moment’s warning, be summoned from them to death and eternal doom.

Loëffler had shewn much courage during these fearful scenes; but when he beheld sickness and death mysteriously extending their reign around him, and bearing away the best and the bravest of that gallant

crew, he began to think that the avenging hand of God was upon her; and turning his eye towards the broad sheet of ocean waves which rolled between him and the north-eastern horizon, was heard to murmur, "Farewell!—farewell!"

One night, after having for some time tended the beds of the sick and dying, Loëffler retired to his couch, and endeavoured to gain in slumber a brief forgetfulness of all the thoughts that weighed down his spirit. But a death-like sickness came over him; his little cabin seemed to whirl round as if moving on a pivot, while his restless limbs found no space for their feverish evolutions in his confined berth. Christian began to think that his hour was coming, and he tried to raise his soul in prayer; but while he essayed to fix his thoughts on Heaven, he felt that his reason was fast yielding to the burning fever which seemed almost to be consuming his brain. He called for water, but none heard or answered his cries. He crawled on deck, and, as the sun had now set several hours, hoped for a breath of the fresh air of heaven. He threw himself down, and turned his face towards the dark sky. But the atmosphere was sultry, heavy, oppressive. It appeared to lie like an insupportable weight on his chest. He called for the surgeon, but he called in vain; the surgeon himself was no more, and his deputy found a larger demand on his professional exertions than his powers, either physical or mental, were capable of encountering. A humane hand at length administered a cup of water. Even the very element was warm with the heat of the vessel. It produced, however, a temporary sensation of refreshment, and Loëffler partially slumbered. But who can describe that strange and pestilential sleep! A theatre seemed to be "lighted up within his brain," which teemed with strange, hideous, and portentous scenes, or figures whose very splendour was appalling. All the ship seemed lit with varied lamps; then the lamps vanished, and, instead of a natural and earthly illumination, it seemed as if the rigging, yards, and sails of the vessel were all made of living phosphor, or some strange ignited matter, which far and wide sent a lurid glare on the waters. Loëffler looked up long masts of bright and living fire, shrouds whose minutest interlacing were all of the same vivid element, yet clear, distinct, and unmixed by any excrescent flame which might take from the regular appearance of the rigging; while the size of the vessel seemed increased to the most unnatural dimensions, and her glowing top-masts—up which Loëffler strained his vision—seemed to pierce the skies. A preternatural and almost palpable darkness succeeded this ruddy light; then the long and loud blast of a trumpet, and the words "Come to judgment, forgetters of your God!" sounded in Loëffler's ear. He groaned, struggled, tried to thrust his arms violently from him, and awoke.

He found his neck distended to torture by a hard and frightful swelling, which almost deprived his head of motion, and caused the most excruciating anguish, while similar indications on his side assured him that disease was collecting its angry venom. The thought he had often banished now rushed on Christian's mind; and a fearful test, by which he might prove its reality, now suddenly occurred to him. It seemed as if the delirium of his fever were sobered for a moment by the solemn trial he was about to make. He was lying near one of the ship-lights. He dragged himself, though with difficulty, towards it; he opened the breast of his shirt. All was decided. Three or four purple spots were

clustered at his heart. Loëffler saw himself lost. Again he cast a languid and fevered glance toward the sullen waters which rolled onward to the Portuguese shore, and once more murmured, "Farewell! farewell! we meet not till the morning which wakes us to eternal doom." He next earnestly called for the surgeon. With difficulty that half-worn-out functionary was summoned to the prostrate German. "Know you," said Loëffler, as soon as he saw him, "know you what fearful foe now stalks in this doomed vessel?" He opened his breast, and said solemnly, "*The Plague* is amongst us!—warn your captain!" The professional man stooped towards his pestilential patient, and whispered softly, "We know all—have known all from the beginning. Think you that all this fumigation—this smoking of pipes—this separation, as far as might be, of the whole from the sick, were remedies to arrest the spread of mortality from poisoned viands? But breathe not, for Heaven's sake, your suspicions among this hapless crew. Fear is, in these cases, destruction. I have still hopes that the infection may be arrested."* But the surgeon's words were wasted on air. His patient's senses, roused only for an instant, had again wandered into the regions of delirious fancy, and the torture of his swollen members rendered that delirium almost frantic. The benevolent surgeon administered a nostrum, looked with compassion on a fellow-being whom he considered doomed to destruction, and secure (despite his superior's fate) in what he had ever deemed professional exemption from infection, prepared to descend to the second-deck. He never reached it. A shivering fit was succeeded by deathly sickness. All the powers of nature seemed to be totally and instantaneously broken up; the poison had reached the vitals, as in a moment—and the last hope of the fast-sickening crew was no more! Those on deck rushed in overpowering consternation to the cabin of the captain. Death had been there, too! He was extended, not only lifeless, but in a state of actual putrescence!

The scenes that followed are of a nature almost too appalling, and even revolting, for description. Let the reader conceive (if he can without having witnessed such a spectacle) the condition of a set of wretched beings, pent within a scorched prison-house, without commander, without medical assistance; daily falling faster and faster, until there were not whole enough to tend the sick, nor living enough to bury the dead; while the malady became every hour more baleful and virulent, from the increasing heat of the atmosphere, the number of living without attendance, and dead without a grave.

It was about five days after the portentous deaths of the surgeon and commander, that Loëffler awoke from a deep and lengthened, and, as all might well have deemed, a last slumber, which had succeeded the wild delirium of fever. He awoke like one returning to a world which he had for some time quitted. It was many minutes ere he could recollect his situation. He found himself still above deck, but placed on a mattress, and in a hammock. A portion of a cordial was near him. He drank it with the avidity, yet the difficulty, of exhaustion, and slightly partook of a sea-mess, which, from its appearance, might have been laid on his couch some days previously to the sleeper's awakening. Life and sense now rapidly revived in the naturally strong constitution of our young

* In foreign climates I have often heard the livid spots about the heart, above described, cited as the tokens of the plague.

German. But they brought with them the most fearful and appalling sensations.

The sun was blazing in the midst of heaven, and seemed to be sending its noontide ardour on an atmosphere loaded with pestilential vapour. With returned strength, Loëffler called aloud ; but no voice answered him. He began to listen with breathless attention ; not a sound, either of feet or voices, met his ear. A thought of horror, that for a moment half-stilled the pulsation at his heart, rushed on Loëffler's mind. He lay for a moment to recover himself, and collecting those powers of mind and body, over which a certain moral firmness of character, already noticed (joined, be it observed, with the better strength of good principles), had given him a *master's* command—he quitted his couch, and stood on deck. God of mercy ! what a sight met Loëffler's eye ! The whole deck was strewed with lifeless and pestilential corpses, presenting every variety of hue which could mark the greater or less progress of the hand of putrefaction, and every conceivable attitude which might indicate either the state of frantic anguish, or utter and hopeless exhaustion, in which the sufferers had expired. The hand, fast stiffening in its fixed clasp on the hair ; the set teeth and starting eyeballs shewed where death had come as the reliever of those insupportable torments which attend the plague when it bears down its victim by the accumulated mass of its indurated and baleful ulcerations. Others, who had succumbed to its milder, more insidious, yet still more fatal (because more sudden and utterly hopeless) attack, lay in the helpless and composed attitude which might have passed for sleep ; but the livid and purple marks of these last corpses, scarce capable of being borne to their grave in the “ integrity of their dimensions,” shewed that the hand of corruption had been even more busy with them than with the fiercer and more tortured victims of the pestilence. The *Invincible*, once the proudest and most gallant vessel which ever rode out a storm, or defied an enemy, now floated like a vast pest-house on the waters ; while the sun of that burning zone poured its merciless and unbroken beams on the still and pestiferous atmosphere. Not a sound, not a breeze, awoke the silence of the sullen and baleful air ; not a single sail broke the desolate uniformity of the horizon : sea and sky seemed to meet only to close in that hemisphere of poisonous exhalations. Christian sic ened ; he turned round with a feeling of despair, and burying his face in the couch he had just quitted, sought a moment's refuge from the scene of horror. That moment was one of prayer ; the next was that of stern resolution. He forced down his throat a potion, from which his long-confirmed habits of sobriety would formerly have shrunk with disgust ; and, under the stimulus of this excitement, compelled himself to the revolting office of swallowing a food which he felt necessary to carry him through the task he contemplated. This task was twofold and tremendous. First, he determined to descend to the lower-decks, and see whether any convalescent, or even expiring, victim yet survived to whom he could tender his assistance ; and, secondly, if all had fallen, he would essay the revolting, perhaps the impracticable, office of performing their watery sepulture.

Loëffler made several attempts to descend into those close and corrupted regions ere he could summon strength of heart or nerve to enter them. A profound stillness reigned there. He passed through long rows of hammocks, either the receptacle of decaying humanity, or—as

was more often the case—dispossessed of their former occupiers, who had chosen rather to breathe their last above deck. But a veil shall be drawn over this fearful scene. It is enough to say that not one living being was found amid the corrupted wrecks of mortality which tenanted the silent, heated, and pestiferous wards of the inner decks. Loëffler was ALONE in the ship! His task was then decided. He could only consign his former companions to their wide and common grave. He essayed to lift a corpse; but—sick, gasping, and completely overcome—sank upon his very burden! It was evident he must wait until his strength were further restored; but to wait amid those heaps of decaying bodies seemed impossible.

Night sank upon the waters. The GERMAN began to stir in the soul of Loëffler. He was alone—the stillness so unbroken as to be startling. Perhaps within a thousand miles there might be no living human being. He felt himself a solitary, vital thing among heaps of dead, whose corpses, here and there, emitted the phosphoric light of putrescence. He started at every creak of the vessel, and sometimes fancied that he descried, through the darkness, the well-known and reanimate face of some departed shipmate. But Christian's was not a mind to succumb to a terror which, it must be confessed, might—under similar circumstances—have overborne the stoutest heart. He felt that, under all these disadvantages, his strength was returning in a manner that appeared almost miraculous; and that same night saw many an appalling wreck of humanity consigned to decent oblivion. Sometimes the heart of Loëffler half sunk within him; sometimes he was more than tempted to relinquish his work in despair; yet on he toiled with that energy of body which as much results from mental power as from physical superiority.

On the evening of the following day, but one human form tenanted that deserted ship. As he saw the last of her gallant crew sink beneath the waves, Christian fell on his knees, and—well acquainted with the mother tongue of his departed companions—he took the sacred ritual of their church in his hand. The sun was setting, and by its parting beams Loëffler, with steady and solemn voice—as if there were those might hear the imposing service—read aloud the burial-rites of the church of England. Scarcely had he pronounced the concluding blessing ere the sun sank, and the instantaneous darkness of a tropical night succeeded. Loëffler cast a farewell glance on the dun waves, and then sighed, “Rest—rest, brave companions! until a voice shall sound stronger than your deep slumber—until the sea give up its dead, and you rise to meet your Judge!” The noise of the sharks dashing from the waters, to see if yet more victims awaited their insatiable jaw, was the only response to the obsequies of that gallant crew, which had now disappeared for ever.

A few sails were still furled, and, uncertain whether they were the best or the worst that might be hoisted, Loëffler determined to leave them, preferring the chance that should waft him to *any* port, to the prolonged imprisonment of the *Invincible*.

Christian sank down, as he concluded his strange and dismal office, completely overwhelmed by physical exertions and the intensity of his hitherto-stifled feelings. But there was no hand to wipe the dew from his pale forehead; no voice to speak a word of encouragement or sympathy.

And where was it all to end? Loëffler was no seaman; and, there-

fore, even if one hand could have steered the noble vessel, *his* was not that hand. Doubtless, the plague had broken out in Portugal; and consequently the *Invincible*, who had so recently sailed from her capital, would (as in all similar cases) be avoided by her sisters of the ocean.

These thoughts suggested themselves to Christian's mind, as, gradually recovering from the senselessness of exhaustion, he lay stretched on deck, listening to the scarcely perceptible noise of the water as it faintly rolled against the side of the vessel, and as softly receded; while his soul, as it recalled the form of his best-beloved on earth, rose in prayer for her and for himself.

Week after week passed away, and still the Solitary Man of the Sea was the lone occupant of the crewless and now partially dismantled *Invincible*. She had been the sport of many a varying wind, at whose caprice she had performed more than one short and useless voyage round the fatal spot where she had been so long becalmed; but still, as if that were the magical, and even malevolent centre of her movements, she seldom made much way beyond it; and light, deceitful breezes were constantly followed by renewed calms. A tropical equinox was, however, drawing near, though the lone seaman was not aware of its approach. The time which he had passed in the anguish of disease, and the aberrations of delirium, had appeared to him of much greater length than its actual duration; and as no tongue survived to correct his error, he had lost all calculations of the motions of time. He listened, therefore, with an ear half-fearful, half-hopeful, to the risings of the blast. At first it began to whistle shrilly through the shrouds and rigging; the whistle deepened into a thundering roar, and the idle rocking of the ship was changed into the boisterous motion of a storm-beaten vessel. Loëffler, however, threw himself as usual on deck for his night's repose; and, wrapped in his sea-cloak, was rocked to slumber even by the stormy lullaby of the elements.

Towards midnight the voice of the tempest began to deepen to a tone of ominous and apparently-concentrating force, which might have startled the most reckless slumberer. Sheets of lightning—playing from one extremity of the sky to the other—shewed the dense masses of rent and scattered clouds which blackened the face of heaven; while the peal of thunder that followed seemed to pour its full tide of fury immediately over the fated ship. The blast, when contrasted with the still atmosphere and oppressive heat which had preceded it, appeared to Loëffler piercing, and even wintry cold; while the fierce and unintermittant motion of the vessel rendered it almost difficult for him to preserve a footing on deck. By every fresh flash of lightning, he could see wide-spread and increasing sheets of surge running towards the ship with a fury that half suggested the idea of malevolent volition on their part; while they dashed against the sides with a violence which seemed to drive in her timbers, and swamped the deck with foam and billows. Whether any of these storm-tossed waves made their way below—or whether the ship, so long deprived of nautical examination, had sprung a leak in the first encounter of the tempest—Loëffler could not determine; but the conviction that she was filling with water forced itself on his mind. He again cast his eyes to the north-eastern horizon, and again uttered aloud—“Farewell! farewell!”

The loneliness of his situation, to which time, though it had not reconciled, had habituated him, came upon him with the renewed and appalling

sensations of novelty. National and early-acquired feelings obtained a temporary triumph over individual strength of character. The torn and misshapen clouds, as their black forms were from time to time rendered visible by the blue light that darted through them, appeared to our young German like careering spirits of the tempest; and the rent sails, as they flapped backward and forwards, or were driven like shattered pennons of the blast, seemed, as the momentary light cast their dark shadows athwart the deck, to be foul fiends of the ocean, engaged in the malign work of dismantling that gallant vessel. To Loëffler's temporarily excited imagination, even the tossing billows seemed, in that portentous light, to "surge up" by hundreds the faces of those who had found beneath them a dismal and untimely grave; and the lost mariners appeared to be crowding round the vessel they had so recently manned. But Christian authoritatively bade away these phantoms, and they speedily left a mind too strong to give them a long entertainment.

The storm subsided, and the moon, rising over dense masses of cloud—which, dispersed from the mid-heaven, now cumbered the horizon—saw our young German lying, in the sleep of confidence and exhaustion, on the still humid deck. He slumbered on, unconscious that the main-deck was now almost level with the waves—unconscious of the dark gulf preparing to receive him! The very steadiness which the waters, accumulating within her, had given to the ship, protracted the fatal repose of the sleeper. He woke not until his senses were restored, too late, by the gushing of the waters over the deck.

Down, down, a thousand fathom deep, goes the gallant and ill-fated vessel; and with her—drawn into her dark vortex—sinks her lone and unpitied inhabitant!

It was in less than a month after this event that Loëffler awoke in a spacious and beautiful apartment, the windows of which opened into a garden of orange and lime-trees, whose sweet scent filled the air, and whose bright verdure and golden fruit shewed gay and cheerful in the sunshine. Christian believed that his awakening was in paradise; nor was the thought less easily harboured that the object he best loved in life stood by his couch, while his head rested on her arm. "And thou too," he said, confusedly—"thou, too, hast reached the fair land of peace, the golden garden of God!"—"His senses are returning—he speaks—he knows me!" exclaimed Ernestine, clasping her hands in gratitude to Heaven.

She had just received her husband from the hands of the stout captain of a Dutch galliot, whose crew had discovered and rescued the floating and senseless body of Christian on the very morning succeeding the catastrophe we have described. The humble galliot had a speedier and safer passage than the noble man of war; and, in an unusually short time, she made the harbour of Lisbon, to which port she was bound. It is needless to add that the German recovered both his health and intellects, and lived to increase the tender devotion of his bride, by a recital of the dangers and horrors of his Solitary Voyage.

T. C. A.

BYRON'S MEMOIRS.*

OF course, no one will suppose that we are now going to anatomize Byron in either his character or his verses. The topics are already antediluvian, and are worthy only of the conversaziones of a country town of the tenth magnitude. The discussions on his uneasy wedlock and mysterious separation are equally obsolete ; and we shall leave the universe of old women to settle the never-dying gossip of—whether the Lord or the Lady was more to blame—whether the Lord did not behave like a *roué*, and the Lady like a fashionable spouse? We have now nothing to look to but the reliques of his tours, the gatherings of his journals, and those letters on all rambling subjects which, in all his contempt for England, he seems to have spent his best hours in writing, and to correspondents whom, in nine cases out of ten, he was in the habit of turning to ridicule on all occasions.

The world can be mistaken in no man's character ; and it has been so saturated and superfluous with illustrations and documents of every transaction of Lord Byron's life, that there is not a scribbler or *dilettante* within the bills of mortality, who could not furnish a regular memoir of the poet and peer at an hour's notice. But the whole result of the matter is this—that his lordship was a spoiled boy, who grew up into a spoiled man ; gifted naturally with great poetic powers, but either ignorant or wilfully contemptuous of the higher principles that regulate life, and either tasteless enough to discover no beauty in the decencies of human morals, or blind enough to imagine that himself and the set about him were to be the guides of society. But those things are past and gone. He is now where he can do no harm ; and as we suppose that the idea of defending his vices enters into no man's head, we proceed, without further controversy, to the selection, or rather accumulation, of letters which Mr. Moore has gathered for the amusement of the public.

The volume commences without preface or remark accounting for its separation from its elder brother, but plunges headlong into the correspondence and journalizing in which Byron evidently delighted. After he had thrown off the chains of matrimony, his lordship's first resource was a journey through Switzerland. There he revelled in torrents, glaciers, jungfraus, and the civilities of that queen of talkers and plague of readers—Madame de Staël.

Byron, with all his contempt of all vulgar things and people, loved his own indulgences ; and he commenced his journey with preparations that by no means argued excessive misery of mind. " He travelled," as Pryse Gordon's amusing narrative tells us, " in a huge coach, copied from the celebrated one of Napoleon, taken at Genappe, and with additions. Besides a *lit de repos*, it contained a library, a *plate-chest*, and every apparatus for dining in it. It was not, however, found sufficiently capacious for his luggage and suite ; and he purchased a *calèche* at Brussels for his servants." His first letter is from Lausanne, in June, 1816:—

" My route through Flanders, and by the Rhine, to Switzerland, was all that I expected, and more.

" I have traversed all Rousseau's ground, with the ' Heloise' before me, and am struck to a degree that I cannot express, with the force and accu-

* Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life, by Thomas Moore, Vol. ii.

racy of his descriptions, and the beauty of their reality. Meillerie, Clarens, and Vevay, with the Château de Chillon, are places of which I shall say little, because all that I could say must fall short of the impressions that they stamp.

"Three days ago we were most nearly wrecked, in a squall off Meillerie, and driven to shore. I ran no risk, being so near the rocks, and a good swimmer; but our party were wet, and incommoded a good deal."

The letter concludes with a hint on his authorship:—

"I have finished a third canto of 'Childe Harold,' 117 stanzas longer than either of the two former, and in some parts it may be better. But, of course, on that I cannot determine."

But his journals are much more amusing than his letters; and of journalizing he appears to have been fond. It evidently served to produce a set of common-place-books for his poetry:—

"Yesterday, Sept. 17, I set out with Mr. Hobhouse on an excursion of some days to the mountains. Rose at five. Weather fine. Lake calm and clear. Mont Blanc, and the Aiguille d'Argentieres, both very distinct. Reached Lausanne before sunset."

He then gives some account of the old English republican monuments:—

"Stopped at Vevay two hours. View from the church-yard superb; within it General Ludlow (the regicide's) monument; black marble; long inscription; he was an exile two-and-thirty years; one of King Charles's judges. Near him, Broughton, who read King Charles's sentence, is buried, with a queer, but rather canting inscription. Ludlow's house is still shewn: it retains still its inscription—'*Omne solum forti patria.*'"

"On our return, met an English party in a carriage—a lady in it fast asleep—fast asleep in the most anti-narcotic spot in the world!—Excellent! I remember, at Chamouni, in the very eyes of Mont Blanc, hearing another woman, English also, exclaim to her party, 'Did you ever see any thing more rural?'—As if it was Highgate or Hampstead, or Brompton or Hayes! Rural, quotha! Rocks, pines, torrents, glaciers, clouds, and summits of eternal snow far above them—and rural!"

He continued his roamings through the finest part of the Swiss scenery, laying up images for new cantos of "Childe Harold":—

"The music of the cows'-bells—for their wealth is cattle—in the pastures, which reach to a height far above any mountain in Britain, and the shepherds shouting to us from crag to crag, and playing on their reeds where the steeps appeared almost inaccessible, with the surrounding scenery, realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence, much more so than Greece or Asia-Minor; for there we are a little too much of the sabre and musket order, and if there is a crook in one hand, you are sure to see a gun in the other. But this was pure and unmixed—solitary, savage, and patriarchal."

Within a day or two after this mountain ramble, he became intimate with Shelley and his wife, and "a female relative" of Mrs. Shelley. Here his lordship found the kind of associates that suited all his tastes; but the rest of this lucky intercourse we leave to the gossips, who love scandal better than we do. Yet, whatever were the other results of this association, Shelley was made madder than ever by it; and he disputed, scribbled, talked nonsense, and boated with increased vigour for the rest of his worthless life. Mr. Moore hopelessly attempts to gloss over the wretched career of this man. With the biographer, all Shelley's

crimes were the result of the "persecution he met with on the threshold of his boyish enterprise to teach and reform the world."—For which purpose of reform, "he with a courage, *admirable* if it had been wisely directed, made war upon authority and experience." Such is the softened tone of the fashionable circles. But the truth is perfectly well known, and it is—that Shelley was any thing but an abstract philosopher; that he was as practical a person, in the matter of his own pleasures, and in his scorn of the obligations of society, as any gentleman who *never* wrote verses, nor talked sentimental foolery on lakes and glaciers. In short, he was a Lord Byron *rasé*—his lordship, in all his loves and libels, but on a lower scale. Shelley's true history ought to be written for the benefit of all young gentlemen who profess genius, and think that the habit of writing verses is to be a full and fair quit-tance of every kind of moral obligation. The history of his first wife—that unhappy woman whom he abandoned, and whose suicide made so melancholy an impression on the public; the nature of his subsequent life; his open atheism; the palpable and atrocious blasphemy of his writings; his favourite tenets (which even the biographer is forced to acknowledge) of the *community of property* and the *community of wives*, are sufficient to stamp his character. The vulgar bravado of writing in the Album at Mont Blanc, "*Bysshe Shelley, Atheist!*" shews that a miserable vanity prompted him to outrage society, and that crime lost half its charms to him unless he called the world to wonder at him as a criminal. But he perished. His coxcomb impiety met a sudden fate; and, heathen as he lived and died, his noble *friend* gave him a heathen burial—*burned* him—and, as Mr. Galt's narrative tells us, got drunk over his bones!

But Lord Byron, through his whole career, had an extraordinary fondness for associates whom every one else would have rejected. Another of his intimates was a wretched being, whose fate by his own hand a few years ago was the natural consequence of his principles. This was Dr. Polidori, who, after scribbling, gaming, and trying the world in all kinds of ways, was reduced to extremity in London, and, in the true philosophic and march-of-intellect style, either cut his throat or poisoned himself. Mr. Hobhouse must be excepted from the black list of those travelling friends. He has striven for fame by none of the sublimities of those personages who are too refined to follow the common decencies of life. But he seems to have kept aloof from the "midnight conversations" and other deeper mysteries of his lordship's enjoyments; and, in fact, to have at no time sanctioned the orgies of the *set*. Yet it is from him that Lord Byron's personal character has found the most vigilant and manly defence; and while some of those bosom friends and *compotators* have been trying to make money of the unfortunate peer's vices, and publishing all that could sink him in the public estimation, he has kept guard over his remains, and by vigorously punishing some of his assailants, has deterred the general mob whom Lord Byron admitted to his intercourse, from heaping additional disgrace on his memory.

His lordship at last got rid of Shelley and his prosing, and began a new course of intrigue. Of this disgraceful affair, which was no other than a regular business of adultery, he makes Mr. Moore the confidant;—an insult, at which we must presume the biographer was indignant—though, unfortunately, we can discover nothing of his indignation in these pages.

The letter is a specimen of that comic mixture of melancholy in phrase, and practical indulgence in matters of pleasure, which so happily contrives to make the *sentimental* reader grieve over the sorrows of a voluptuary, revelling at the moment in the grossest excesses :—

“ It is my intention to remain at Venice during the winter, probably as it has always been, next to the East, the greenest island of my imagination. It has not disappointed me, though its evident decay would perhaps have that effect upon others. But I have been *familiar with ruins too long to dislike desolation.*”

He then drops into the practical portion of the tale :—

“ I have got some extremely good apartments in the house of a ‘ Merchant of Venice,’ who is a *good deal occupied* with business, and has a wife in her twenty-second year. Marianna is, in her appearance, altogether like an antelope. She has the large, black, oriental eye; her features are regular, and rather aquiline; mouth, small; skin, clear and soft”—&c.

“ Nov. 23.—You will perceive that my description, which was proceeding with the minuteness of a passport, has been interrupted for several days. In the mean time * * *

Then follows a break in the letter, which Mr. Moore has filled up with stars, and which every one else may fill up as it pleases his fancy. These breaks are continually occurring, and argue that the general correspondence must have been of a very extraordinary and of a prodigiously *confidential* nature.

In one of these letters, he breaks off the subject of the Venetian's wife, whom he had now taken as his acknowledged mistress, and in her husband's house too—such are the easy manners of foreign life!—to give a little sketch of the world around him :—

“ Oh! by the way, I forgot, when I wrote to you from Verona, to tell you that at Milan I met with a countrymen of your's, a Colonel——, a very excellent, good-natured fellow—who knows and shews all about Milan, and is, as it were, a native here. This is his history, at least an episode of it :—

“ Six-and-twenty years ago, the Colonel—then an Ensign—being in Italy, fell in love with the Marchesa * * *, and she with him. The lady must be at least twenty years his senior. The war broke out; he returned to England, to serve, not his country—for that is Ireland—but England, which is a different thing; and she—Heaven knows what she did! In the year 1814, the first annunciation of the definitive treaty of peace (and tyranny) was developed to the astonished Milanese, by the arrival of Colonel * * *, who, flinging himself at full length at the feet of Madame, murmured forth, in half-forgotten Irish-Italian, eternal vows of indelible constancy. The lady screamed, and exclaimed, ‘ Who are you?’ The Colonel cried, ‘ Why, don't you know me? I am so and so,’ &c.; till at length the Marchesa, mounting from reminiscence to reminiscence, through the lovers of the intermediate twenty-five years, arrived at last at the recollection of her *povero* sub-lieutenant. She then said, ‘ Was there ever such virtue!’ (that was the very word); and, being now a widow, gave him apartments in her palace, reinstated him in all the rights of wrong, and held him up to the admiring world as a miracle of incontinent fidelity, and the unshaken Abdiel of absence.”

All this is followed by a ballad on King Lud, lively and clever enough :—

“ As the Liberty-lads o'er the sea
Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,
So we, boys, we
Will die fighting, or live free,
And down with all kings but King Lud.

When the web that we weave is complete,
And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,
We will fling the winding-sheet
O'er the despot at our feet,
And dye it deep in the gore he has poured.

Though black as his heart is its hue,
Since his veins are corrupted to mud,
Yet this is the dew
Which the tree shall renew
Of Liberty, planted by Lud."

This he winds up in the *dégagé* style in which it was written:—

"There's an amiable *chanson* for you—all impromptu! I have written it principally to shock your neighbour * * *, who is all clergy and loyalty—mirth and innocence—milk and water.

"But the Carnival's coming,
Oh, Thomas Moore;
The Carnival's coming,
Oh, Thomas Moore;
Masking and humming,
Fifing and drumming,
Guitarring and strumming—
Oh, Thomas Moore."

He frequently made these light verses; and among the prettiest are some lines on a statue by Canova:—

"The Helen of Canova (a bust which is in the collection of the Countess D'Albrizzi) is, without exception, to my mind, the most perfectly beautiful of human conceptions, and far beyond my ideas of human execution.

"In this beloved marble, view,
Above the works and thoughts of man,
What Nature could, but *would* not do,
And Beauty and Canova can.
Beyond imagination's power,
Beyond the bard's defective art,
With immortality her dower,
Behold the Helen of the heart!"

We then have the Carnival again:—

"I am on the invalid regimen. The Carnival—that is, the latter part of it—had knocked me up a little. But it is over, and it is now Lent, with all its abstinence and its sacred music—

"So we'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright;
For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul outwears the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest;
Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a roving
By the light of the moon."

Byron was now in his felicity—rambling, gondoliering, chatting in opera-boxes, making *love* (such as it was), and writing poetry. He

had thrown off the black mantle under which he had made his retreat, *en grande costume*, from the English newspapers, and was now following pleasure in all ways and forms. He had begun his travels with some of the sentimentality which does such wonders with the boarding-schools; and talked in his early letters the *conversazione-tongue* of—"I am a lover of nature, and an admirer of beauty. I have seen some of the noblest views in the world. Yet in all this, the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany me through life, have preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche," and so forth, "have one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my more wretched identity in the majesty and the power," &c. &c.

All which was the very strain for a speech in "Manfred," and was actually transferred there. But the whole story of Byron's incurable agonies would have been laughed at by Byron himself, first of the first, though they did very well to mystify the infinite race of twaddledom that inhabiteth the western parts of London. The whole might be inscribed with Burchell's expressive word—"Fudge!" What were the facts? Here was a man in the vigour of life, with nothing on earth to restrain him from following his whims from pole to pole, and following them with all his might; galloping through the finest regions of Europe; living where he liked; running a round of operas, carnivals, and *conversaciones*; indulging himself in all that bears the name of pleasure, good and bad; living among complying counts and tender countesses; and, with all this, enjoying an income of four or five thousand pounds a year—four times as much as three-fourths of his titled associates possessed, and equivalent to fifteen or twenty thousand pounds a year in England. All the exclamations that we hear on this side of the water, about the "weight on his mind," &c. are nonsense; and as to his own sorrowings, we may be perfectly consoled, by knowing that they never went farther than the fingers that held his pen.

In fact, what kind of life would be the very one chosen by a young rake of fashion and fortune but this?—and we have no doubt that the most self-indulgent *roué* that ever decorated Bond-street, or waltzed at Almack's, could go through the whole range, without shedding a tear or heaving a sigh. A journey through Flanders, with all his comforts ensured, even to a service of plate in his carriage; a tour through the Swiss Lakes; a residence at Venice, in the house of a convenient scoundrel of a husband, who had a wife of twenty-two, with "oriental eyes;" the establishment of a promiscuous circle of the same species of persons, with oriental eyes; a houseful of those indescribable inmates at his beck, with a general licensed system of expeditions on the same pursuit among the Signoras of his noble friends; the whole terminating in the tranquil arrangement which secured a Countess Guiccioli for his exclusive share;—all this, we suspect, would be exactly in the line of happiness which the most unsentimental pursuer of the grossest objects of passion would chalk out for his career, and think it quite unnecessary to call the world to witness his agonies at the cruel necessity of—doing everything that he liked. The truth is, that Lord Byron ran the full career of his passions, and must rest on his success in that career for the sympathy of mankind. He had evidently begun to feel that the "sorrowing system" must have its termination:—

"I suppose now," says he, in a letter to Murray, "I shall never be able to shake off my sables in the public imagination, particularly since my moral . . . clove down my fame. However, not that—nor more than that—has yet extinguished my spirit, which always rises with the rebound.

"At Venice we are in Lent, and I have not lately moved out of doors, my feverishness remaining quiet; and, by way of being more quiet, here is the Signora Marianna just come in, and seated at my elbow."

In some reference to Jeffrey the reviewer, he bids Murray tell him—

"that he (Byron) was not—and indeed is not even now—the misanthropical and gloomy gentleman he took him for; but a facetious companion, well to do with those with whom he is intimate, and as loquacious and laughing as if he were a much cleverer fellow."

As an illustration of his sorrowful temperament, we find a series of critiques—brief, we will allow, but pithy—on the works of some of his acquaintance:—

"I read the 'Christabel'—

Very well.

I read the 'Missionary'—

Pretty, very.

I tried 'Ildezim'—

Ahem!

I read a page of 'Margaret of Anjou'—

Can you?

I turned a page of ———'s 'Waterloo'—

Pooh! pooh!

I looked at Wordsworth's 'Milk-white Rylstone Doe'—

Hillo!"

His *English* feelings are thus described:—

"I have not the least idea where I am going, nor what I am going to do. I wished to have gone to Rome, but at present it is *pestilent* with English. A man is a fool who travels now in France or Italy, till this *tribe of wretches* is swept home again. I staid at Venice, chiefly because it is not one of their dens of thieves; and here they but pause and pass. In Switzerland it was really noxious. Luckily I was early, and had got the prettiest place on the lakes before they were quickened into motion with the rest of the *reptiles*. Venice is not a place where the English are gregarious: their pigeon-houses are Florence, Naples, Rome, &c., &c., and to tell you the truth, this was one reason why I staid here until the season of the purgation of Rome from those people, which is infected with them at this time, should arrive. Besides I *abhor the nation*, and the nation me. It is impossible for me to describe my own sensation on this point, but it may suffice to say, that if I meet with any of the race in the beautiful parts of Switzerland, the most distant glimpse, or aspect, of them poisoned the whole scene."

An anecdote follows, worth a whole quarto of sentimentality:—

"An Austrian officer, the other day, being in love with a Venetian, was ordered with his regiment into Hungary. Distracted between love and duty, he purchased a deadly drug, which, dividing with his mistress, both swallowed. The ensuing pains were terrific; but the pills were *purgative*, and not poisonous, by the contrivance of the apothecary; so that so much suicide was all thrown away. You may conceive the previous confusion, and the final laughter: but the intention was good on all sides."

Some of the best letters are to Murray, whom he treats alternately as a correspondent and a bookseller:—

"Strahan, Tonson, Lintot of the times!
Patron and publisher of rhymes!
For thee the bard up Pindus climbs—

My Murray!

To thee, with hope and terror dumb,
The unfledged MS. authors come;
Thou printest all, and sellest some—

My Murray!

Upon thy table's baize so green,
The last new 'Quarterly' is seen;
But where is thy new Magazine?—

My Murray!

Along thy sprucest book-shelves shine
The works thou deemest most divine,
'The Art of Cookery and Wine'—

My Murray!

Tours, Travels, Essays too, I wist,
And Sermons to thy mill bring grist;
And then thou hast the 'Navy List'—

My Murray!

And Heaven forbid I should conclude
Without the 'Board of Longitude'!
Although this narrow paper would—

My Murray!

Mr. Moore then inserts a bitter letter upon the author of "*Rimini*," which he says he had originally suppressed—

"but the tone of that gentleman's books having, as far as himself is concerned, released me from all the scruples which prompted the suppression, I have considered myself at liberty to restore the passage."

Byron then proceeds:—

"Hunt's letter is probably the exact piece of vulgar coxcombry you might expect from his situation. He believes his trash of vulgar phrases tortured into compound barbarisms to be old English. And we may say of it as Aimwell says of Captain Gibbett's regiment, when the captain calls it an 'old corps.' 'The oldest in Europe, if I may judge by your uniform.' He sent out his 'Foliage' by Percy Shelley, and of all the ineffable Centaurs that were ever begotten by Self-love upon a night-mare, I think this monstrous Sagittary the most prodigious. Did you read his skimble-skamble about — being at the head of his own *profession*, in the *eyes* of those who followed it? I thought that poetry was an *art*, or an attribute, and *not* a profession—but be it one, is that — at the head of *your* profession in *your* eyes. I'll be curst if he is of *mine*, or ever shall be. But Leigh Hunt is a good man and a good father,—see his Odes to all the Masters Hunt; a good husband,—see his sonnet to Mrs. Hunt; a good friend, see his epistles to different people; and a great coxcomb, and a very vulgar person in every thing about him. But that's not his fault, but of circumstances."

Some hints follow on the "*Life of Sheridan*," on which Mr. Moore was then engaged, and which he might have advantageously adopted—

"I do not know any good model for a life of Sheridan, but that of *Savage*. The whigs abuse him; however, he never left them; and such blunderers deserve neither credit nor compassion. As to his creditors, remember Sheridan never had a *shilling*, and was thrown, with great powers and passions, into the

thick of the world, and placed upon the pinnacle of success, with no external means to support him in his elevation. Did Fox ——— pay his debts? or did Sheridan take a subscription? Was the Duke of Norfolk's drunkenness more excusable than his? Were his intrigues more notorious than those of all his contemporaries? And is *his* memory to be blasted, and theirs respected? Don't let yourself be led away by clamour, but compare him with the coalitioner Fox and the pensioner Burke, as a man of principle, and with ten hundred thousand others in personal views, and with *none* in talent, for he beat them all *out* and *out*. Without means, without connection, without character, (which might be false at first, and afterwards make him mad from desperation,) he beat them all, in all he ever attempted. But alas, poor human nature!"

The biographer proceeds to give a glimpse of the kind of life which his lordship led at this period in Venice. He had dismissed the linen-draper's wife—for such was the rank of the "Merchant of Venice"—and now ranged the realm on a larger scale.—"Highly censurable, in point of morality and decorum, as was his course of life while under the roof of Madame ———, it was (with pain I am forced to confess) venial in comparison with the strange, headlong career of licence, to which, when weaned from that connection, he so unrestrainedly, and, it may be added, defyingly abandoned himself."

For this license, the same excuse is found which served to palliate all his former exhibitions.—"He had found no cessation of the slanderous warfare against his character; the same busy and misrepresenting spirit which had tracked his every step at home, having, with no less malicious watchfulness, dogged him into exile." And, therefore, and for this reason, of a wounded spirit, his lordship ("assuming the desperation of an outlaw, with the condition, as it seemed to him), resolved, as his countrymen would not do justice to the better parts of his nature, to have at least the perverse satisfaction of braving and shocking them with the worst."

Now, against this language we altogether protest, as lending an easy excuse to the most profound profligacy, in whatever rank it may occur. The libertine who sinks into the most debasing vilenesses, has nothing more to say than that he was driven to them by the world's bad opinion of him, or by his own superior delicacy of feeling, and starts forth a hero; he unites all the gratifications of the libertine with all the honours of the anchorite, makes his reputation by the loss of character, and is the more virtuous the more he replenishes his seraglio. We greatly fear, for the prudery of gentlemen of a certain age, that a *Venetian* life will not be always received by the world as an evidence of immaculate virtue; nor that the thick understandings of the British empire will allow any man to have at once all the *advantages*, such as they may be deemed, of a life of unbridled licence, with all the feelings due to the sufferer under an injured sensibility. In common English, if a man gets drunk, he does it for love of wine; if he games, it is for love of the die; if he follows other excesses, it is for love of the vice in question. And of Lord Byron and his Marianna, and his half hundred Mariannas, the world will come to the same conclusion. It can comprehend nothing of this Mulatto mixture of good and evil—this vicious virtue, and sublime debasement—this plunging into the most vulgar profligacy, for the sake of indulging a too exquisite sense of refinement—and this utter and impudent defiance of public decency, from a superabundant value for public opinion.

The story of Margarita Cogni, one of the tribe whom Lord Byron

collected in his house, is curious as a specimen of national manners. In a letter to somebody or other, who had seen this handsome virago's portrait, and who asked some account of her, he gives the following sketch:—

"Since you desire the story of Margarita Cogni, you shall be told it, though it may be lengthy.

"Her face is of the fine Venetian cast of the old time; her figure, though perhaps too tall, is not less fine,—taken altogether in the national dress.

"In the summer of 1817,——and myself were sauntering on horseback along the Brenta one evening, when, among a group of peasants, we remarked two girls as the prettiest we had seen for some time. About this period, there had been great distress in the country, and I had a little relieved some of the people. Generosity makes a great figure at very little cost in Venetian livres, and mine had probably been exaggerated, as an Englishman's. Whether they remarked us looking at them or not, I know not; but one of them called out to me in Venetian, 'Why don't you, who think of others, think of us also?' I turned round and said, 'Caza tu sei troppo bella e giovane per aver bisogno del soccorso mio.*' She answered, 'If you saw my hut and my food, you would not say so.' All this passed half jestingly, and I saw no more of her for some days.

"A few evenings after, we met with those two girls again, and they addressed us more seriously, assuring us of the truth of their statement. They were cousins. Margarita was married, the other single. As I doubted still of the circumstances, I took the business in a different light. * * * * *

"For a long space of time, she was the only one who preserved over me an ascendancy, which was often disputed, and never impaired.

"The reasons of this were firstly, her person—very dark, tall; the Venetian face, very fine, black eyes. She was two and twenty years old. * * * * *. She was, besides, a thorough Venetian in her dialect, in her thoughts, in her countenance, in every thing, with all their naïveté and pantaloon humour. Besides, she could neither read nor write, and could not plague me with letters; except twice that she paid sixpence to a public scribe under the piazza, to make a letter for her, on some occasion when I was ill, and could not see her. In other respects she was somewhat fierce and 'prepotente,' that is, overbearing, and used to walk in whenever it suited her, with no very great regard to time, place, or person; and if she found any women in her way, she knocked them down.

"When I came to Venice for the winter, she followed. But she had inordinate self-love, and was not tolerant of other women. At the 'Cavalchina,' the masqued ball on the last night of the Carnival, to which all the world goes, she snatched off the mask of Madame Contarini, a lady noble by birth and decent in conduct, for no other reason, but because she happened to be leaning on my arm. You may suppose what a cursed noise this made; but this is only one of her pranks.

"At last she quarrelled with her husband, and one evening ran away to my house. I told her this would not do: she said she would lie in the street, but not go back to him; that he beat her (the gentle tigress), spent her money, and scandalously neglected her. As it was midnight, I let her stay; and next day, there was no moving her at all. Her husband came roaring and crying, and entreating her to come back: *not* she. He then applied to the police, and they applied to me. I told them and her husband to *take* her—I did not want her. She had come, and I could not fling her out of the window; but they might conduct her through that, or the door, if they chose it. She went before the commissary, but was obliged to return with her 'becco ettico,' as she called the poor man, who had a phthisic. In a few days, she ran away again. After a precious piece of work, she fixed herself in my house, really and truly without my consent; but owing to my indolence, and not being able to keep

* "My dear, you are too pretty and young to want any help of mine."

my countenance,—for if I began in a rage, she always finished by making me laugh with some Venetian pantaloony or other,—and the gipsy knew this well enough, as well as her other powers of persuasion, and exerted them with the usual tact and success of all she-things—high and low; they are all alike for that.

“Madame Benzoni also took her under her protection, and then her head turned. She was always in extremes, either crying or laughing, and so fierce when angered, that she was the terror of men, women, and children—for she had the strength of an Amazon, with the temper of Medea. She was a fine animal, but quite untameable. I was the only person that could at all keep her in any order; and when she saw me really angry (which they tell me is a savage sight,) she subsided. But she had a thousand fooleries. In her *fazzuolo*, the dress of the lower orders, she looked beautiful; but alas, she longed for a hat and feathers; and all I could say or do, (and I said much,) could not prevent this travestie. I put the first in the fire; but I got tired of burning them before she did of buying them, so that she made herself a figure, for they did not at all become her.

“In the mean time, she beat the women, and stopped my letters. I found her one day pondering over one. She used to try to find out by their shape, whether they were feminine or no; and she used to lament her ignorance, and actually studied her alphabet, on purpose, as she declared, to open all letters addressed to me, and read their contents.

“That she had a sufficient regard for me in her wild way, I had many reasons to believe. I will mention one:—In the autumn one day, going to the Lido with my gondoliers, we were overtaken by a heavy squall, and the gondola put in peril—hats blown away, boat filling, oar lost, tumbling sea, thunder, rain in torrents, night coming, and wind unceasing. On our return, after a tight struggle, I found her on the open steps of the Mocenigo palace, on the Grand Canal, with her great black eyes flashing through her tears, and her long, dark hair streaming, drenched with rain, over her brows and breast. She was perfectly exposed to the storm; and the wind blowing her hair and dress about her thin tall figure, and the lightning flashing round her, and the waves rolling at her feet, made her look like Medea, alighted from her chariot; or the sybil of the tempest that was rolling around her, the only living thing within hail at that moment, except ourselves. On seeing me safe, she did not wait to greet me, as might have been expected, but calling to me, ‘Ah! can’ della Madonna cosa vus tu? Esto non e tempo per andar’ al Lido.’ (Ah! dog of the Virgin! what are you about, this is no time to go to Lido?) ran into her house, and solaced herself with scolding the boatmen for not foreseeing the ‘temporale.’

“I was told by the servants, that she had only been prevented from coming in a boat to look after me, by the refusal of all the gondoliers of the canal to put out into the harbour in such a moment; that then she sat down on the steps in all the thickest of the squall, and would neither be removed nor comforted. Her joy at seeing me again was moderately mixed with ferocity, and gave me the idea of a tigress over her recovered cubs.

“But her reign drew near a close. She became quite ungovernable some months after; and a concurrence of complaints, some true and many false—‘a favourite has no friends’—determined me to part with her. I told her quietly she must return home. She had acquired a sufficient provision for herself and her mother in my service. She refused to quit the house. I was firm; and she went, threatening knives and revenge. I told her that I had seen knives drawn before her time, and that if she chose to begin, there was a knife, and fork also, at her service on the table: and that intimidation would not do. The next day, while I was at dinner, she walked in (having broken open a glass door that led from the hall to the staircase, by way of prologue), and advancing straight up to the table, snatched the knife from my hand, cutting me slightly in the thumb in the operation. Whether she meant to use this against herself or me, I know not; probably against neither; but Fletcher seized her by the arms, and disarmed her. I then called my boat-

men, and bid them get the gondola ready, and conduct her to her own house again, seeing carefully that she did herself no mischief by the way. She seemed quite quiet, and walked down stairs. I resumed my dinner.

"We heard a great noise, and went out, and met them on the staircase carrying her up stairs. She had thrown herself into the canal. That she intended to destroy herself I do not believe; but when we consider the fear women and men, who cannot swim, have of deep or even of shallow water (and the Venetians in particular, though they live on the waves), and that it was also night, and dark and very cold, it shows that she had a devilish spirit of some sort within her. They had got her out without much difficulty or damage, except the salt water she had drank, and the wetting she had undergone.

"I foresaw her intention to refix herself, and sent for a surgeon; inquiring how many hours it would require to restore her from her agitation, he named the time. I then said, 'I give you that time, and more if you require it; but at the expiration of this prescribed period, if *she* does not leave the house *I* will.'

"All my people were consternated. They had always been frightened at her, and now were paralysed. They wanted me to apply to the police, to guard myself, &c. &c. like a pack of snivelling, servile boobies as they were. I did nothing of the kind, thinking that I might end that way as well as another; besides I had been used to deal with savage women, and knew their ways.

"I had her sent home quietly after her recovery; and never saw her since, except twice at the Opera, at a distance among the audience. She made many attempts to return, but no more violent ones. And this is the story of Margarita Cogni, as relates to me.

"I forgot to mention that she was very devout, and would cross herself, if she heard the prayer-time strike. * * * *

"She was quick in reply, as for no instance; one day, when she had made me very angry with beating somebody or other, I called her a cow. (Cow in Italian, is a sad affront). She turned round, curtsied, and answered, '*Vacca tua, eccellenza.*' (*Your cow, please your excellency.*) In short, she was, as I said before, a very fine animal, of considerable beauty and energy, with many good and several amusing qualities, but wild as a witch, and fierce as a demon."

This style of life, cheap as such living may be in the land of blue skies and Margaritas, appears to have involved his lordship in pecuniary difficulties, and he duns with great vigour. He writes to Murray:—

"I must trouble *you* to pay into my banker's *immediately* whatever sum, or sums, you can make it convenient to do on our agreement, otherwise I shall be put to the *severest* and most immediate inconvenience; and this at a time when, by every rational prospect, I ought to be in the receipt of considerable sums. Pray do not neglect this. You have no idea to what inconvenience you will otherwise put me."

Another of his embarrassments was his quarrel with Southey, whom he seems to have determined to exterminate, not only by the pen, but by the pistol. Douglas Kinnaird was to be his second—

"I have written to request Mr. Kinnaird, when the foam of his politics is wiped away, to extract a positive answer from that ———, and not to keep me in a state of suspense upon the subject. I hope that Kinnaird, who has my power of attorney, keeps a look-out upon the gentleman, which is the more necessary, as I have a great dislike to the idea of coming over to look after him myself."

In this passage the name is not mentioned, we allow; but the same request had been made before, openly relating to the doctor, and with Kinnaird appointed for the second, as "knowing in matters of the duello." Poor Kinnaird's own fate was a melancholy illustration of that

knowledge. Yet it was rather an awkward circumstance that this man-slaying determination should have been thus blazoned to Murray, whose intercourse with the doctor was notoriously so constant, and who would, we must suppose, be not disinclined to prevent the collision of his principal poet and his principal reviewer. However, the menace came to nothing; and Missolonghi, not Hyde Park, was to be the scene of his lordship's castrametation. We here mean no impeachment of his courage; for, so far as pistoling goes, he would have probably stood to be shot at, with as much *sang froid* as the multitude of militia ensigns, St. James's blacklegs, and Cheapside heroes, who love to flourish in the "tented field" of Chalk-farm. His lordship's brains were of another calibre; but he was, as his biographer observed, strangely fond of talking and threatening in those matters; and even his eternal pistol-practice had something in it which a man of nice honour could not have easily reconciled to his feelings. The regular pistol-practiser—the "candle-snuffer at a dozen paces," &c. &c.—is merely a gentleman who does his best to make that shot *sure*, which, by the laws of honour, should be *uncertain*; and to take advantage of the unskilfulness of others, in a contest where the laws of honour require the most perfect equality. The man who has practised till he can hit the ace of spades, and who yet calls out, to stand his shot, an antagonist who may never have fired a pistol in his life, is not a duellist, but an *assassin*.

His lordship had another trouble, too:—

"I have here my natural daughter, by name Allegra—a pretty little girl enough, and reckoned like papa. Her mamma is English; but it is a long story—and there's an end."

This unfortunate infant had been sent to him by the mamma—a female *philosopher* of the "community-of-property" school—who had too much superiority to the age to restrain herself from being his lordship's mistress for the time, or to keep the miserable infant which was the fruit of their vices. This child died when about five years old.

From time to time, his letters give us sketches of the figures which he subsequently embodied into his poems:—

"I wish you good night, with a Venetian benediction. *Benedetto te, e la terra che ti fara.* (May you be blessed, and the earth which you will make!) Is it not pretty? You would think it still prettier, if you had heard it, as I did two hours ago, from the lips of a Venetian girl, with large, black eyes, a face like Faustina's, and the figure of a Juno—tall and energetic as a Pytho-ness, with eyes flashing, and her dark hair streaming in the moonlight,—one of those women who may be made any thing. I am sure, if I put a poignard into the hand of this one, she would plunge it where I told her;—and into *me*, if I offended her. I like this kind of animal, and am sure that I should have preferred Medea to any woman that ever breathed. . . . I could have forgiven the dagger, the bowl, any thing; but the deliberate desolation piled upon me, when I stood alone upon my hearth, with my household gods shivered around me."

This image he afterwards transferred to one of his tragedies:—

"I had one only fount of quiet left,

And that they poisoned. My pure household gods

Were shivered on my hearth."

Marino Faliero.

It is not very easy to comprehend the sort of admiration that can be felt for a woman ready to dip her hands in *blood*—a quality which we

should conceive must tarnish, or rather extinguish, all human attractions in disgust and horror. Nor can we altogether agree in his lordship's rapture about Medea, who, to the murder of her brother, added that of her children. But he seems always to have made the idle mistake that the more hideous the crime, the more the energy and loftiness of character required for its commission. The fact is almost the direct contrary—the basest and most grovelling committing these horrors, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. There are more cut-throats and poisoners in the hovels of an Italian city at this hour, than could be mustered among all the recorded heroes and heroines of the ancient or modern world. A Roman fish-woman, disputing with her comrade about sixpence-worth of sprats, has all this *energy*; for she, without ceremony, draws her knife, and plunges it into the bowels of the rival dealer. A Lombard bravo, who stabs for half-a-crown, has the same exact degree of energy; he drives his stiletto to the hilt, and then magnanimously cuts with it the loaf which he has purchased by his labours. But the whole sentiment is monstrous, and founded on a total misconception of the “great in human nature.”

We have now some observations of Mr. Moore's, touching the Guiccioli affair:—

“It was about this time (1819), when, as we perceive, like the first return of reason after intoxication, a full consciousness of some of the evils of his late libertine course of life, had broken in upon him, that an attachment differing altogether, both in duration and devotion, from any of those that since the dream of his boyhood, had inspired him, gained an influence over his mind, which lasted through his few remaining years; and undeniably wrong and immoral, (even allowing for the Italian estimate of such frailties,) as was the nature of the connexion to which this attachment led, we can hardly perhaps,—taking into account the far worse wrong from which it rescued and preserved him,—consider it otherwise than as an event *fortunate* both for his reputation and his happiness.”

We are sorry to find those sentiments proceeding from the pen of Mr. Moore. Tenderly as he touches the ground, he here virtually tells us, that a base connection—an open adultery—was a *fortunate* event. On this principle, the grossest vice might find its palliation.—If Lord Byron did not commit adultery, he would have committed something worse—is the plea for an intercourse against which the laws of God and man equally protest; and which, instead of being less offensive to morals, is actually the darkest and most pernicious shape which libertinism can take. As to any palliative to be looked for in the profligacy of Italian life, the ground breaks down at once. All the world knows that Italy is a hot-bed of profligacy; that every honorable tie of life is there utterly derided; and that *adultery* is the matrimonial habit of the land. Italy, we also know, is incurable; and while it submits to that almost incredible corruption of all religion, which acquits men of the basest crimes for money, Italy will always be a sink of abomination and of slavery together. But we must not suffer such maxims to come so recommended to our country. The whole romance of the Countess Guiccioli is, in every sense of the word, vicious; and ought to be called so. In this career Lord Byron hastened on to his life's close. At last *ennui* of the Countess, mingled with, as his biographer says, a painful consciousness of his declining fame as a writer, urged him to try another course. Greece attracted him, her unhappy cause had fixed the eyes of

Europe on her, and with, probably, a sincere zeal for her freedom, he sailed. But he was either too late or too early in the struggle. He also chose his position badly. By fixing himself in an obscure corner of northern Greece, he lost all power of serving the public interests; fell into the hands of a knot of intriguers and beggars; and between rash exposure to the climate, and vexation at the discovery that he was doing nothing, and could do nothing, was seized with a fatal illness, of which he died on the 19th of April, 1824. He was born in London, on the 22nd of January, 1788.

We have now had, we must suppose, the last account which Byron will supply to the gossiping world. The disclosures of these volumes are unfortunate. It would have been better for his fame, if he had been left to the impression naturally made by his poetry. His powers there are unquestionable. He had great poetic talents, and by inventing a style, all whose peculiarities belonged to his own character; and by works, every line of which was a commentary upon his personal career, he had earned for himself a distinguished place among the poets of England. Like the efforts of many celebrated writers, his first works were his best. Of course we speak only of those written after his first residence in Greece. In his later years he was either too idle, or too self-willed, to take the trouble essential to eminence: and the longer he wrote, the more his style degenerated. His Italian life was equally injurious to his literary and his moral fame. But, attaining a high place in authorship, he was unequal to obtain the highest prize. In tragedy he failed altogether; and from an evident and acknowledged consciousness of failure, he at once laboured at dramatic writing, and reviled it. His tragedies, heavy in the closet, are altogether intractable on the stage, and Shakespeare still stands unapproached, if not unapproachable.

PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY—POWER AND PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY.

THERE is nothing which has hitherto more eminently distinguished the Constitution of Great Britain than its tendency and power to preserve inviolate the different relations of society, and to establish amongst them that mutual good understanding which is the surest source of peace and good order, as well as of rational liberty. On all its institutions, this character is impressed; and the key-stone of all its written and implied wisdom is the dependance of the poor man for support and protection upon his richer neighbour; and the dependance of the rich, for protection and security, upon the impartiality of the law, and the gratitude of the poor who have experienced his bounty. Independently of the two great classes of the community—the aristocracy and the people—it recognizes three minor divisions amongst the latter; and, in spirit, provides for their distinct preservation. Amongst the more distinguished class, it chooses the members of its legislature, its magistracy, and its sheriffs; and to them it entrusts the protection of the two subordinate classes. Amongst the second class—its yeomen, its lesser gentry, and its tradesmen—it selects those who are to sit on juries, vote in elections, and provide for the distribution of those funds set apart for the preservation of the public tranquillity, and the maintenance of the infirm and

aged amongst the poor. To the lower class, it ensures protection in their labour, safety in their home and family, and the perfect liberty of rising, by industry or fortune, from the subordinate stations in which fate has placed them; and, in addition to this, allows them an unchallenged right of claiming the privileges enjoyed by those to whose level they may have attained.

Such is the state of society which it is the tendency of our Constitution to create and to preserve; and such a state, we have no hesitation in affirming, holds out the greatest assurance of substantial and enduring prosperity to its possessors. There has been no society, in the history of the world, which has stood the test of time, and especially of prosperity, except such as have been based on these principles; and we know that by no other can society be held together, without reverting to its original elements. We could give abundant instances of the truth of this assertion; but it is unnecessary to look beyond our own position in the world, and its causes. We owe nothing to circumstances. We are but a speck compared with the rest of Europe. To what then can we point as the cause of our superiority in wealth—in civilization—in commerce—in power—except we point to our Constitution, and impress upon our own minds, and those of our children, that, whilst the rest of Europe were embarrassed by the ever-changing circumstances of an unsettled and imperfect state of society, the Englishman was free to turn his whole thought and industry to the attainment of the means of happiness? His position in society, and the privileges belonging to it, were alike defined and secured by settled principles. His industry was his own; his wealth protected by those from whom it was derived; and his advancement on the road to honour or to comfort unimpeded by violence or change. There was no fear behind him—no chasm before; but, as he progressed from point to point, the sphere of his privileges and power widened as the substance to be protected increased. To this security of body and mind is to be attributed the integrity of principle and firmness of purpose, which has ever been the distinguishing feature of our character as a people, and the source of all our pre-eminence in the scale of nations.

It is not our purpose to enter into any discussion upon the comparative merits of the state of society, above described, and that which a certain order of politicians have so long and ardently laboured to substitute in its place. We are not enemies to the just influence of the *people* in the affairs of a State; and, on the contrary, deem such influence to be justly and inalienably vested in them by the British Constitution: but God forbid that, by such an admission, we should appear to accord with one sentence of the trash which has of late issued from the lips of the mob-orators and agitators; or circulated, in more enduring form, amongst the peasantry of this land! Our meaning is as different from theirs, as light from darkness—as their own fair seeming from the deep and deadly meaning, which dwells in their hearts and thoughts, like a spirit of evil, exulting in the strength by which its deeds of ruin are felt, whilst the hand that wrought them is veiled from the eye of its victims! The *people*—we repeat—are entitled to an influence—a great influence, in the legislature of every country; but the *rabble*—whom such men seek to exalt upon the ruins of order and civilization—do not, and ought not, to possess one claim to such an influence; for, in allowing this, we

place brute force on a level with moral force. We place crime on a level with virtue—ignorance with knowledge—the shedder of blood with the unpolluted servant of God. We place the safety of our property and of our dearest institutions in the hands of those most interested in their destruction. We confide the peace and welfare of society to the power of men who would not hesitate to trample, in blood, upon the hearths of our family, and the altars of our religion! The only safe system of self-government which a nation can enjoy, is that recognized by our wise and equal laws, in which the possession of interests to be preserved confers the right of interfering in their preservation.

The defects which time, and the consequent changes of society, have produced in one elective system, have for years excited the attention of men of every creed and party; but we may safely assert that, until the present crisis, these effects have never been so deeply felt in practice as in theory. The question of reform was long used, by the party now in power, as one of agitation and annoyance to government. The wildest schemes of French philosophy were sought to be engrafted upon our constitution; and a constant tide of invective was levelled against many of its noblest institutions. The influence of property was loudly decried, and the doctrines of universal suffrage as loudly insisted on; but, so long as the reins of government were held by men of integrity and talent, and the great and deserving portion of the community retains its station and prosperity, the cry for Reform, coming, as it then did, from the visionary theorists, who had sprung up into being before the flame of republicanism and revolution which was then desolating the Continent; supported only by the disappointed amongst men of intellect, and by the worthless and designing amongst their partisans, had little weight in determining the course of measures in the state. At the close of the war, however, this question assumed at once a more imposing aspect. The revulsion, caused by a sudden transition from a state of war, to one of profound peace, and the consequent embarrassments of the different interests of the community, came upon men altogether unprepared, by talent or energy, to meet the pressing exigency of the times. A feeble and vacillating policy was pursued in all questions of public interest. The administration of the affairs of the country became a game of strategy—a petty trial of cunning between party and party; each striving for some privilege or some measure, important to its own members, but worthless, and in some instances, destructive to the rest of the community. The pressing demands of the people were daily sacrificed, to support some advantage of party, or to conceal some compromise of principle; and, when the public patience became, at length, exhausted, and the voice of public scorn demanded a change of measures, or of men, the only result was some paltry arrangement—some coalition, which, by the happy balance of contending interests and measures, ensured the public that each would be neutralized and rendered totally inefficient! The consequences of these pitiful shifts are now felt. The parliamentary talent of the present day, nursed, as it has been, in compromise and indecision of purpose, is infinitely below that which the increased intelligence of the age has called forth; and the cause of reform has proportionally gained ground. The shameless prostitution of the last parliament, united alike the Tories and Whigs in its support; and we have now a government formed on the express principle of entering freely and decidedly into its arrangements. What this arrangement will be, it is

impossible for us to determine ; but we entertain firm hopes that it will be founded on the settled principles of the constitution. The men who are about to undertake it, have outlived most of the wild theories which they once maintained. They have seen the worthlessness of some, and the mischievous nature of others ; and they are now unembittered by the disappointments of a long career of opposition. They have gained, too, a place in the opinion of the world, which nothing but a temperate use of their present power can secure to them ; and under these circumstances, we do not despair of seeing the question settled without the aid of any of those destructive principles which are sought to be infused into our legislative system.

But we would not have our readers to suppose that, by such a measure of reform, the safety of our civil institutions will be at once secured. On the contrary we assert, that it will depend entirely upon the policy of government in other, equally important, questions, whether the present interference with the law of election be the beginning of a period of national renovation, or only the first step towards anarchy and confusion ! The circumstances of the country—the relative position of its different parties and interests—the very organization of its society, have, within the last few years, undergone a serious, a dangerous change ; and nothing but a profound attention to the operation of these circumstances can restore it to any thing like tranquillity. We entreat the indulgence of our readers for a few moments, whilst we briefly glance at a few of the leading features of these changes, and attempt to shew their influence upon the general question of reform.

A few months ago a writer would have gained but little credit who had ventured to assert that any serious difficulties were to be apprehended from the state of society in this country. The members of our legislature looked only to the surface of things ; and if matters went on with tolerable smoothness ; if no violent convulsion of our monetary system convulsed the leading interests of the state ; if no *shock* exposed to common view the decaying prosperity of the country ; if no sacrilegious hand tore aside the frail shroud which concealed the wasted flesh and gaunt limbs of the skeleton, POVERTY, which stalked in darkness through the land ; if the cry of disease was faint and stifled, and the victim sunk in hopeless, sullen silence to the grave—then who *durst* assert that England was in distress ? Few were they who dared to brave the sneers of the philosophers, and we thank God that we were amongst that few ! Now, who dare deny the existence of distress in its most appalling extreme ? Who dare deny the danger of such distress, when its bare terror has driven a Whig government (*credite posteri !*) even to that most unpopular measure, the *increase of our standing army* ? None dare now deny these things. The Joseph Surfaces of the age, the boasting economists, the prosperity-mongers, and the quacks of every denomination, are “dumb-founded.” They hear the cry of ruin, they see the blaze of conflagration, and then—poor, pitiful things !—they creep into their shells, appalled

“E'en at the sound themselves have made.”

They talk of incendiaries, of men with dark lanterns and ferocious faces, who instigate the wretched peasantry to tumult, of Belgian and French agents stirring them to bloodshed and revolution (do the poor

wretches understand French?), of Captain Swing (a vender of house-spoons or some such ware) scouring the by-lanes in his gig, and scattering sedition by the ounce per mile; but has it ever struck their enlightened minds that men do not usually set fire to corn-stacks and farm-yards at the bidding of every scrawl they pick up on the highway? that a spark does not usually cause explosion, except it fall upon gunpowder? If these things have never struck them, why "let them burn their books," as the old saw teaches, "and send their wits a wool-gathering!"

It is really disgusting to observe the mass of drivel which has been spoken and written on the subject of these disturbances. At present we shall go no further than to notice the state of society which they have brought to light in *all its deformity*! Throughout the whole agricultural population of this country—a few years ago the happiest, the most flourishing, the most peaceable class of the community—we now see nothing but penury, degrading ignorance, and crime. The farmer is at open feud, or concealed, but not less dangerous enmity, with his landlord, with the clergyman, and with the tythe owner. He is sinking in the scale of comfort and wealth; and to enable him to gather a hard-earned living for himself and his family, he is become the oppressor of the poor! Instead of supporting a number of contented labourers, he becomes the master of so many miserable slaves, who are born to toil through life without comfort and without hope, degraded in mind by the certain knowledge that they must end their days in the parish poor-house; in such a condition of society men are ready to embrace any measure, however dangerous and however destructive, which holds out the most distant hope of amendment? The change from the wretched hovel to the county jail is to them a relief! Transportation is esteemed almost a blessing!

But this change is not confined to our agricultural population. It has spread through every branch of the community, and is operating in a separation of the whole frame of society into two distinct and all-absorbing classes, the *rich* and the *poor*!

We have no hesitation in expressing our firm conviction that, in the present crisis, any measure of Reform, unaccompanied with other important sanative measures, is dangerous to the welfare of the country; but can ministers refuse to perform the declared object of their accession to office? They are pledged to the country and to their sovereign. Their character is at stake. They *dare* not refuse a concession which the people are ready to enforce! What then will be their policy—what *ought* to be their policy? They are pledged to reduction of expenditure and of taxation; yet how little real good will their utmost efforts effect! The reduction of one half the expenditure of the country would be but a feather from the burthen which is now pressing upon its resources; and yet this is impossible! Their only policy, the only just policy which can be pursued, must be founded upon a searching examination of the workings of those mischievous theories which have been so unwisely introduced into our civil system, which have changed the whole form of society, and plunged this once flourishing and happy country into an abyss of crime and wretchedness, unparalleled in our own history, and almost in the history of the world!

We shall proceed to trace a few of the leading causes which have been instrumental in producing, or, at the least, aggravating these disastrous

changes. The most immediate in effect, and the most unjust because impartial in its operation, is the alteration of the value of the circulating medium by the *late* economists. It would be beyond the scope of this article to enter into all the various branches of so wide a question as that of the Currency; but we may be justified in examining a few of its leading features. The principal argument adduced by the economists in favour of a circulating medium based on *real value*, was its safety as compared with one which only *represented* such value, and the comparative stability with which it invested all commercial transactions. This argument was dwelt upon by the advocates for cash payments as one of incontrovertible truth; and the disastrous panic of the years 1825 and 1826, with its accompanying ruin, was triumphantly pointed out as illustrative of the danger of the existing system. Its effects were stated to be overtrading to a ruinous extent, production beyond any possible demand, wild speculations entered into by persons incapable of sustaining the reverses which might ensue, and consequent losses to the community at large. Now amidst these apparently overwhelming evils it is astonishing how few really deserve any serious consideration. The only ones in fact which do so deserve, are not inherent parts of the system, but excrescences which a little restriction or regulation on the part of the legislature might correct. It was urged that there was no security against the issue of notes by bankers not possessed of capital sufficient to guarantee their safety, if, by speculation or otherwise, they suffered any sudden loss. This certainly is an evil not difficult to remedy; but in fact the evil never existed to half the extent supposed by those who offered it in support of their measure. It has been ascertained that, out of about seventy banking houses, who failed during the two years we have mentioned, the whole, with the exception of less than half a dozen, have since paid their engagements *in full, after all the enormous sacrifices they must have made!* Many of these too were houses who never issued a one-pound-note in the course of their practice. The system, it was added, induced bankers, by the advantages it offered, to extend accommodation to persons possessed of no capital, who were thus enabled to carry on business to the detriment of men of property, and the risk of loss to the community. In this case we should assuredly say, that the risk, if any, was the banker's own; and as to the other part of the argument, we cannot see its pertinence. Here was at least a system which enabled men of industry (for their own sake, the bankers would give the preference to such men) to support themselves and their families in comfort, and to support, besides, the labourers, who would otherwise have burthened the poor-rates. But it was added, that by encouraging such men we encouraged over-trading. What is *overtrading*? We cannot for the life of us tell. We became overproductive. *In what?* Not in *corn*, for abundance of the necessaries of life is a blessing, not a curse. In manufactures then? Not at all, for in the great manufacturing counties, small notes were but little used; in Manchester and London, the great mercantile cities of the empire, they were *entirely unknown!* But further, if we were overtrading, would that not tend to cheapen, and is not cheapness our great strength in foreign markets? Can we be overproductive so long as our goods sell readily, both at home and abroad? and they did sell, both readily and profitably. Why, then, for the dread of this bugbear, "overtrading," have we sacrificed our prosperity? We shall see anon.

The small-note system, in its first institution, was one of wise and merciful policy. The capital of the country, by the immense expenditure and consequent taxation of a long and expensive war, had been drawn away from its usual free circulation into the hands of comparatively a few individuals. The mass of the people were impoverished; and even those who were still possessed of wealth, were suffering from its inadequate representation by a circulating medium. The commerce of the country was crippled in all its operations, and the evil was one which time would increase instead of diminishing. Under these circumstances the measure was first introduced, and it was and is notorious, that without such a measure the prosecution of the war to its successful issue, and even the preservation of the internal peace of the country, was utterly impossible. Here, then, the policy of Sir Robert Peel's measure becomes a question of facts rather than of reasoning. We put out of view the general policy of such a measure as applied under more favourable circumstances, and restrict ourselves to the inquiry of its suitableness—of its justice—at the present moment, and under existing circumstances. Is the country now more favourably situated than at the period when first the one-pound-note system was introduced—at the period when it was declared to be not only a measure of necessity but of justice—of mercy? We apprehend not. The same circumstances are operating now to drain the channels of wealth into the coffers of the state, and into the pockets of the few,—perchance the undeserving. We have still the same funded debt, and the interest of that debt must still be paid—as it has ever been paid—by the great consuming classes of the community, not the capitalists. We have still the same standing army to support, and we shall still have the same to support, till by the blessing of God—or the hangman—the arch agitator O'Connell can agitate no more. It is mere absurdity to say, that government has replaced the one-pound-notes by a safe and plentiful gold currency. There is, doubtless, sufficient gold in the country to pay the taxes—to pay wages—to buy food and clothing:—but how is it to be had? We must labour for it—pawn—mortgage—sell: but an honest man, with nothing to give in exchange but industry, ability, or an unsullied reputation, can get marvellous little of it. *He must have thens and sinews, or he must starve!* This is certainly the way of the world, and we are too old in its ways to complain unnecessarily: but we do think that when a government has given a boon to its people to enable them to lend more freely to its necessities, that boon ought not in justice to be taken away till the loan be repaid!

But how did this much vituperated system work in reality—for we are not to be for ever blinded by the gloss of knaves and fools—where and what are the secrets of its mystic power for good or evil? It merely replaced the wealth, drawn from the pockets of the people by the exigencies of the war, by a circulating medium as safe, as good—yes, as good and as efficient for the purposes of the community, as that which it was meant to represent and which it did represent. It has been much the fashion to declaim against the issues of the bankers as “filthy rags,” “paper promises,” and other witty devices of the same class, but, saving the exceeding wisdom of these declaimers, we cannot see that they merited any such cognomina. It cannot be supposed that the bankers circulated these fictions—we allow the name—without some value received, some exchange of bills or securities; and if such were the case, did not the issues of the banker, *de facto*, become representa-

tives of this same property, or rather *the same property converted for the convenience of traffic into a circulating medium?* Again, it may be inquired, what became of the real cash of the banker when he was enabled to supply its place as a means of accommodation by his one-pound notes? He would not for his own profit keep it in his coffers, or for his credit invest it in land. He bought stock, or in other words, he *lent it to the State*, and thus his one-pound notes represented the credit of government. Are the vilifiers of the system prepared to depreciate a circulation based upon such a foundation? Are the securities of government filthy rags? We hope not. But to come to the effects of the system. It enabled the country bankers to extend accommodation to the tradesman, or in other words, to provide him with capital for the purposes of his business. It stocked the farm of the agriculturist, the profits of which supported his family in respectable circumstances, paid his rent and taxes, and enabled him to increase the number and the wages of his labourers. His stock was driven to market *when it was fat*, and not, as at present, *only when the rent-day was near*, whatever its condition. His corn came to market in season, and was sold at a profit; not sacrificed as at present for need, or to suit the scheme of some gambling speculation in foreign grain. His poor lands were brought into cultivation, and yearly increased in productiveness, because he could afford, out of his surplus income, to pay for labour and to buy manure. But the prosperity of one class of men was not selfish in its effects—it spread through the community at large a grateful and salutary influence. The shopkeeper was first benefited, the mechanic, the lawyer—alas! even the lawyer, for prosperity is pugnacious—and lastly, the manufacturer and the merchant. The revenue came in for its share of good fortune, and the condition of the country, internally and externally, wore an appearance far, very far different from its present desolation.

We cannot view without alarm the tendency of our present commercial policy. The great error of the system is its absorbing spirit, which directs and concentrates all its operations to the aggrandizement of one class of the community—and *only one*. The commercial genius of the people is all employed in the same direction; the strength of the state built upon the prosperity of one mighty interest; and even the internal peace of the country, placed in the power of that interest! We admit that our manufacturers deserved the support of the legislature; because they employ capital and labourers, and increased the aggregate wealth of the community. But we do not think it wise or safe that the entire resources of the country should be forced into one branch of industry; and that one, so susceptible of derangement—so utterly dependant for its prosperity upon uncontrollable circumstances!

Yet such is the effect of our present policy. The amount of capital and of labour employed in manufactures, is daily increasing; and every protection enjoyed by the other branches of industry swept away, as soon as it interferes with the supposed interest of the manufacturers. As the different classes employed in other branches of industry sink into poverty and contempt, the number of our manufacturing population is swelled to overflowing; and—a natural consequence—the remuneration for labour decreases. The consumption of the home market, owing to the rapid spread of pauperization amongst the great consuming classes, is becoming less every year; and, compared with the immense production of the country, is utterly inadequate to draw off the increasing sup-

ply of goods. We are thus becoming every year more dependant upon the demand from foreign markets ; and driven into competition with the untaxed labour of other states. We must strive with them in toil—in cheapness—in parsimony. Hitherto we have done this; and our superior machinery and greater skill and capital have overbalanced the advantages resulting to the foreigner, from the comparative light pressure of taxation, and the consequent cheapness of the necessaries of life. This superiority will not avail us long. The foreigner is now provided with our machinery, and emulating our skill. He has attained our level in *power*; we must be content to descend to his level in *condition*.

It cannot, we think, be disguised, that the tendency of such a system is dangerous to the peace of the country, and destructive of the morals of the people ; yet he is a bold man who ventures to talk of interference with it. The manufacturers are entrenched behind strong fortifications, and armed with weapons ; the bare contemplation of which is sufficient to strike terror to the hearts of their most resolute opponents ! They hold in their hands the peace of the country, and the stability of its best institutions. Their remonstrance is, “ What will become of our unemployed population ? ” Yes, what *will* become of it ? We shudder to think. The present system bears within it the seeds of its own dissolution ! and he is a poor reasoner who does not admit, that the violent dissolution of a system so productive of crime and misery, involves that of the bonds of society. We assert it loudly and distinctly, that nothing but a prompt attention to the workings of this system can secure the safety of the country ! We do not advocate any headlong measures—we advise no direct interference. The manufacturers are, and must be, a leading body in the country ; but they must not be *the only one* ! Their labourers must be protected, and may be protected, without any legislative interference between them and their masters. Let other branches of industry be encouraged, and reinstated in the situation they once enjoyed, and the pressure upon the market for manufacturing labour will decrease. *Let the monopoly of the capitalist be destroyed !*—and give to the agriculturist—the ship-owner—the land-owner—and the other *sacrificed classes* of the community, the protection which has been unwisely, and *unjustly*, withdrawn from them ! It is too late now for our legislators to “ deprecate any further *tampering* with the currency ! ” They were warned of its danger once ; and now when their own iniquitous measure has destroyed the balance of society, and infused pauperism and ruin into all its branches, they must do an act of justice to the sufferers—even at *the expense of their philosophy* ! They *must not be gainers by their own fraud* ! These measures will alone do more for the peace of the country, and the real prosperity of the agriculturists themselves, than all the *liberality* of the economists could ever effect.

The preceding considerations are increased to tenfold importance by the present lowering aspect of Continental affairs. The great powers of Europe are evidently on the verge of a war, which, if we may judge from the strength and excited feelings of the contending parties, will have no small influence in determining the future prospects of society ; and the consequences of which will be severely—although, perhaps, indirectly—felt by ourselves. What the policy of our present government will be, we are at no loss to conceive. We must stand aloof from the struggles ; but shall we be *unconcerned spectators* ? No ; we shall stand by, bleeding at every pore, with a mine charged and ready to burst in

ruin beneath and around us. We shall look on, like the Titan, chained to his rock, unmoved by the glare of lightnings above, or the crash of earthquakes and the roar of the ocean beneath, convulsed alone by the strong agony of the vultures rending at his bowels.

"What will ministers do to avert such evil?" is the question which presses upon our attention. Will they persevere in upholding the mad innovations of the philosophers, when their consequences "glare upon the sense" in such terrific reality? Are the people of England to be for ever sacrificed to theories, or the mercenary devices of the base and profligate? At this time we should not attempt to weaken Lord Grey's efforts for the public good, placed, as we feel him to be, in the most difficult position which ever fell to the lot of any British minister; but we must tell him that the policy, the mischievous and unjust policy, of the last few years *cannot be maintained!* He may be pledged to pursue the miscalled liberal measures of his predecessors; but the attempt will be his ruin. We entreat him to pause whilst he may do so in safety, and to look upon the past as the only criterion for a correct judgment of the future. He must fulfil every iota of his pledge to the people; but he must *turn his back for ever upon miscalled Philosophy!* He must cleanse and purify the dens of corruption which are around him. He must lighten the burthens which press upon the industry of the people; but he must not stop here. The prime minister of England *must do more!* He must establish a new æra in political economy, of which *justice to all classes* shall be the *foundation, sound English feeling the ingredient, and the happiness and virtue of the people the end!* We tell him that the bayonet will not stop the cry of hunger; the blood of a suffering population will not quench the conflagration of our farm-yards and dwellings! The cheapening of French silks and French brandy will not benefit the starving weaver; nor the device of funding Exchequer Bills give relief to the agriculturist! He must choose between two *great measures.* He must restore to the country that Currency which the tampering of fools destroyed, or—it will out—he *must sweep away the whole funded Debt of the State!* Which of the two is most safe and most *just*, we leave himself to decide. We merely address to him one parting caution, which he will do well to consider. We differ from him in many points, but in *one* we agree with him, and with all good men. We are disgusted with the *imbecility* and *treachery* of those slaves who have for ever disgraced the cause of Toryism—once our pride and our boast. We are weary of the extortions of titled beggars, of the insolence of Treasury soldiers, and, more than all, of the vapidness and presumption of theorists. Let him, then, shun the rock on which they split. Let him not meddle with theories, but reflect that true *liberality, like charity, begins at home!*

G. B. J.

THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE:—A DRAMATIC SKETCH FROM LIFE.

SCENE I.—*The Strand. Editor's Public Room.*

EDITOR, *solus*. HALF past nine o'clock and the post not yet come in! Really, we must not think of venturing to press with our present scanty show of advertisements; it is as bad as launching into life, like the late Mr. Perry, with eighteen-pence, a wife and three children. I know not how it is, but our front columns seem visited with absolute sterility. In most cases advertisements have a tendency to self-multiplication; one, it is said, brings another as surely as the first of the month announces a dull article in the Evangelical Magazine; but in our case they are like mules, incapable of propagating their kind. As if this were not sufficient vexation, the office is thronged from morning 'till night with visitors. First comes a retail trader in accidents with a few small pedlar wares, such as a "calamitous fire," a "daring burglary," or a "diabolical murder;" then a reporter to the Law Courts, superior certainly in intelligence to his predecessor, but who might nevertheless be shot into the Thames without subjecting himself to a penalty for setting it on fire: then some hungry member of the Opposition in whose beseeching countenance may be read in large characters, "Wanted: a Place;" then some pamphleteer, critic, or novelist, lean and irritable enough for an epic poet; and lastly, by way of wind-up, some extensive Hibernian adventurer, who in the extremity of impudence and desperation has advertised for a loan—a wife—an agency—or a clerkship, and referred for particulars to this office. My room-door meanwhile is eternally on the swing, an illustration of perpetual motion. It was once intended to shut, but this operation, like the Egyptian process of embalming, has long since fallen into disuse. (*Enter Office-Boy with letters, &c.*) Oh, here comes the post. Pray heaven it sends us good news! (*Editor opens a letter and reads.*) "Milsom-street, Bath, July 31st: Sir, be pleased to insert the inclosed advertisements in your paper of to-morrow and apply for payment to Messrs. Barker & Co. Fleet-street, who are duly authorized to settle with you. Your humble servant, Samuel Nosebag, auctioneer and appraiser." A very eloquent epistle. The subject and the style are in beautiful accordance with each other. Junius himself never wrote more to the point. (*Opens another letter and reads.*) "Bolton, July 28th: Mr. Editor, Sir, we are all in commotion here, for His Grace the Duke of Wellington has just arrived at the Cock and Tooth-pick. His Grace looks remarkably well, and is dressed in pepper-and-salt trowsers rather out at the knees; blue frock-coat with a small hole in the elbow; shoes, gaiters, and a black military travelling-cap. Immediately on alighting, he rang the bell for the waiter, and with singular affability called for a glass of brandy and water, cold and without sugar. I have only just time to add that the town bells are all ringing, that a vast crowd is collected, and that the mayor and corporation are hastening in procession with a congratulatory address to His Grace. It is evident from this that some change in the ministry is at hand.—P. S. Four o'clock.—The post is just going out and barely gives me time to add that we are all mistaken in our conjectures. The strange visitor is no duke but a French conjuror, who has but this moment advertised his intention of swallowing a bolster and standing with his heels upwards on a punch-bowl. The mayor is in fits at the mistake and

the corporation have some thoughts of inserting the stranger gent. in the stocks, by way of satisfaction for their disappointment. Should I hear further on this important subject I will not fail to let you know.—*Aristides.*" (*Opens a third letter and reads.*) "Mister Edditar, Zur. Yourself and your house and all as is in it will be blowed up this here night. Swing." Concise, and gentlemanlike, and singularly grammatical. But 'egad, I have no time for complimenting.

Enter Mr. O'FLAM, an Irish Reporter.

O'FLAM. Have I the honor to address the Editor?

EDITOR. Excuse me, Sir, but I am very busy just at—

O'FLAM. Exactly so. I will not detain you a moment. My name, Sir, is Dennis O'Flam—they call me Dionysius for short—and I have but lately arrived in London, where being desirous of bettering my condition, I have—excuse my abruptness—advertised for a wife in your estimable journal. Matrimony, they say, is a cold bath, but perhaps I may find it less chilly than I had expected.

EDITOR. Oh! never fear; you will be soon enough in hot water. Under what signature did you advertise?

O'FLAM. Hercules Broadset, and moreover requested the favour of an interview with whomsoever should answer the advertisement, in a private room at the office, which your clerk, in consideration of one or two reports which I had furnished *gratis* for the paper, was considerate enough to offer me.

EDITOR. Hercules Broadset! a very attractive compound.

O'FLAM. Attractive, Sir! 'tis resistless. Consider what a fine athletic fellow Hercules was—a hero with the lungs of a lion, and the shoulders of an elephant, who by dint of mere muscle actually strangled a man with three heads! Ah, Sir, times are changed since then. So far from meeting a man with three heads now a days, if you meet three men with one head between them, 'tis as much as you can expect.

EDITOR. Have you received any replies to your advertisement?

O'FLAM. Dozens, Sir. But have modestly contented myself with two, "a pensive virgin" and "a disconsolate widow." An instinctive benevolence inclines me to the unfortunate, and accordingly I have appointed to meet them here this day, one at two o'clock, and the other at the half-hour. Till then, adieu!

[*Exit O'FLAM.*]

Enter JOB ALLWORK, a Reporter of Accidents, &c.

JOB. Oh, Sir! such a fire!—quite a gem! Scampered off to give you the very first intelligence, and nearly broke my neck in—

EDITOR. Halt, friend! that is the hangman's business.

JOB. Don't mention it; you make me nervous.

EDITOR. To the point, Sir, if you please.

JOB. Why you see, Sir, it appears that last night the apprentice of old Mr. Dobbs, pawnbroker in Newport-street—who, I should premise, has got a trick of reading in bed—happened, strangely enough, to fall asleep over a volume of poems.

EDITOR. There is nothing strange in that; but proceed.

JOB. While locked in the arms of Morpheus, the flame of the bed-candlestick, somehow or other, caught hold of the young man's red cotton night-cap; and after singeing him, like Mr. St. John Long, made all possible haste to communicate its ardour to the bed-curtains. Thus

delicately situated, the bed-curtains could do no less than share their afflictions with the bed-post—the bed-post, like the good Samaritan, sympathized extemporaneously with the door-post—the door-post with the wall—and the wall with the staircase, until, in the fulness of time, the whole house, from top to bottom, was one broad blazing sheet of fire. The devouring element was a very alderman in appetite, and no epicure, for it swallowed indiscriminately every thing that came in its way. Just at this crisis, when the fire was in the midst of its meal, the apprentice and his master contrived to escape through the shop-window; but I grieve to add that Mrs. D., who, having supped rather heartily off fried tripe, was suffering under a visitation of the nightmare, rushed out just in time to be knocked down by the three brass balls, which abolished her in the twinkling of a bed-post.

EDITOR. Was there much of a crowd?

JOB. Yes, and very select. But I have written down all the particulars.

EDITOR. Good; and what remuneration do you expect?

JOB. Why, Sir, the fire is far above the usual run of such entertainments, both as regards the style and brilliancy of its execution. The death alone is worth a guinea. However, as I hope to supply you with many more such contingencies, you shall have it at half-price.

EDITOR. Good; and before you go, allow me, my dear Sir, in the most unqualified spirit of esteem, to venture upon one suggestion. You cannot conceive what a favour you would be conferring on our establishment, in these monotonous times, if you would just try your hand at a burglary. You have an excellent capacity, are not without ambition, and may, I think, with a little industry, cut a figure in the newspapers. The Old Bailey is a glorious arena for aspiring genius.

JOB. You are pleased to be facetious, Sir.

EDITOR. Facetious, my good fellow! I never was more serious in my life. There is a certain something in your voice, look, and manner, that tells me you are born to rise in the world. It is a thousand pities that you should thwart the natural bent of your genius.

JOB. Enough, Sir—I understand your hint, and depend on it you shall hear further on the subject. There is such a thing as law, Sir.

EDITOR. I know there is; you had seven years of it yourself at Botany Bay.

JOB. How?

EDITOR. Surely you do not forget the little *erratum* you made with regard to a gent.'s snuff-box, some years since, in the Strand?

JOB. This is positively beyond endurance.

EDITOR. So the gent. thought, and therefore prosecuted you at the Old Bailey. But come, my dear Mr. Allwork, do not let these trifling reminiscences disturb your equanimity. Flesh is frail, and the very best of us are but bankrupts, so far as morality is concerned. By-the-by, you have started a Sunday newspaper, I hear. Pray how has it been getting on of late?

JOB. Very indifferently, until within the last week, when, in consequence of a libel which I had penned against a man of fashion, I was lucky enough to get a horsewhipping, which—

EDITOR. Excuse my interruption, Mr. Allwork; but if, at any time, you should think such an advertisement would be likely to promote the

interests of your journal, you may command my services to the utmost. I am never backward in obliging my friends.

JOB. Really, Sir, you are very considerate; but I am not altogether without hopes of receiving another in time to give *éclat* to next Sunday's publication.

EDITOR. I sincerely trust you may not be disappointed. But, tell me, have you made any recent additions to your establishment? In other words, have you caught any fresh reporters?

JOB. No, we have had a bad season of late. The agitation of the Union Question interferes sadly with these Irish exports. They are kept at Dublin for the home market.—But enough of such matters for the present. I must now go and invent a burglary—a seduction or two—and a diabolical murder, or my Sunday readers will grumble bitterly at the dulness of my stock of intelligence.—[Exit JOB ALLWORK.

Enter a Member of Parliament.

MEMBER. I have come, Mr. Editor, to pay a visit—

EDITOR (*aside*). A manifest *erratum*. For visit, read visitation.—You wish to see the Editor? I am that unhappy man. Proceed, Sir, I am all attention.

MEMBER. Without further preface, then, my name is Edwin Davendot, M.P. for the free and independent borough of Humbug. I made a speech last night in the House, on the Currency Question, which I flatter myself was characterized by its profundity.

EDITOR (*aside*). No doubt: the chief characteristic of the bathos is its profundity.

MEMBER. Under these circumstances, I naturally anticipated a liberal share of consideration from the morning papers. Judge then my horror—to say nothing of my disgust—at finding myself thus cavalierly dismissed—"An hon. Member, whose name we could not learn, spoke a few words on the Currency Question." Now the object of my present visit is to request that you will do me the justice which your contemporaries have denied, by inserting this little abstract (*drawing six folio MS. sheets from his coat-pocket*) of my last night's speech in the columns of your inestimable journal. Ministers will be in agonies at the perusal, and you will have the satisfaction of possessing it exclusively.

EDITOR (*aside*). So I fear.—Really, Mr. Davendot, our columns at present are so full, that—

MEMBER. You decline the honour?

EDITOR. Why, to tell you the truth, I—

MEMBER. Aye, out with it, let me hear the truth, if only by way of novelty. Truth indeed! as if an editor ever knew what it was! Why, Sir, a duck takes to the water, a leech to a horsepond, an alderman to a turtle-feast, or a placeman to a sinecure, with infinitely less alacrity than an editor to a falsehood. But am I really to understand that you decline the insertion of my speech?

EDITOR. You have divined my intentions, Mr. Davendot, with admirable sagacity.

MEMBER. Mighty fine, Sir, mighty fine. But let me assure you, Sir, with all that freedom of debate which is the glorious privilege of a British senator, that the honourable member for the free and independent Borough of Humbug is not a man to be affronted with impunity.

EDITOR. Hear! hear!! hear!!!

MEMBER. Sir, I am a member of the British legislature as established by the glorious constitution of 1688, Sir, and I will bring the subject of your corrupt press before Parliament; I will expose its utter licentiousness, Sir; its bare-faced effrontery, Sir; its shameless neglect of public spirit, Sir; I will divide the house on the question, I will resolve it into a committee on the question, I will follow up the question, night after night—week after week—month after month—session after session—till the whole profligate, prejudiced and unprincipled press, whig—tory—liberal—or downright radical—finds too late that the honourable member for the free and independent Borough of Humbug is not a man to be affronted with impunity!—*[Exit, out of breath.]*

EDITOR, solus. What an unlucky dog I am! Bored hourly by all parties from a duke to a dustman. St. James's and St. Giles's have entered into a holy alliance to drive me frantic. I was miserable enough when married, but no sooner did I get rid of my wife, than fate, jealous of my felicity, sentenced me for life to a newspaper. Nor is this my sole affliction. The two proprietors are diametrically opposed to each other. One is an Ultra, the other a Liberal, yet despite the difference of their politics, they coalesce most lovingly in annoying me. Well, well, with all its vexations, there is nothing like a newspaper to inculcate a true knowledge of the world. It is there youth anticipates the experience of age, and enthusiasm finds its level: there the humbug of fashion—of trade—of literature—of the fine arts—of patriotism—of religion—of morality, stripped of its specious drapery, stands out in naked deformity; there and there alone, the novice learns early to discriminate between the true and false in men and things, in nature and art. Not a column in a newspaper but points a sterling moral. The police-reports expose the crimes—the reviews the follies—the advertisements the lucre-loving spirit of mankind. The parliamentary debates prove to what extent the dullness of the human mind can be carried when once it assumes the form of oratory. There are longer ears in St. Stephen's than I ever saw pricking up at the sight of a thistle! As regards the moral influence of the newspaper; never yet did prince or potentate wield such tremendous power! Tyranny is blasted at its voice; the march of armies is arrested at its bidding. It calls on freedom, she comes forth; it proclaims her advent to the world, and the regenerated world leaps up at the tidings. What is the sword? The unwieldy weapon of Goliath. What the pen? The little stone of David. What the newspaper? The sling that drives the pebble home. And "so ends my catechism." *Dixi*; I have done.

SCENE II.—*Proprietor's Room at the Office.* Mr. Western, one of the Proprietors, seated at a Table. Pamphlets—Magazines—Bills of Mortality, &c. lying about.

Mr. WESTERN reads, "On the whole, we are decidedly of opinion that parliamentary reform is the sole step now left to preserve the peace of the country." Capital, 'pon honour, I never wrote better in my life, even Brougham himself might envy my deduction. After all, there is no amusement equal to political composition, as dear Lady J— would say. *(Takes up the Morning Post.)* I wonder who sings at the Opera to-night? Lablache, by Jove! oh, the divine vocal Colossus! *(Hums O Patria!)* A fine air that, and how nobly the Pasta—by the by, I won-

der what o'clock it is? Really, this writing for newspapers is dull work; I hate writing, it looks so like an author.

Enter Mr. SCRIP, another Proprietor.

SCRIP. Any news to-day?

WESTERN. None of any moment. I see by the *Times* of this morning that the bills of mortality have increased considerably within the last year.

SCRIP. Indeed! Then our friend Dr. Versailles is getting into practice. But have we any thing from your pen to-day?

WESTERN. A mere trifle. A leading article on parliamentary reform.

SCRIP. Sorry to hear it, Mr. Western, I hate the very mention of reform; it sounds so like revolution.

WESTERN. Nonsense, Scrip! the March of Intellect will effectually prevent any commotion of that sort.

SCRIP. Aye, there it is. The March of Intellect is now a-days the cant term for every outrageous innovation. It is the golden calf of state—the curse of religion—the ruin of morality. It bids the peasant affect the politician—the commoner the lord—the pickpocket the patriot. It robes philosophy in petticoats—apostacy in lawn-sleeves—roguery in the serjeant's coif. It sends A. to parliament—B. to Newgate—C. to the gallows. It confounds the distinctions between vice and virtue—genius and eccentricity—generous enthusiasm and stark staring madness. It anticipates the millenium of knaves, quacks, fools, and libertines; depraves all human, and supersedes all divine institutions. We live in strange times, Mr. Western. The very framework of society is broken up. Nothing goes on as it used to do, for even the physical follows the fashion set by the moral world. We have our spring in summer—our summer in autumn—our autumn in the depth of winter. A few years, and confusion twice confounded shall dance the hays through Europe. The elements of convulsion are gathering—the fiends of anarchy are abroad—the very atmosphere smells of blood. At this present moment England is panting to abolish France; France casts a sheep's-eye at England; Russia hungers for a fat slice of Prussia; Prussia affects an equal appetite for Belgium; Belgium cuts up Luxembourg for a lunch; and worse—far worse—than all, the funds have fallen three per cent. and I have lost ten thousand pounds by the decline.

WESTERN. Allow me to observe, Mr. Scrip, that this March of Intellect which you so super-eloquently deprecate, has—

SCRIP. Shewn itself in an improved method of picking pockets—swallowing prussic-acid—playing waltz-tunes on the chin—curing ladies of consumption by rubbing holes in their short ribs behind a screen—boring tunnels in the earth, and ears in the House of Commons—building theatres one day which tumble down the next—and manufacturing steam-coaches, scaffolds, new churches, rail-roads, and joint-stock-companies.

WESTERN. Well, Sir, and it is by these very improvements, that the country has attained to its present flourishing condition.

SCRIP. Flourishing condition! How can that be? Government have curtailed one third of my income.

WESTERN. And my rents in North Wales have risen one-third.

SCRIP. The funds have fallen three per cent.

WESTERN. The Opera boxes are all let for the season.

SCRIP. Rothschild says he never knew money so scarce.

WESTERN. Crockford swears he never knew it so plentiful.

SCRIP. Pshaw! who is Crockford?

WESTERN. And who is Rothschild?—(*Takes up his hat abruptly, to quit the room*).

SCRIP. A word, Mr. Western, before you quit, and I have done. The anarchical revolutionary spirit of the age has so wholly bewildered your better faculties, that a return to good sense, though much to be desired, is manifestly not to be expected. I have therefore only to wish—and I do so from the bottom of my soul—that as you are such a staunch advocate for these new improvements, your very next voyage may be in a balloon; your next ride, on a rail-road; your next speculation, in a tunnel; your next residence, in a new square; and your next amusement, in a new theatre.—[*Exeunt ambo*].

SCENE III.—*Editor's Public Room.*

EDITOR. Mr. O'FLAM.

O'FLAM. 'Tis time my "pensive virgin" were here.

EDITOR. Do not make yourself uneasy; the lady will be punctual, depend on it. Marriage is not a speculation in which women are apt to be behind time.

Enter an Office-Boy.

BOY. A lady in the private room would wish to speak with Mr. H. Broadset.

O'FLAM. Tell her, I attend. [*Exit Boy*].—Now, thou guardian deity of Ireland—thou, who hast cased in triple brass the faces of thy chosen Milesians—thou, whose high-priest is an Irish adventurer, whose favourite dialect is the Irish brogue—omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient Impudence! for this once befriend me. Never yet have I invoked thy name in vain.—[*Exit O'FLAM*].

EDITOR. Nor ever will, I'll answer for it.

Enter an Attorney.

ATTORNEY. I have come, Mr. Editor, on some very painful business, relative to a police-report which appeared in your estimable and widely-circulated journal of the 5th instant. In that report, Sir, you are made to charge my client, Isaac—better known by his *alias* of Ikey—Singleton, with being the receiver of stolen goods, well knowing that they were stolen. Hard case this on a gent. like my worthy client, who lives solely by his character.

EDITOR. Indeed! He lives then on what any other man would starve.

ATTORNEY. Of that I am no judge.—However, Sir, to come at once to the point. Mr. Singleton, overpowered by his anguished feelings, and touched to the quick in the most sensitive point, his honour, has empowered me to make the following temperate and reasonable propositions to you. First, that within two hours you place in my hands for his use, the sum of £300.; secondly, that you instantly retract your calumnious accusation, and, in the most conspicuous part of your journal, express your conviction of the perfect purity of his conduct as a man and a gent.

EDITOR. Pay three hundred pounds! Why, Sir, your worthy client's

character is extravagantly over-estimated at as many pence. With respect to retracting the charge, Mr. Singleton, if I mistake not, has lately figured in that part of his Britannic Majesty's Australian dominions, better known by the name of Botany Bay.

ATTORNEY. Ahem! a—hem!—He has been unfortunate, I grant.

EDITOR. He has also had an affair of honour with the Old Bailey.

ATTORNEY. Misfortunes seldom come singly.

EDITOR. Moreover, his name was included in the list of fashionable departures for Brixton last spring.

ATTORNEY. The air of that neighbourhood was recommended to him by his physician. He was always weakly.

EDITOR. You have said quite enough. I shall neither pay—retract—nor apologize.

ATTORNEY. Then, Sir, it becomes my painful duty to inform you that proceedings will be forthwith commenced against you. Anticipating some such reply, I have already engaged the services of Sir J. Scarlett, who assures me that the report in question is an atrocious libel, and that he sympathizes from the bottom of his soul, with the wrongs of my excellent client, who, like himself, has fallen a victim to a licentious press. May I request that you will favour me with your attorney's name and address?

EDITOR. Attorney! What should I know of an attorney? Do you think I have no respect for my character?

ATTORNEY. Good: that's actionable. If A— wilfully, and with malice aforethought, insult B—, and thereby wound his (the aforesaid B—'s) good name and reputation, then A—

EDITOR. Will be so good as to quit the room, or else B—

ATTORNEY. Will kick him down stairs. Assault and battery, with intent to provoke a duel. Actionable to the fullest extent. If A— kick B— down stairs, then A—

EDITOR. Shews that he knows how to do justice to a pettifogger.

[Exit Attorney, and re-enter O'FLAM, hurriedly.]

O'FLAM. What a blunder! But, thank Heaven, I have got rid of her.

EDITOR. You seem agitated, Mr. O'Flam. Has your matrimonial lottery-ticket turned up a blank?

O'FLAM. Sir—I—excuse my agitation, but really my feelings are so overpowered, that—In short, Sir, in the pensive virgin I spoke to you of, I have discovered—how shall I mention it?—a—

EDITOR. Former *chère amie*? Very awkward, indeed!

O'FLAM. Not exactly, but—neither more nor less than my old landlady, whose lodgings I left about a month since, and under circumstances of so unpleasant a nature, that, in the agitation of the moment, I actually forgot to—But excuse my proceeding further on this painful topic—my blushes must plead my apology.

EDITOR. So I perceive. Does your pensive virgin insist on payment?

O'FLAM. Payment! and from me too! No, Sir, the good lady has arrived at that discreet age which forbids her to indulge longer in sanguine anticipations. Besides, her gentle heart was so wrung by the unexpected *rencontre*, that her interest was quite at fault, and she quitted the room, curtsying at every five steps, with a face glowing like a copper saucepan.—But to turn to a more agreeable topic. Allow me,

since I have failed in my matrimonial projects, to volunteer my services as a reporter to your intelligent journal. At Trinity College, Dublin, where my abilities, I flatter myself, met with—

EDITOR. How, then, came you to leave it?

O'FLAM. Why, Sir, I unfortunately happened to have a dispute with my uncle, respecting some money which he pretended to have advanced me, in the course of which, conceiving my honour injured, I was under the afflicting necessity of applying for satisfaction to his nose. This brought on a duel, wherein I had the ill-luck to wing my venerable kinsman. But the worst is to come. The next day I discovered that my uncle was right, so hurried off to his lodgings, and should have made every requisite apology, only——

EDITOR. He was dead before you arrived.

O'FLAM. Yes, Sir, as dead as the small-beer at a Walworth boarding-school. However, except for the look of the thing, 'tis of no great consequence; for so long as pawnbrokers exist in London, and one rag sticks to another on my back, I shall never be in want of uncles to supply me with funds.

Enter Office-Boy.

Boy. Another lady in the private room is desirous to speak with Mr. Hercules Broadset.

O'FLAM. Another landlady, by Jove! Pray, Sir, go and tender her the very respectful regrets of Mr. H. Broadset, that from a previous engagement he is unable to grant the expected interview. I have had enough of matrimony to last me my life. The very thought of it gives me the heart-burn.—[*Exit EDITOR, manet O'FLAM.*]

SCENE III.—*A Private Room at the Office. A Lady seated alone at a table.*

LADY. Heigho! I feel a strange sensation at my heart. What a thing it is to be so susceptible! But I was always delicate, as poor dear Dr. Killquick used to say. The very idea of a second husband overpowers me. Gracious heavens, how my heart beats! Broadset, what an attractive name! Hercules, how captivating! Oh, if the person of the dear man do but answer to his name, I shall be—bless me, how I tremble! What a trying moment!

Enter EDITOR.

EDITOR. I am come, Madam, on the part of Mr. Hercules Broadset, to say—

LADY (*turning her head aside and simpering.*) Amiable man, what delicacy of voice, what refinement of address!—[*She turns affectedly towards him, at the same time raising her veil.*—] Mercy on me! my husband, Mr. G——!

EDITOR. Damnation! my wife, Mrs. G——!

LADY. How is this? I was given to understand you were dead long since.

EDITOR. So I was, Ma'am, on the same principle that a debtor is "not at home" to his dun.

LADY. Inhuman man! Is this the way you treat me after so long a separation?

EDITOR. Treat, Madam! Would you call it a treat if an apothecary were to set you down to a glass of rhubarb by way of a relish?

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LADY. What a brute! Tell me, Sir, now that you look on me once more, have you no regard for the manifest delicacy of my constitution? Mark me well! Am I not—thanks to your prolonged injustice—the very picture of ill-health? Am I not consumptively inclined?

EDITOR. Yes, at meal times.

LADY (*coarsely*). Really now, my dear—

EDITOR. Dear! Like enough; I always thought I felt antlers sprouting here.—(*Points insignificantly to his forehead.*)

LADY. Fool—dolt—idiot!

EDITOR. Right, or I should never have married you.

LADY. Ah! my first husband, Mr. T——, never used me so. I lived in heaven with him.

EDITOR. I wish to God you were with him now.

LADY. Gracious heaven, I shall go mad!

EDITOR. That's nothing new.

LADY (*weeping*). Cruel, cruel man, how have I deserved this of you?

EDITOR (*aside*). Tears! She cannot surely be feigning now! I fear I have gone too far.—(*He hesitates, then moves towards her.*) One word, Madam, and it remains with yourself, whether or no we shall again reside together under the same roof. You are well aware of my nervous, febrile temperament, the cause of all our disputes. You well remember those halcyon moments when, in the fervour of domestic discussion, you were in the habit of clinching your arguments with the candlestick, while I rejoined with the footstool. Answer me, then, once for all, and in earnest. Knowing all this, are you again willing to take me and my nerves under your gracious patronage and protection? For my own part—having been always an adventurous speculator, even where the odds were against me—I am willing to resume the experiment. Years have passed since last we met, and have brought, no doubt, proportionate wisdom to both. With respect to external attractions, you, I perceive, have lost your hair, and I my teeth, so that neither is again likely to be jealous of the other. Henceforth, "Othello's occupation's gone." I am far from apprehensive of any Cassio running away with my venerable Desdemona—unless, indeed, for the value of her wig—and as for my running, it is wholly out of the question, I have been lame with the gout for years. A slug would beat me now, even though I had ten yards start of him. Such being the case, I cannot but think we have some slight chance of domestic felicity—at least for one hour in the twenty-four—and let me assure you, Madam, that, as times go, one hour's peace *per diem* is a very handsome allowance for the married state. You see I am far from unreasonable in my expectations.

LADY (*shaking hands with him*). I accede to your terms.

EDITOR. Then I am the happiest of men.

LADY. Ay, so you said when you first beguiled me from my state of widowhood.

EDITOR. True, Madam, I have said many foolish things in my time.

Enter O'FLAM.

Mr. O'Flam, you behold me in a new condition. I have added an appendix to the volume of my life, and in the person of this lady have discovered a long-lost wife.

O'FLAM. Pardon my embarrassment, but I feel myself peculiarly situated. I scarcely know whether to condole with, or congratulate you on the discovery.

EDITOR. Your hesitation is natural, and as a proof that I respect its motive, allow me the honour of enrolling you in the list of our reporters. It will not insult the delicacy of your feelings by any exaggerated offer of payment. The pride of intellect, I know, disdains the contamination of filthy lucre; you shall, therefore—but enough of such matters for the present. Time wears; and as my whole morning has been wasted in interruptions, and the paper is now on the eve of publication, I shall dismiss all original comment with the very serviceable and saving remark, “that nothing of importance has occurred in the political world since we last went to press.”

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

THE DESOLATE.

BY AN IMITATOR OF

L. E. L.

A BITTER blighted lot was her's,
Though fair her fate may seem;
To her the golden tints of life
Were darker than a dream.

Her path was as a garden, strewn
With blossoms wild and fair;
But on her breast a Rose-leaf fell,
And left its shadow there.

Her very morn was as the light
Of a pale starry eve.
With fame and beauty, friends and youth,
How could she fail to grieve!

And still in every sunny spot
A shade was ever near;
It might be from the mountain pine—
Or a proud Cavalier.

Her spirit's finest chord was snap't,
The strains of joy were mute—
What should she do but sing wild songs,
And touch a tuneless lute!

Alas! it is a piteous sight
To see the wine-cup fall,
And the bright brow of youth obscured
By a dark cypress-pall.

Yet thus it is, and still we live
To smile above the dead;
Oh! why—when Lilies are so pale—
Why must the Rose be red?

EVIL CONSEQUENCES OF SECTARIAN INFLUENCE IN COLONIAL AFFAIRS.

We have frequently had occasion to deprecate the manner in which our foreign dependencies are governed. Instead of a number of happy and prosperous communities, rejoicing in the protection of a nation which, perhaps, owes the maintenance of its very independence more to its pre-eminence as a colonial power, than to any other cause, we now see discontent and dissatisfaction universally prevalent, accompanied by great irritation, deterioration of property, and serious apprehensions for personal safety. We have also the mortification to see the colonies of other nations rapidly rising in wealth, and prospering on the ruin of those of Great Britain; and our rulers—instead of listening to the dictates of sound political wisdom in the management of our trans-atlantic possessions—trifling with questions of minor importance, and harassing the authorities abroad with measures which, so far from being calculated to do good to any class of society in the colonies, only serve to make obstinacy more obstinate, apprehension more fearful, and to create universal disquiet!

If the self-constituted society at Aldermanbury, or the Wesleyan government at Hatton Garden, receive from any of their agents, or itinerant missionaries, an *ex-parte* statement, containing matter affecting the character of individuals in the colonies—no matter whether these individuals are magistrates, clergymen of the established church, or otherwise filling the most respectable situations; and however incredible, or ill-supported by evidence, may be the allegations brought against them—off goes a detail of these surreptitious and generally slanderous accusations to the colonial department of his Majesty's Government; and, if an answer is delayed for a few days, down comes a letter "to the Right Honourable, &c., &c., his Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Colonial Department," in these terms: "Sir,—On the — instant, I(?) transmitted to you, *by order of the Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society*, a memorial, &c.,"* and in due time Mr. Horace Twiss, or some other secretary, acknowledges its receipt, and courteously tells them, that "The Secretary of State will give due attention to *any* statements which shall be received from the Committee." By the first packet a repetition of this statement is sent off to the colonial governor, who is peremptorily called upon to investigate the matter, with full instructions how to proceed, should the accused parties be found guilty; and commanding his excellency, after due investigation, to transmit *his* "report and opinion, together with the materials on which they shall have been founded." So that the Colonial Department may also form its opinion, and give such further directions as the "saints" may in their wisdom consider necessary!

With as much diligence as if the affair were one of the greatest importance to the welfare of the colony, the governor and the law authorities must, of course, proceed to the investigation:—individuals are, in a manner which necessarily is extremely harassing to them, called upon to answer extra-judicially, accusations which they, perhaps, never heard

* *Vide* Sir Geo. Murray's letter to the Earl of Bellmore, dated 6th May, 1830. *Vide* Mr. Townley's letter to Sir Geo. Murray; and Mr. Twiss's reply.—Parl. Paper, A., No. 91—23, Dec. 1830.

of before ; they give the requisite explanations, exculpating themselves, and indignantly add, that they are ready to meet any charge which may be preferred against them in a court of justice, where their actions "will be investigated before a legal tribunal of twelve honest men." The accuser is then called upon to substantiate by evidence the accusations made : he, as in the case before us, *refuses* to do so, and there appears to be no law to compel him. In the meantime, his injurious allegations are made public ; they are printed and bruited forth at anti-colonial meetings in all parts of the United Kingdom as indubitable facts ; and, ultimately, out comes a parliamentary document on the subject, printed at a considerable expense to the country, in the same manner as if it were a treaty of commerce and amity with some sovereign state, or the particulars of a negociation upon which depended the fate of kingdoms, giving a quite different version of the affair !

The document before us, which has given rise to these remarks, is properly enough entitled "Copies of all communications relative to the reported maltreatment of a slave, named Henry Williams, in Jamaica," but it is headed in large characters, as being "relative to the maltreatment," &c., the word "*reported*" being left out, thus at once creating an unfair impression, by assuming as a fact *prima facie* that which, in truth, and according to the proper title, is only mere report !

This "Return" commences with a long memorial addressed by the committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society to Sir George Murray, the main object of which was to persuade government to disallow a bill which had been passed by the legislature at Jamaica under the sanction of the governor, the Earl of Belmore, of which we gave some particulars in our last number. This application, as our readers are aware, was but too successful, and in consequence the slave population, to use the words of Sir George Murray, are still deprived "of the many advantages which the wisdom and humanity of the colonial legislature proposed to confer upon them," and of that legal protection which the Earl of Belmore characterizes as being more favourable to the slaves than any former act !

In this memorial the Wesleyan committee, after reiterating former alleged grievances, long ago investigated and put to rest—bring forward new matter of accusation against the colonists in this distinct form. "The committee have before them the case of a slave, of excellent character, who but a few months ago was almost flogged to death, and is not yet recovered from his barbarous treatment, *for no other causes than attending at the services of a Wesleyan chapel.* They have a still more recent account of another slave who was seized when passing the house of the rector of St. Ann's, and laid down and flogged, by that reverend Gentleman's orders, *because he was a notorious Methodist* ; an outrage which, upon the complaint of the owner of the slave to the custos, *the rector was obliged to compromise, thereby rendering the fact indubitable.*" The memorial then proceeds to state, in pretty plain terms, that even if an act did pass prohibiting night-preaching, the negroes would set it at defiance. "Nor is it at all probable that the missionaries themselves would forsake their charge through fear of fines and imprisonment, *unless directed so to do by the committee.*" In other words, that the sectaries and their 20,000 followers (for that is the number said to be attached to them) would obey no law but that imposed by the committee at the Wesleyan Mission-house, 77, Hatton Garden ! Without noticing this apparent defiance of government, let us proceed to

the distinct charges above mentioned. The committee, in a subsequent letter, offer to submit such particulars of these cases as they have received from their correspondents, if it be the wish of government; to which Mr. Horace Twiss replies, in substance, that they may exercise their own discretion, and that due attention will be paid to any statements they may send. In reply to this letter, the missionary committee wrote a few days afterwards to say—"The case of the *punishment of slaves* in Jamaica for attending the mission chapel in St. Ann's parish were not made matter of complaint," &c., but they send, for the perusal of Sir George Murray, such extracts from the letter of Mr. Whitehouse (the accuser) as relate to the cases referred to, "which are not, however, the only instances which have occurred of the punishment of slaves for attending the ministry of our missions."

Then comes long extracts from the letters and journal of Whitehouse, containing such a mass of contemptible tittle-tattle, alleged to have passed between him and various negroes, his confidants, as we are sure must disgust every man of common sense who reads them;—but, at the same time, throwing out the most bitter calumnies against Mr. Betty, a magistrate, and the Rev. Mr. Bridges, the rector of the parish. "I lately fixed," says he, "on Henry Williams for a leader or catechist." This man it appears is a slave on an estate of which Mr. Betty had the management as attorney, and Whitehouse does not pretend to say he ever asked Mr. Betty's consent to Henry's becoming a catechist, a matter which, in common courtesy and seeing that it was very likely to interfere with his duty on the estate, he certainly was bound to do. Mr. Betty is alleged to have said to Henry, "I hear you are becoming a great preacher at the chapel, but if I hear that you ever go there again I'll send you to Rodney-hall workhouse." "This is a place," says Whitehouse, "of *extraordinary punishment*," and negroes are sent from different places of the island "*to this seat of darkness*," because it is generally known that they are treated with the greatest severity.

Mr. Betty, it is said, (for all this is the mere *ipse dixit* of Whitehouse) —visited the estate next day, and threatened the negroes with the severest punishments if ever they went to the chapel again, and hearing one of the women (Henry's sister) sigh, said, "Lay her down, she is one of the preachers too." She, although a free-woman, was immediately laid down, says Whitehouse, and received a very severe flogging! An alleged conversation between the rector and this slave Williams, is next detailed, wherein, "his reverence," as Whitehouse ironically denominates him, is described as telling Henry, "there is an account, in the last week's papers, of the Methodists in England being hanged by hundreds." After a good deal of going backward and forward between Whitehouse's residence, and that of another missionary—Mr. Martin, one of the servants of the latter, is said to have told Whitehouse, that he had met the slave Williams going to the workhouse—lashed round, and his arms bound with new ropes, although he was ready to go unbound. "I felt," says Whitehouse, "how necessary it was to act with prudence; but as I am fully sensible that one poor man in the course of the last year died from punishment which he received in the St. Ann's workhouse, for coming to our chapel, I felt it to be my duty to endeavour at least to prevent a second death of this kind."—And what does he do? He rides off to ask Mr. Betty about it, and what was the result? why, "Mr. B. was from home."!!!!

In another letter from Whitehouse, a long, rambling account is given

of conversations with Henry's sister, who is made to call Mr. Betty, "a great fish who would swallow her up," but not one word is said of the flogging she is alleged to have got. And this letter concludes with reflections on the interference of the Rev. Mr. Bridges: "May I not say he is the mainspring in this machine? He says, he is sorry for Henry Williams to be in such a dismal place as the Rodney-hall, *alias* St. Thomas-in-the Vale workhouse; and yet this reverend gentleman has two slaves at this moment in this wretched place."

The next extracts are given from a letter, dated 4th November, 1829, wherein Whitehouse says, in reference to Williams, "Such was his punishment in the Rodney-hall workhouse, that in a few weeks he became so ill, that the manager had the chains taken from him, and placed him in the hospital, where it was expected he would give up the ghost." "Mr. Betty became exceedingly angry that the manager of the workhouse had released him of his chains, said that his sickness was feigned, and that he would remove him to the workhouse of St. Thomas-in-the-East." "His poor wife begged I would undertake the cause of her nearly murdered husband." "I knew of a friendless individual who was thus being literally butchered for no other offence than that of coming to our chapel,"—and what is now done by this intrepid defender of the oppressed? let him speak for himself. "I sat down and wrote a letter to the editor of the Watchman, under the signature of a subscriber!" In a few days Henry was let out of prison in a very pitiable state.

There is yet another paper, entitled, "entry in the journal of Whitehouse," of a date prior to that of the last letter, containing a great deal of gossip about an elderly white lady, a Mrs. S., and her methodist slave, George, who was to be summoned as a witness against Henry. "He (George) is a man of an excellent character, as is known to the white people in this neighbourhood, but his offence, like that of Henry, is coming to our chapel. Not long ago he happened to be passing the residence of the rev. rector of this parish, who ordered him to be laid down and flogged; the order was obeyed, and he received such a severe flagellation that it was with great difficulty he walked home afterwards, which was not more than a mile distant; Mrs. S. became indignant at this abominable conduct of the parson, and some time after, as soon as George was able to leave home, she sent him to his honour the custos, with a letter of complaint against the Rev. Mr. Bridges. His honour wrote a letter to Mr. Bridges on the subject, and appointed a day for inquiring into his conduct. The day arrived, and several gentlemen were assembled, whose professed object was to investigate the business, but the rev. gentleman employed a friend of his (?) to compromise the matter with George, which he did, by giving him a trifling sum of money, which he told him he was to consider as satisfaction for the injury Mr. Bridges had done him. This happened but a short time before this rev. gentleman was publicly tried by a special vestry for maltreating a female servant!"—But, as if to shew more clearly the *animus* by which he is governed, Mr. Whitehouse charitably omits to mention that on this charge Mr. Bridges was acquitted!!

It has been with feelings of immeasurable disgust that we have waded through the tissue of cant and malignity exhibited in these papers, and compressed it into as short a statement as possible. Let us now see the proceedings adopted to refute or substantiate these charges. On the 6th of May, 1830, Sir George Murray transmits them to the Earl of Belmore, who, on the 10th of August, writes that he had

received the answers of Mr. Betty and Mr. Bridges, which he had placed in the hands of the Attorney-General, for the purpose of considering whether any, and what further investigation may be necessary in regard to Mr. Whitehouse's statement; and, on the 27th of August his lordship transmits the report of the Attorney-General (Hugo James, Esq.), with the answers alluded to; and states that, in compliance with Mr. James's advice, he should "call upon Mr. Whitehouse to substantiate his complaint against Mr. Betty, by transmitting authentic documents, verified on oath, to the Crown Office, when proceedings will be adopted, consonant with the principles of British judicature, to obtain a full and impartial investigation of the matter, so as to ensure a legal conviction or acquittal."

This, our readers will say, was the straight-forward, the *English* course of proceeding. But before we see how Mr. Whitehouse contrived to evade it, let us look at the explanations of the accused, and the Attorney-General's opinion thereon. That gentleman reports to the governor, that as both Mr. Betty and Mr. Bridges decline to enter into any discussion whatever with Mr. Whitehouse, (as, indeed, what gentleman placed in their situation, and possessing the slightest degree of honourable feeling, would?) on the merits, or demerits, of the complaint preferred by him against them, "I am unable to form any opinion on the statement of Mr. Whitehouse, *uncorroborated*, as it were, *by the oath of the accused himself, or by the testimony of others* who are competent to substantiate the same before the ordinary tribunals of the country;" and he therefore recommends, that Mr. Whitehouse be called upon to substantiate his complaint against Mr. Betty, and points out the course which it was competent for him to pursue, as already above stated in Lord Belmore's despatch.—"As far as the Rev. G. W. Bridges is implicated," says the Attorney-General, "it is but justice that I should convey to his Excellency my humble opinion, that *he has refuted the charges which tend to cast a reflection on his character as a clergyman*, by the unjust insinuation of harshness and severity of the confinement of two of his domestics in the Rodney-hall workhouse, which is designated by Mr. Whitehouse as the 'seat of darkness.' Whereas it appears, that ONE IS A CRIMINAL SENTENCED BY THE LAWS OF THE ISLAND TO IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE, AND THE OTHER IS EMPLOYED AS A HIRED DOMESTIC BY HER OWN FREE WILL AND CONSENT." "The alleged punishment of a slave of Mr. Bridges is distinctly denied, and it relates to an occurrence which took place several years back, when he was ordered off the property, where he was *detected trespassing on the provision grounds of Mr. Bridges' servants*, since which period Mr. Bridges states he has evinced towards the same individual trifling acts of kindness,* which Mr. Whitehouse *has illiberally converted into measures of compromise to avert a prosecution.*"

Here we have the unbiassed opinion of the Attorney-General on the subject of these accusations, and surely no opinion could place the conduct and veracity of Whitehouse in a more contemptible light.

Although active enough in preferring underhand charges against his neighbours, Mr. Whitehouse seems to have made very little open exertion in favour of his suffering disciple. Why, we would ask, did he not go repeatedly to Mr. Betty until he received a distinct answer? or if investigation was denied, why not have applied to the *custos* or

* "I have since," says Mr. Bridges, "married that man, and had the opportunity of rendering him trifling services; but nothing in the shape of compromise."

another magistrate? But this, we presume, would not have answered the purpose of the sect of which Mr. Whitehouse is a member!

We consider it unnecessary to give at length the manly and straightforward defence of Mr. Bridges. We believe the above declaration of the Attorney-General in his favour, will be sufficient for his exculpation, in the mind of every honest man. He does not deny, that he used fair endeavours to rescue Williams from what he calls the trammels of the missionaries, "but I used no threat, no compulsion, nor indeed could I use any with those who were not under my control. When I observe around me many who were once contented, now poor, spiritless, and dejected, I cannot, as a Christian clergyman, behold the progress of such extensive mischief, without employing my humble, but zealous endeavours, to save my flock from wholesale misery; but I have never controlled their religious feelings by unfair means; my house is open to family prayers every evening, but I have confined my interference to inviting them there, and to the offer of my best advice."

With regard to the maltreatment of a female servant, Mr. Bridges alludes to it as a former effort of sectarian malignity, perpetrated through the artful accusation of a suborned slave, and "defeated only by the fortunate circumstance of my possessing European domestics:" and he justly complains of the prejudice and injury done to him in his professional character in England, and the ruinous expense entailed upon him in consequence of these unjust accusations.

The letter of Mr. Betty is equally manly and straightforward, although written with a degree of heat which, perhaps, under the circumstances of the case were justifiable, or at least excusable. After deprecating the interference of the sectaries between master and servant, he says, "I certainly did confine Henry Williams in the St. Thomas-in-the-Vale workhouse, for disobedience of my orders, in fact, openly setting me at defiance before the rest of the slaves. I had an undoubted right to do so, and I do not consider myself responsible for that act. That he became sick there, and that I removed him, is equally certain; and had he died there, these canting hypocrites would have reproached me with having been the cause of his death, although an able medical person regularly attends the establishment. Twenty-three years' experience, and the visible alteration in the manners and habits of the slaves teach me," says he, "that these dissenting preachers will inevitably bring the country to ruin; especially if their most improbable calumnies are countenanced by the highest authorities in the State."

He states, as a proof of the mildness of his treatment of the slaves, that in every property under his management, the numbers have increased; and, finally, he indignantly adds, "Conscious that I have done nothing deserving of reproach, I am ready to meet any charge which may be preferred against me in a court of justice, where my actions will be investigated before a legal tribunal of twelve honest men; but with all the deference I feel for the Colonial-office, I never will consent to answer interrogatories."—A resolution which appears to have given great offence in Downing-street!

These communications from the Earl of Belmore were followed by a very long letter from Lord Goderich, who had now become Colonial Secretary. We have read over that letter most attentively, and we profess ourselves totally unable to discover any thing like that liberality and fair consideration, and support, to which Mr. Betty, as a

magistrate, and the Rev. Mr. Bridges, as a clergyman of the Church of England, were, in justice, entitled to expect under all the circumstances: on the contrary, the letter evinces a captious disposition to consider them guilty, to bear them down by the weight of authority, and to involve them in the trouble and obloquy of further discussion. In short, we do not think Dr. Townley himself, the organ of the Wesleyans, could have written a letter calculated to give a stronger impression of undue bias in favour of the sectaries! "With the most conclusive moral evidence," says his lordship, "he (Whitehouse) might be defeated, if his witnesses were slaves," (a matter likely enough, if the facts are as we believe them to be!) "or in the humble condition of life to which he belongs, Mr. Whitehouse may not have the funds necessary for conducting a prosecution."—A gratuitous supposition, especially considering that Whitehouse would have had the support of ample funds at the disposal of the Wesleyan methodists!!

In short, Mr. Whitehouse refused to attempt to establish his charge, upon oath, or otherwise; and, in reply to his letter declining to proceed, the governor's secretary tells him, "You had two courses to pursue, had you been able to substantiate your charge against Mr. Betty. One would have been by referring the case to a council of protection, for which you might have called all your witnesses, and their attendance would have been enforced by the magistracy. This course you did not think proper to adopt, and it is now too late to resort to it; and the other, by placing documentary evidence in the Crown-office. But you cannot be ignorant, that it is not in the Attorney-General's power to adopt any criminal proceeding, unless the charge is preferred upon oath." This letter is followed by another explanatory one from Whitehouse, and the correspondence is closed by Lord Goderich's letter to the Earl of Belmore; the character of which is, in our opinion, much of the same complexion as the former one; inasmuch as it evinces a very unfair disposition to consider one party guilty and another innocent, although the charge rested entirely upon the *ipse dixit* of a man who had, at the same time, made several distinct charges against another gentleman, which charges, according to the letter of the Attorney-General, appear to have been malicious and *entirely unfounded*. In the interim Mr. Betty died, and, of course, all proceedings have been dropped.

We are sorry this parliamentary document will go out to the colonies; for we are satisfied it is only calculated to inflame the minds of the colonists, and to destroy all confidence or cordiality of co-operation with his Majesty's present colonial minister.

The unfounded accusations brought by Whitehouse, have, in the meantime, however, answered every purpose of the sectaries. They have been trumpeted forth at every anti-slavery meeting throughout the country, as undoubted facts. They have served as the groundwork for declamation, and for raising up those numerous petitions for the destruction of West India property, which have been poured upon the tables of both Houses of Parliament, from the sectaries in all parts of the kingdom; and now that the mischief is done, and after the parties accused, although innocent (*for it is but fair to suppose, under all the circumstances, that Mr. Betty was so*), have been held forth to public execration in every quarter of the United Kingdom—forth comes the refutation!!

Further comment seems unnecessary: we leave it to our readers to draw their own conclusions.

MACHINERY.

THE economists seem at their last gasp—glaring, staring facts are driving them to their wits' end, and in the extremity of despair, they have issued, under the high and mighty sanction of the Diffusion-Society, a manifesto, declaratory of the blessings, the irresistible, the illimitable, the universal blessings of machinery. Seizing upon a few favourable circumstances—upon advantages which, undoubtedly, flow readily enough towards those who can command them—in spite of every hour's experience, they insist that the diffusion reaches every class of society, and every soul partakes of them; that because a few are benefited, all must be; because the man with money gets more for it, the man who has none does as much because articles are cheaper, they must be to every body more accessible; because machinery once made more work, it must still make more and more. Rags, hungry faces, and empty pockets are not worth remarking amidst the splendour, and sleekness, and abundance of aristocratic prosperity.

The great wants to the labouring man are of course good wages—which implies plenty of work, if plenty of work does not imply good wages—and low prices. The society tells them machinery universally lessens the cost of production and augments the demand for labour. These are the very things the labourer desires; but he finds the promise is not made good—it “palters with him in a double sense”—his experience contradicts the assurance. As machinery has advanced, his wages, at least of late years, have regularly fallen; the cost of production may have lowered, but his wages have lowered more; if labour in some instances has been more abundant, it has universally been worse paid; generally, where he works more, he earns less, and his command over the conveniences and even the necessities of life is incomparably less than before.

If the blessings were really such as the economist holds out to the labourer, is it not singular that he, the labourer, should not himself find it out? Is it not incredible that the philosopher in his studio should be the first to discover what fails to strike conviction upon the man himself, in matters too which must come most home to him? If the labourer suffers, no words will blunt the edge of his feelings, or reverse his convictions—it must be idle to tell him, in the teeth of his own knowledge, his situation, upon the whole, as to the conveniences of life, is vastly amended; and if it were indeed so amended, nobody, he must feel, would think it worth his while to urge upon him so plain a fact. This anxiety, therefore, on the part of the “school-masters,” is good evidence on the face of it, not merely of their own misgivings, but of absolute consciousness of mistake, while their perseverance in wrong is only a proof of a common resolution to go to the stake, and die in the profession of the pure economical faith.

The attempt then to control the convictions of the labourer in what he *must* be the best judge of, is idle or superfluous. He will be influenced by facts, and not by theories. It will not be any mitigation of his sufferings to learn that the rich revel at his cost, nor will he require sympathy or relief if he can live in tolerable comfort by the labour of his own hands.

But our business just now is more with the rich, or rather with the economists, who have been their teachers, and well represent the senti-

ments of the aptest of their pupils. We quarrel with the economists, in the first place, because they attempt to identify the workings of artificial society with the laws of nature, and represent what is essentially changeable, and has been changed a thousand times by the caprices of rulers, as the inevitable results of uncontrollable circumstances. Capital is *power*, and those who have it will use it to their own advantage, and those who have it not must submit to its dominion. This is the very shibboleth of the party. The labourer, in the eyes of the economists, is only a more dexterous animal than a horse, or a machine of blood and bone less manageable than one of wood and iron; and it is the interest of the employer to make the most, at the least cost, of his or its qualities. When he has exhausted them he has done with him, and he is only prevented by certain restraints, which he has not yet been able to throw off, from shooting him out of the way, as he does any other worn-out and useless brute.

Most of these economists, nevertheless, are constitutionalists in politics—a party which profess to consider all as free, and all as possessing an interest in the welfare and government of the society of which they form a part. But in reality they are as tyrannical at the bottom, and as resolved, as the most impudent of the opposite faction, to sacrifice the interests of the governed to those of the governors. Government with them, indeed, is an institution not merely for the protection of a man's own, but of all he *can*, by possibility, make his own. *His own* is something so sacred and divine, that the common good of society must not touch it; must not, in the slightest degree, interfere with it; must not check his enlargement of it to the most pernicious extension. And in fact the overgrown possessions and power of ten or twelve individuals already are capable of controlling the government, and resisting regulations, which the mass of society recognize as generally desirable.

We quarrel, again, with the economists, because on the ground of the early and partial advantages of machinery, they represent them as illimitable and universal. Machinery ministers to the wants of men, and *they* are illimitable, and every man has them. But what then—what is this to the purpose, if the results of this machinery are inaccessible? if the means of attaining them do not grow with them? But they do grow with them, exclaims the economist; if an article becomes cheaper, the difference in the price is thus set at liberty, and is available for other and new purchases. No, no; do you not see that this advantage is applicable only in the cases of those who have fixed resources? Is it not a well-known and general fact, that the resources of the majority diminish, first or last, every where, with diminished prices? Are not most men not their own masters, but in the employment of *others*? And in proportion as the prices of provisions and conveniences fall, are not wages and emoluments reduced? If so, and who will controvert it? the power of purchase, in all dependents, is also proportionally diminished. Are we not even now endeavouring to get the salaries of public functionaries cut down, precisely on the ground that they were raised because prices rose, and ought to be lowered again, because those same prices have fallen? The fact, indisputably, is that the diminished cost of production—the boasted result, and in some instances justly so, of machinery—benefits only those who have fixed incomes, or those who can resist encroachments and invasions on

their resources, or indemnify themselves from other quarters. It is the great, and the great only—the commanding and employing portion of society, who are essentially benefited by the diminished cost of production. And this is the great cause of the gross and growing inequalities in the extreme class of society; it is the main and predominating cause that is daily widening the space between the great and the little; the great source of their irreconcilable interests and of alienated feelings; of haughtiness on the one hand and exasperation on the other, and which, if not timely prevented by some relaxation of power, must terminate in struggle and violence.

How does the economist account for the productions of his machinery becoming comparatively every day more and more, drugs? How is it, in his opinion, that, cheap as they are, they cannot find purchasers? Oh! he cries, it is merely a temporary suspension of activity in the market. There have always been these little interruptions; they are of short duration, and experience shews a re-action will soon take place, and make up, and more, for all. Doubtless, there have been periods of glut and consequent distress, and they have ceased;—but have they not been followed, along with renewals of what has been called prosperity, almost uniformly by diminished wages to the labourer? Nor is there any reason, notwithstanding the most confident assertions as to the principles and progress of civilization, that it should be otherwise. People's means do not, for the most part, grow with the occasion, but are governed by the interests of employers. Nor need they so grow, breaks in the economist, because machinery reduces the "cost of production." Well, but people's means do not even continue stationary, and that at least is indispensable for enabling them to share in the beneficial results of machinery—verily, they obviously *fall* in proportion, and that must surely prove a check to consumption. In short, the commanding portion alone of society can in the long-run benefit, and be the purchasers, and they are too few in numbers, with all their capacities, to promise any long continuance to the reign of machinery. Indeed, when goods begin to sell below the cost price, that reign is all but at an end. But there is the whole world for extending the market. There is not the whole world. Europe and America are manufacturing for themselves; they will soon supply their own wants; they will soon be—in many instances they already are—rivals in the same market. Then how, in the teeth of these facts, can the economists, as the unqualified eulogists of machinery, maintain, that if machinery were to go on for five hundred years, at the rate it has done for the last century, it could be productive of no possible harm?

There is a point, we doubt not, up to which machinery is productive of general and permanent good; but that point, with our institutions, has been passed over some considerable time. To make machinery a blessing to the country, *all* must partake of the good results. How can men, with hearts in their bosoms, see the few in luxury, and the many in beggary, and talk, at the same moment, of prosperity, and the happy and glorious effects of machinery? What blessing can it be, if stockings are two-thirds cheaper than they were, if the makers of them do not get one-third of their former wages? What advantage is it to them, that cottons and woollens are cheaper, if the price of bread swallows all their wages, and meat is utterly inaccessible? For years now, none of our manufactures—cried up as they have been—have paid wages sufficient to

keep up the health and strength of the labourer; nor is there a shadow of probability to expect matters will mend. The very masters complain they cannot get remunerating prices—no adequate return upon their capitals, with all their pinching and screwing of the workmen. This, however, only means that they can no longer get so large a return; but that is surely an indication that they have overdone the thing—have gone beyond the mark.

In the midst of our gloomy view of these matters, here, however, springs up a ray of cheering light. In proportion as great capitals fail of producing great returns, will the owners of them be prompted to withdraw from the conflict, and then the sovereignty of machinery drops the sceptre. It is great capitals that have done the mischief—yes, mischief we repeat, in spite of contemptuous smiles;—without enormous capitals, machinery could never have spread to the pernicious extent it has done, nor could monopoly have scourged the nation so unmercifully.

But the only direct remedy is legal restriction;—and what is a government for, but to prevent, or restrain, one class from injuring another? Do not we English folks, especially, glory in a constitution made, as every body says, for the *common* good? Well, then, when one class is getting every thing to itself, and another losing its all—is it not a time for this superintending government to step in with the exercise of its delegated functions? But you interfere with freedom! *Whose* freedom? That of the capitalists. *What* freedom? That of grinding the poor; and should not such freedom be interfered with? There is interference enough, Heaven knows, on the part of this Government, with our pockets to raise a revenue for extravagant and profligate purposes; and shall there be no interference for the just purpose of rescuing a whole class, and one which outnumbers all the rest, from unparalleled misery and unprovoked oppression?

What would we do then? Would we interpose with acts of legislation? To be sure we would. Are we of the British isles so new to acts of legislation, that we should startle at any fresh application of them? Is there any thing the legislature does not, at times, take under its direction? Is there any institution, however venerable, however old or young, that has not of late been interfered with? Any principle, however respected of old, that has not been handled with authority, or treated with contempt? The will of one party has trampled upon the acts of another; and shall not a legislature chosen for *common* interests, interpose to check tyranny, and protect its victims? Would we then break up machinery, and do that for which we have just been hanging we know not how many? No, we have another remedy—apparently a favourite one for a century past—taxation. Taxation on machinery, and a minimum of wages—Oh! oh! this is breaking in upon all the best recognised principles of government—upon what are the best and brightest proofs of intellectual advancement in modern times! That we cannot help. The existing circumstances of society compel us to break in upon them. They may once have been good—they are so no longer. Expediency is the test; and that has, since the world stood, varied with circumstances. Have the economists themselves any principle more fixed and permanent? They have advocated freedom of trade on the ground of expediency—but in whose favour? The capitalists, and the capitalists only. But in whose favour, they will reply, do we advocate restriction? The workmen, and the workmen only, do we not?—and

that to the sacrifice of the capitalists? No: we only *check* the capitalist. He will go on no longer than while he makes *some* gain, and we only force him while he goes on—he can quit the field when he pleases—to assign a reasonable share to the man without whom he can gain *nothing*. He is at liberty to withdraw his capital when he likes. Well, but he will withdraw it speedily, and then what becomes of the labourer? He will be thrown upon society—upon the poor's rate; and the capitalist, in his capacity of householder, must help to support him. But England will not be worth living in—then let the capitalist leave it. Better he leave it who has something to take with him, than he who has nothing.

But, after all, we do not think there is yet a peremptory occasion for having recourse to this act of expediency, which, however, if the same career is persisted in, will, doubtless, finally become imperative. There is yet the *land*, and the relief which the owners of that land can command. The great mass of agricultural labourers are in as miserable—as oppressed a condition, and perhaps more so—than the manufacturing. What is the immediate cause of this? Diminished wages. What the cause of that? High rents. And what of *that*? The exactions of landlords. Well then, if the landlord exacted less, could the farmer pay his labourers more? Certainly, and the landlord would soon force him, or renew his old exactions. But the case is this—the landlord exacts from the tenant a rack rent, and in return, gives up the labourer to the tender mercies of the tenant. And what then? The labourer has no longer any one to appeal to, because the landlord has sunk into a grasping trader, and has parted with his best rights—the right of protection. The farmer, thus freed from restraint, reduces wages below the lowest necessities of life, and throws the labourer upon the parish, for the miserable remainder, and thus also forces others, who have no interest in the labour, to help him to pay his exorbitant rents. Landlords are making a grand *parading*, and get the facts blazoned in the papers, if they reduce their rents ten per cent; whereas, in many cases, a reduction of a hundred per cent. would not bring their rents to what they were forty years ago. It is true, that landlords have ennobled their style of living vastly within that period, and cannot, upon old rents, maintain the new scale of expence;—it is true also, that the farmer, imitating, often at no humble distance, the magnificence of his landlord, has done the same thing, and is still less able, at present rents and prices, to keep up his rate of expenditure—but is all this show and finery, all this ambition and extravagance to be supported at the cost and sacrifice of the miserable labourer? No, no—this is not to be tolerated longer. If a sense of common justice will not alter matters—violence, we may be sure, will.

The relief of the country is wholly in the hands, and within the power of the landlords—the relief not only of the agricultural, but also of the manufacturing labourer. And why do we say *all* is in their hands? Because the condition of the farm-labourer is directly under their control, and if *his* condition be once brought back to the state it *has* been in, and to which, in common humanity, it should with all speed be brought, an improvement in the condition of the manufacturing labourer must immediately follow; for the agricultural labourer will thus become again a purchaser of manufactures, and the workman in his turn, by the consequent advance of his wages, become also a fellow-consumer of the labours of his own hands—and that at present he is not. Exportation abroad, till lately, was greatly inferior to home-consump-

tion—the best market—and would, with this change, quickly be so again. *This is our resource, and these our anticipations of its effects.* But we have no notion there is virtue enough in the country to work with full efficiency to the extent such a remedy demands. The landlord clings pertinaciously to his seeming advantages. His friends, the economists, lend him their sophistry. They tell him, emigration is the proper relief for the country. There are too many poor—ship them off to the Antipodes or to the Poles—no matter where—and things may go on as before. No unwelcome changes need be thought of. The landlord of course—not caring one straw, as he has long ceased to do, about the welfare of those who were once regarded as his dependants—a dependency that bound the parties together, and kept alive a great deal of good feeling—of course, he hails with delight a scheme which is calculated to remove a *painful sight*, (it must be such) and not encroach upon his rents. Mr. Wilmot Horton, in prosecution of the same object, is lecturing the mechanics—not the country labourer—upon the charms of emigration, and has also, his friends state, great success in his wranglings with them—that is, it must be supposed, he reduces them to a tacit, or even a verbal acquiescence. He argues them down, which of course a man of any cultivation may do without difficulty, but we do not find that his hearers are at all more disposed to push his plans into practice, than he is himself to set the example.

Mr. Horton is an admirer of existing arrangements, and interested in their continuance. He is himself a landlord, and naturally, in his debates and discussions with the mechanics, says nothing about the great and adequate power actually in the hands of landlords, “for the relief of the country.” Taking it for granted that the existing state of things is essentially good, and that all our difficulties originate in excess of population—which is excess of nonsense at most times, as well as in these times—emigration is precisely the remedy. We give Mr. Horton full credit for sagacity and consistency; but for our own parts, we are for confining emigration to those who are themselves so strenuously recommending it, and certainly not for *enforcing* it upon others. Let them—as Canada is so enchanting a spot, notwithstanding its six-months’ snows—by all means enjoy the blessing; but let those who are at home, and like home, be permitted to make the best of home.

Besides, if occupying waste lands abroad be so very desirable, why should it not be equally or nearly so to occupy them at home? Mr. Horton’s parochial loans would at least be spared, though there is no danger of such loans, in any event, being raised. But we have *no waste lands* to occupy. Nay, are there not, according to Mr. Horton’s own reports, 15,000,000 acres, and profitable acres too?—for in the same reports stand fifteen millions more, designated, in express contradistinction, as unprofitable. Yes, but *this waste land* is all appropriated—every acre has its owner. What then? If it be left waste—that is, actually uncultivated—the extremity of the occasion generates, again, a right of expediency; and we should not hesitate to recommend the *resumption* of this land, in order to divide some of it among the poor who have none, and are in want, and whom the economists wish to banish to the other side of the globe—to cultivate wastes. It is as easy to cultivate wastes at home as abroad.

We repeat it, the power . . . relief is with the landlords themselves,

and will be, till violence wrench it, or wisdom withdraw it from them, to make something like an equitable distribution. Let them, moreover, give their tenants an interest in the land, something that deserves the name of *interest*—leases—they may be made conditional and equitable—and tenants will soon again cultivate in a very different style from what they now do, and employ, we verily believe, little short of *double the labour* on the same space. There is nothing like *high-farming* now-a-days. Let them, also, reduce the size of farms; for adequate capitals for small farms may far more readily be found than any thing like a competent capital for a large one. Two or three hundred acres, perhaps, should be the very maximum—a size which comes within the grasp of easy management too, and is useful alike to the tenant, the labourer, and, ultimately, to the landlord himself. Let them, also, take the labourer—who, under heaven, has none else to help him—under his especial protection, and assign him, in addition to his amended wages, small patches of land, on which he can spend his own hours, and his family contribute their aid. Machinery has stript of their wonted employment the wives and children of the country labourer, and what can be done in the way of compensation should in common equity and humanity be done. Let them, above all, not listen to farmers and agents in their opposition; one will tell him, as Cobbett was told at Waltham Chase in one of his *laudable attempts*, it will make the labourer “saucy;” another, he will demand higher wages; a third, he will only breed more children. Let them not heed these things, but rather look at the deplorable state of dependence and misery to which *they* have suffered them to be sunk, by abandoning them to the uncontrolled dominion of their merciless tenants. Wretches! we once heard one of them boast of his ability to take the strength of a labourer out of him in three years, just as he did out of his horses—but what else do the economists?

Here is much of the *abnormis sapientia*, and we are driven to it by the force of facts, which conflict irresistibly with the dicta of our pestilent philosophers. They have taken their own imaginations for realities; their own maxims for the laws of nature; Capital is their idol, and the first duty of their new worship is to develope to their full extent its hidden powers in *production*, while they let *distribution* take its own course. It is matter of entire indifference to them whether the labourer, the instrument, eat or not, so that he contributes to produce, and adds to the capital of the employer. They affect to consider the labourer as not coming at all within the pale and protection of government. Nobody employs a labourer for the sake of the labourer, but for *his own* sake—what then has a government to do with the matter? Much; it is not optional with capital to employ labour or not. To make any thing of capital the owner must employ labour; in that employment he may oppress, and the duty of government is to protect, or what is the good of it?

The distress of the country, for we must regard the *people* as a portion of the country, is immeasurably great. Much of it is the result of excess of machinery; much of it arises from pushing erroneous theories into practice; much of it from bad exercise of power, and a worse conception of the best objects of society; much of it from grasping passions and unfeeling haughtiness;—but it is not yet past a quiet or at least a legal remedy. Let landlords cease to lend a ready ear to

economists, and they will discover, *sua Minerva*, that they have only to retrace their steps for the last forty years; and if that will not remove all grievances, let them, as legislators, lay a firm and strong hand upon machinery. The country can never be in a safe or a sound state while the people are in a state of pauperism. Let them return to their estates and abide there, and abandon the foolish ambition of figuring in Courts and London drawing-rooms. Let them, finally, provide for their own families from their own resources, and cease to be grasping for place, and then they will be ready enough to lend their powerful aid to check public extravagance by clipping the source of it—taxation. It is all in their own hands, and high time it is that they should think of the poor, not vaguely as men like themselves, but as placed by the laws of eternal Providence, specifically under their protection.

TO A SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

ONCE, and yet once again,
While my full heart beats heavily along,
Will I to thee awake a gentle strain,
A melancholy song.

For though thou art far away,
Like a bright star in th' enamelled skies,
Still on my soul there gleams one sunny ray,
Whose home is in thine eyes.

And in the silent hour,
When the heart communes with itself alone,
Thy voice falls on my ear with that deep power
That dwells in every tone,

Then, like a magic scene,
Memory recalls her treasures of the past;
Raising the shadows of what once hath been,
'Ere life was overcast.

And then, thou true of heart!
I bless thee for the tears that thou hast shed,
When, like a seraph, peace thou didst impart
To the un comforted.

I bless thee for the wrong,
Thou hast endured for my unworthy sake,
From those who found thy steadfast love too strong,
For pride or power to break.

I bless thee for thy truth,
Thy faith—thy constancy, and gentleness;
The light that shone upon thy early youth,
Each smile, and each caress.

But more than all, I yet
Must bless thee for thy long-tried love for me—
Bright as the pearl that in its shell is set
In the unfathomable sea!

R. F. W.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

The Russian manifesto has at length been published, and it is as ferocious a declaration as ever issued from the councils of a despot. The Czar threatens vengeance of all kinds; but there may be a long interval between the threat and the power to execute it. His force is immense, and probably the Poles will not be able to meet him in the field; but an united people has been often shewn to be a hazardous antagonist; and if injuries could make a nation united, what people can have a larger or gloomier retrospect than the unfortunate Poles? There have been no fewer than three partitions of Poland. The first was in 1772, when a small portion of her territory only was taken. The next in 1793, and the final partition in 1795, which was not, however, accomplished until after the infliction of the most inhuman atrocities on the part of the Russian army, under Suwarrow. In 1815 the allies erected a portion of the territory, of which Warsaw was made the capital, into a nominal kingdom, under the sovereignty of Russia. The independence thus pretended to be given was, in every sense, illusory. What could be the independence of Poland, when it was merely a Russian viceroyalty, a place where such a fellow as the Archduke Constantine was left to play his furious vagaries? We have lately seen an account of this Tartar's ordering, at a moment's notice, every person newly arrived in Warsaw to be summoned from his bed at four in the morning, in November, and, no matter what their country or condition, their health or their merits might be, all marched side by side, gentlemen and criminals, merchants and deserters—side by side through the streets in the depth of a Polish winter!—to the antichamber of this man, there to be asked half a dozen insolent questions, and then turned out; some with ridicule, some with orders to leave the realm within twenty-four hours, and some sent under arrest. And who can wonder that any nation, with the hearts of men in their bosoms, should be indignant at these furious caprices, and long for security of person and property?

So far as public privileges are concerned, the Poles have been subjected to the treatment of an enslaved people. The public voice has, upon all occasions, been stifled—in the senate, in the theatres, and at every place of public congregation, this course has been pursued. From Alexander they received a constitution, the provisions of which they were not allowed, however, to put in force. Thus, dispossessed of the substance of liberty, the shadow only remained, to perplex and embitter the national feelings. As serfs and bond-slaves, they would have been happier.

Some of our contemporaries are predicting that France will subside into quietness, and be a model of good government, and so forth. On this point we are thoroughly sceptical. The matter may go on plausibly for awhile; but there are circumstances in the French position, which, by the course of nature, *must* make France revolutionary in a few years.

In the first place, whatever religion the people had, is gone. Even the feeble display of it that was to be found among the gewgaw-exhibitions of popery, is gone. The religion of the state is abolished. The government are no longer pledged to provide any worship for the people; and now every man may worship any whim that comes into his head in

any way he likes, and be discharged from any support of any regular place of worship. Of course, in a few years the buildings for national worship must go to decay; and if a few spruce chapels be raised by a few speculators or devotees, they will not contain a thousandth part of the population, even if they were willing to go to church, which they will not be. In a few years, the young generation will start into manhood; and as they have been educated without the decent habits of religious observance, they will not begin to learn them then. Even for the last ten years, scarcely any MEN went to church: the seats were occupied by women, and the men went whistling about the streets, or went to their regular weekly labours, on the Sunday. The preachers sent by the government through the provinces to recal the peasantry to their former habits, were generally a mere matter of scoffing and insult, though many of the "missionaries," as they were termed, were able men, and some, of singular eloquence. In the course of a few years, if those feelings continue, France will be a nation of atheists, which, by all accounts, it very nearly is already; and as the atheist acknowledges no restraint of conscience, and can have no fear of a superior power, or of a future, the only question will be of force against force: in other words, civil war, terminating in convulsions of all kinds.

Another source of the impending ruin is, the state of property. In France the law of primogeniture is abolished, and every man is *compelled* to give an equal portion of his property to each of his children. By this means, the disobedient child is just as much encouraged as the obedient. And, as the money laid out on a child's education, or advanced for putting him into any peculiar line of life, professional or otherwise, is not allowed in the distribution of the property, but each demands his equal portion still, it is almost the interest of a parent to give his children no education or employment that can cost any thing, as it is giving him his portion twice over. But the evil operates inevitably in a national scale, by utterly destroying all the higher order of France. In England, by giving the estate to the elder son, that estate is kept together; an aristocracy is formed, by which the peerage is supplied, and a most important branch of the legislature, as a protection between the power of the crown, and the rashness of a merely popular assembly, is kept in existence.

But even to the younger children of the peer, the existence of a certain rank and estate in the family, is of the first importance. By having a brother a man of acknowledged rank, the whole family share his distinction in society; they are also supported in their several pursuits by his influence; and they make more honourable connections; and, as in general, the estate is liable to pass from one branch to another, the youngest brother of a great family has his chance of attaining the hereditary honours. Thus the great families are preserved from being lost, by the preservation of their properties under one head; and the estate which, frittered away among a dozen children, would make for each but a pitiful provision—perhaps just enough to keep them in idleness, and thereby preclude them from any honourable exertion—becomes a source of present rank and assistance to every member of the family, and frequently of future possession.

But, in France, all the great families must, before a quarter of a century, be extinguished, if the present law continues. A duke with but £1,500 a-year, is no duke at all, but a beggar; and if he expects to

enjoy even his £1,500 a-year, he had better lay down his title. And, in fact, all the nobility of France are thus perishing as fast as they can. It happens, oddly enough, that no nobility of Europe have so few children as the French; a second child being no common instance in the higher ranks; and thus, by the interdict of nature, the evil of the law may be restrained for a while. But the evil will finally overcome. Even now, all the residences of the nobles in the country are falling into ruin. The proprietors are too poor to live in them, or to repair them, and they fall. In another generation this subdivision will go on, and still proceed until every acre is cut into fragments for younger children; and France, with increasing multitudes, will shew but a great mob, a nation of paupers; and of course discontented with all order, and mad for change.

But the disturbance is not likely to wait even for this. The French themselves tell us that Paris teems with disaffection, which marshals itself under five different banners. The old royalist, the old jacobin, the Buonapartist, the idealist, the polytechnic and school party. It is true, that out of this multitude of parties may proceed the security of government; which would doubtless be more endangered by one strong coalition. Still, here is the material of mischief to any extent, and there is nothing in the character of France to resist the mischief in any shape that it may assume. There is no peerage of any weight whatever, there is no established religion, and there is no force at the direct command of government; for it would be a burlesque to call the present French king the master of any thing, either military or civil; his dominion is during pleasure, and his kingdom is the Palais Royal.

Lawyers are famed for making good bargains for themselves. Old Lord Norbury a year or two since, worn out in office, contrived to make the most of his remaining years after 80! by bargaining for a huge retiring allowance and an earldom, he having obtained a peerage before for his wife, which descended to his second son; thus having obtained in fact two peerages for his family. We now have another Irish lawyer contriving to escape from the labours of office on nearly the same terms. O'Grady, the Irish Chief Baron gets a viscounty and barony on his retirement, an honour rarely conferred on an individual in similar circumstances. He is to be Viscount Cahirguillimore and Baron Rockbarton. The first will be as great a puzzler to the Herald's College to pronounce as was that of Lord Skelmersdale, who, on his elevation to that title, was said to have absolved his godfathers of the original name given him of Bootle Wilbraham. The barbarian name of Cahirguillimore, if he have been foolish enough to take it, may also absolve Mr. O'Grady of some of the merit of his bargain. Yet the public have a right to ask, for what eminent public services is this lawyer to have a viscounty and barony, and a pension of £3,500 a-year besides? he having already received about £150,000! He was probably well acquainted with his profession; and if he were, he was paid for his knowledge by a huge salary of £6,000 a-year (besides other emoluments); which any other man at the bar would have considered an equivalent for all his law and labours. Why then heap on him the supernumerary reward of the peerage, which, we must observe, not merely gives the man himself an undue elevation, but lifts up his descendants, who may not have the slightest of his merits, and who certainly are not likely to render any professional service? The point is, what could have made it necessary to prompt by

a peerage the retirement of a judge, who was reported to have been calling out for retirement before; or who, if he were not calling out, ought to have been left to do his duty, until he had arrived at the period when he would have retired of his own accord? If the business was hurried on to find a bench for some partizan, the ground is changed, but the difficulty is not. However, there is one fact, that no reason exists for making so many lawyers peers; they are generally bad "parliament men," from their previous habits, and seldom add anything to the wisdom or eloquence of the House. Lawyers, with but few exceptions, make an unlucky figure in debate. And, unless in individual instances of peculiar moral dignity, they generally exhibit themselves the slaves of party, which means personal interest; the whole proposition meaning, that lawyers are in the best place, when they are attending to their own profession, and that they are fitter for advocates than for legislators; that their integrity on the bench ought not to be exposed to the temptation of a minister with a peerage in his hand: and, in conclusion, that Chief Baron O'Grady has established no more claim to a peerage, however barbarous its name, by receiving £6,000 a-year as a judge for twenty years, than if he had sat on his bench for six minutes, and then vacated it to give rest to the fluctuations of Lord Plunkett.

Fortunate lord, the latter has been. His chancellorship has anchored him at last secure in the harbour of partizanship. His compatriots lately calculated his provision for himself and his family out of the public purse, at £16,000 a-year. His new office swells the united price of his genius to £20,000! Who shall reproach the country with neglecting great men, or great men with neglecting themselves?

As astronomers, we were delighted with the following intelligence:

"*Eclipses in 1831.*—During the present year there will be four eclipses, viz., two of the sun and two of the moon. Those of the former occur on February 12 and August 7, and will be invisible at Greenwich; and of the latter on February 26 (*partly visible*) and on August 23, which will be invisible.

Here, for our good, we are informed of the coming of three eclipses which we are not to see at all; a piece of knowledge, which thus seems of no great productiveness. But the fourth eclipse is to be partly visible; that is, we are partly to see it, and partly to see it *not*; a species of optics which does not come within our science, but which we abandon to the Sir James Souths and other new illuminators of our darkened age.

"Amelia Opie is at Paris, and a constant visitor at the soirées of General Lafayette, where this celebrated female always appears in the simple garb of a rigid Quakeress, forming a striking contrast to the gay attire of the Parisian ladies."

Poor Amelia, worshipping at the shrine of revolution; past her grand climacteric, and lowering the drab to the tri-colour, the dove-coloured poke to the *bonnet-rouge*. But Genlis is dead, and the world solicits a successor.

"For a few days past an omnibus has been seen at Paris, on the Boulevards, between the Porte St. Martin and the Madeleine, suspended on a new principle. It is much lighter and more elegant than the former ones, and the great advantage of it is that the carriage has no disagreeable motion, and the passengers ride at perfect ease."

All this may be so in Paris, though we entirely disbelieve it. But

no part of it exists in London, where all the names of inconvenience are tame to the annoyance of the omnibus, as all the names of insolence are weak to the habits of the fellows that attend them. Of course, there are some better than others; and where the proprietor himself takes any trouble about the matter, they may be more endurable. But there was some promise last session, of a change in the whole stage-coach system. What has become of it? We were to have had stages running in all directions through the streets, and thereby undoubtedly adding greatly to the ease and quickness of passing the enormous distances of London. But all this seems to have died away. We call upon Lord Althorp to tell us, why?

Will "flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?" We answer, that the times when such things were done are with the years beyond the flood. Flattery is too valuable a thing to be thrown away; and we send those who doubt our assertion to the histories of all "eminent personages," lately deceased. The disembowelling by the surgeons is only a feeble type of the keen ransacking of every part of their existence the moment that they are fairly out of sight, and gone where they can take no actions of battery. Friends, relations, loving acquaintances, all the world, and the newspapers besides, pounce upon them before an hour lies between them and the sunshine; and they are torn, dissected, extravasated, and epigrammatized into a thousand pieces, before even the Magazines can make a grasp at the remains of their reputation.

But, in some cases, the operation commences before the "brains are out," and the reputation is flayed from the living subject. How would the French Ministers, even so lately as the memorable 27th of July, be astonished to find the knife employed on their physiognomies in this style?—

"*Appearance of the Ministers on their trial.*—De Polignac, who is very far from corpulent, is rather above the middle stature, has a great nose, and a bloodless, disagreeable countenance. He has a very low forehead, an expression of insignificance, and, even when he looks most gracious, his manner is by no means pleasing. He cordially accosted De Martignac while the trial was proceeding—De Martignac, whom he formerly denounced to Charles X. as an 'apostate.' He is entirely wrapped up in his own case, and in that of his party, and if his life be spared, will deem himself happy."

With what astonishment would a *premier* in any land find his portrait drawn in that style!—unless he should have found some balm to his feelings in seeing his fellow-minister excoriated in this style:—

"The appearance of De Chantelauze is most unprepossessing. He gives one the idea of a short, ill-favoured, diseased, petty tradesman, and is attired in black."

The French Attorney-General, however, is treated a little more tenderly. The terrors of office protect him still:—

"De Peyronnet has a plump visage, is inclined to corpulency, is rather pale, almost bald, and takes much snuff. He is thought to resemble the late Mr. Huskisson in manner."

Guernon de Ranville—a nobody—escapes with the observation due to that marked personage:—

"He looks young, slender, and seems much frightened!"

They are all now quietly transferred to the castle of Ham, in Picardy, where, by the last accounts, they had began to talk politics, hold cabinet councils on their own blunders, and quarrel so fiercely, that at length they could agree only in a petition to be sent to separate prisons!

Some of our papers mention, that if Prince Polignac, senior, is uncomfortable, his family contrive at least to make themselves happy; and quote the instance of his son, who, a few evenings ago, distinguished himself as a performer of the waltz, at some West-end rout. But as all Frenchmen are philosophers by nature, why—as the papers observe—should not a son dance when a father is in prison for life?

It may sound very well for Mr. Herries to start up for the royal rights in the Pension List; but all men know that the royal rights were untouched, and that the “ministerial patronage” was the true reading. We cannot help agreeing with the language of an intelligent contemporary:—

“Let no meritorious servant of the State be deprived of what he had a right to expect would solace his latter days; but, on the other hand, let no undeserved pension be held sacred, because some pretty lady, or convenient sycophant, may have in its confidence a ‘vested interest.’ It has been urged that not to respect pensions which have already been granted, will distress individuals. This may be matter of regret; but while the public at large lament the pressure of the times, why should not those, who have too long enjoyed affluence, to which they had no just claim, suffer with the rest? All we call for is, that the grants which have been made shall be explained and vindicated. Mrs. Arbuthnot can have no objection to let it be known what are the services which she has rendered to the State, in the cabinet or the field, to entitle her to more than £900. per annum; and Mr. W. Dundas will, of course, be delighted to prove that his *small* pension of £4,500. a year is far from being a sufficient reward for merit like his. Then the female Bathursts can favour us with the grounds on which they claim the several sums which appear against their names in the Civil List. These ladies, by the way, it has been stated, are members of the family of Mr. Bragge Bathurst.”

But to one pension we have peculiar objections. We now see the Scotch Lord Advocate receiving a pension of £600. a year for his wife. The salary of the Lord Advocate is £1,500.; but his emoluments are £4,000. a year. Yet this man, after receiving the large sum of £5,500. a year for several years, comes with a petition for £600. a year, or the alienation of a principal of about £12,000. from the country for his wife! Why did he not provide for her out of the profits of his highly-lucrative office? Or why not out of the regular income of his profession, like other barristers? If he had never tasted the sweets of office, he must have done like the rest of his profession—lived within his means, and taken care, by due economy, that his family should not come upon the public. But the very thing which should prevent his degrading them to this expedient, becomes the ground of his adopting it; his receiving £5,500. for a succession of years, substantiates the pauperism of his wife, and his rank entitles him to fix her on the public as in want of public bounty.

Another pension of some notoriety seems to have escaped the general purview. Who has not heard of Lady Hester Stanhope? This lady has had no less than £1,200. a year for at least twenty years—or has received £24,000. sterling. And to what purpose? The descriptions of our travellers represent her as leading a life of the most singular and

repulsive nature. We do not deal in scandal; and we, therefore, leave the details to others. But we have her galloping about Syria in men's clothes, praising Mahometanism, and indulging in all sorts of extravagant and foolish eccentricities; and this woman's fooleries we are forced to pamper at the rate of £1,200. a year! Infinitely better would it be for her, if she were compelled by necessity to recollect that she had other matters to do than indulge in her foreign vanities and Mussulman nonsense, and make herself a show and burlesque to strangers. The instant stoppage of her pension would be the most salutary lesson that she could get; and if she wore fewer pairs of Turkish trowsers, or rode astride on a less imperial stud, she would be only the better for the restriction. But the whole system must be revised.

It is a curious circumstance that in the Law Establishment, if we may so call it, of England, which ought to be the defence against all abuses, there are perhaps more abuses, more licensed and long-standing sources of public plunder, than in any other department of public administration. The Commission on the Irish Law Courts and their sinecures, a few years ago, disclosed abuses of such an inordinate nature, that the public were in a state of general indignation; and the prominent peculations were obliged to undergo some kind of deduction. The state of the English law sinecures, the great clerkships and reversions, the Doctors' Commons, and Testamentary Offices, still affords a fine field for revision; and we hope that some member of Parliament will be found honest and active enough to sift the business to the bottom.

But the Bankrupt Commissioners are now the more immediate grievance. The subject was largely discussed in a late meeting of merchants and traders, at the London Tavern, for the purpose of bringing some proposition on the subject before Parliament. Mr. Bousfield observed, "That, in the first place, though some of the commissioners might be able men, most of them were unfit, by age, &c. for their offices.—That their charges were enormous for their work; the number of bankrupts, between 1824 and 1830 inclusive, being averaged at 757 a year, while the sums received by the commissioners, in pay and fees, were £40,000. a year! The meeting declared the system to be ruinous to the trader, as involving both unnecessary expense and loss of time.—That the bankrupt fees, from 1811 to 1826, amounted to £114,000! and, moreover, that the fees of the *Secretary* of Bankrupts, for 1830, amounted to £10,000.—That in *nine* cases out of *ten*, the effects of debtors were swallowed up by law proceedings."

All this argues an intolerable system; but then we are to recollect that there are *fourteen* sets, or "*Lists*," of Bankrupt Commissioners, amounting to, we believe, about seventy persons, who receive, as the least salary, £300. a year, to say nothing of the fees. Will this patronage be given up without a struggle? We strongly doubt. Well, then, those who are on the right side must only struggle the more.

In one of the multitude of duodecimo-libraries we find the following apocryphal story:

"In 1534 Blasco de Garay, a captain of a ship, offered to the Emperor Charles V. to construct a machine capable of propelling large vessels even in a calm, and without the aid of sails or oars. In spite of the opposition which his project met with, the Emperor consented to witness the experiment, and

it was made accordingly, in the port of Barcelona, on the 17th of June, 1543. Garay would not uncover his machinery or shew it publicly; but it was evident that it consisted of a caldron of boiling water, and of two wheels set in motion by that means, and applied externally on each side of the vessel. The experiment was made on the *Trinidad*, a ship of 200 tons, laden with corn. The persons commissioned by the Emperor to report on the invention, in general approved of it, and praised, in particular, the readiness with which the vessel tacked about. The treasurer, Ravago, however, who was hostile to the plan, said, that a ship with the proposed machinery might go at the rate of about two leagues in three hours; that the apparatus was complex and expensive; and, finally, there was great danger of the boiler bursting. The other commissioners maintained, that a vessel so equipped might go at the rate of a league an hour at the least, and would tack about in half the time required by an ordinary ship. When the exhibition was over, Garay took away the apparatus from the *Trinidad*. The woodwork was deposited in the arsenal at Barcelona: the rest of the machinery he kept himself. Notwithstanding the objections raised by Ravago, the Emperor affected to favour the project of Garay; but his attention at the time was engrossed by other matters. He promoted Garay, however; gave him a sum of money, besides paying the expences of the experiment made at Barcelona, and shewed him other favours."

So much for philosophy in the 16th century! But how can any body publish such things as possessing the slightest probability? Can any engineer of the present day believe, that steam was ever so applied three centuries ago? Or that a vessel of boiling water in those days could have been applied to move a boat, or anything, or do any thing beyond washing a shirt, or scalding the philosopher's fingers?

The Local Law Bill, on which we made some observations in our last number, continues to excite a great interest among lawyers. The Lord Chancellor's zeal and experience are on the one side, and the alarms and experience of the practising members of the profession are on the other. *Non nostrum est*. But we give a remarkably striking and manly letter from one of the most intelligent individuals of that profession or of any other, which to us seems to set the question in a clear point of view, and which must go a great way to decide the controversy. The letter, it will be seen, was written a short time previously to the Lord Chancellor's appointment to office.

"To Henry Brougham, Esq., M. P.

"Dear Sir,—I have carefully read and re-read your Local Jurisdiction Bill and abstract, with a view to draw the account of fees by way of schedule, as desired. But I have been unable to do so on a scale of any in the least degree adequate remuneration for any practitioner of liberal education, and desirous of holding a decent situation and honest character in society.

"Under this aspect, I cannot but consider your measure as calculated to become the greatest civil scourge ever inflicted on this country, by creating an indefinite and universal appetite for litigation, with no other break or interval in the exercise of it than the halcyon month of August. This immediate effect of the act will be industriously promoted and extended with corresponding energy by an accession to the profession in increased numbers, of that class of practitioners designated as *pettifoggers*, whom to discountenance and extinguish has been a primary object with all the best and leading solicitors of the present day.

"It appears to me utterly inconsistent with the avowed purposes of the Common Law Commission, the repeal of the Law Taxes, the appointment of additional judges, the intended laying open of the Court of Exchequer, and the

facilities afforded to practice in the superior courts, thus at once to withdraw from them two-thirds at least of their ordinary business, subjecting it to a new and experimental tribunal, and superseding much of the labour derived from the elaborate machinery of Westminster Hall, with no compensating reduction in the expense of working it.

"Although personally, after a drudgery of nearly thirty years, much withdrawn from active practice, and meditating at no distant day entire secession from it, I feel too much sense of gratitude, and I hope a laudable *esprit du corps* in favour of an employment which has afforded me the means of competence and independence; to be altogether insensible to the degradation to which the profession of an attorney will be reduced by the operation of your proposed new bill, which, I repeat, will necessarily bring into action a large class of low practitioners, who, having no fair means of adequate remuneration, must and will resort to trick, if not to fraud, to supply the deficiency of profit, no reasonable allowances for which (in keeping with the general purview of the bill) will afford a return for the education, skill, and attention the conduct of the business of the local courts will require.

"While on this subject, it is with great regret I would allude to the tenor of your speech, as reported in the *Times*, on the occasion of your giving notice of your plan; you in it assumed a tone of unmeasured contempt for the attorneys, imputing to them, in the aggregate, and without exception, gross ignorance, and the most selfish motives, while you at the same time, in equally unmeasured terms, lauded the bar as actuated by the highest, noblest, and most liberal principles, with a possible exception of one in a hundred as not quite perfect.

"Both positions, to your knowledge and *mine*, are equally unfounded; for while, as regards one of them, I can name a Frere, a Swain, a Freshfield, a Vizard, a Teesdale, an Amory, with scores of others of equal claim to confidence and respect, and a fair promise of succession to them from a large body of liberally educated and intelligent articulated clerks, now deriving improved instruction from the law-lectures at the University of London, I could, in contravention of your other position, name scores of barristers influenced by the most sordid motives, and seeking and promoting multiplication of fees with the most heartless rapacity.

"If I could for a moment think it possible that the Local Jurisdiction Bill could pass into a law, in anything like its present shape, I should observe on the preposterous amount of salary to the judge of £2000 per annum, thus constituting a valuable object of ministerial patronage and borough influence, like a Welch judgeship, rather than having the direct view of getting some useful plodding man for the situation, as is the case in the County Palatine Court at Preston, where Mr. Addison, for £400 per annum, does as much, and as well, as can be expected from any county judge.

"The total absence of qualification for the office of registrar is fraught with liability to abuse; some son or nephew of the judge will hold it in sinecure; and the duties will be performed by the clerk, who will make it pay better than is in the contemplation of the act.

"The registrar, to give knowledge, experience, and efficiency in the conduct of the business, ought to be an attorney of at least five years certificated standing, and strictly debarred from practising directly or indirectly.

"The summary jurisdiction of the judge over the attorneys exceeds that of the superior jurisdiction; and the power of mulcting them is an arbitrary novelty, fraught with the most mischievous consequences of subjection and oppression, and only of a piece with the whole apparent scheme for degrading to one uniform standard of low cunning and subserviency the great bulk of country practitioners.—I remain, dear Sir, &c.—WILLIAM TOOKE."

"12, Russel Square, June 23rd, 1830."

The last year has been unusually marked by the deaths of Sovereigns, Europe has lost George the Fourth; the King of Naples; Pope Pius VII.;

the Grand Duke of Baden; and the Queen of Portugal. No man of remarkable science has died in this country but Major Rennel. Nor do we know of any distinguished scientific deaths on the continent. Among a crowd of women of rank, none of distinguished beauty or public merit, have died, and among the leading artists, but one, Lawrence, the leader of them all.

The well-known Beckford is selling off again. Why, in this life-writing age, is so capital a subject left without a record? Let the biographer give but a chapter each to his Italian, his French, and his Portuguese palaces, and he would make enough even out of those for a modern quarto. His English career may be reserved for his own pen, for whose else could do justice to it? We can scarcely believe that this extraordinary and eccentric personage has become a house-jobber. But his buildings and furnishings, and frequent change of place; and his regularly recurring sales of books, pictures, and bijouterie of all odd and costly kinds, greatly favour the idea.

Fonthill was a piece of architectural coxcombry, which, however, he contrived to turn to the best advantage by the help of as dexterous a manager of such things as any man in trade, George Robins. It tumbled down soon after the sale. But the whole affair was only the more in character. Fantasy was the spirit that presided at its birth, and fairyland was the region round; and as something equally out of the world was the proprietor, it was only natural that the whole should vanish like a castle in the air.

His next sojourn was at Bath, where he astonished all mankind, including the fashionable inhabitants of Lansdowne-crescent, by purchasing two houses, and living in them at once. This, however, he contrived, though having them at opposite sides of a street, by building a handsome Italianized corridor, so as to secure an internal communication between the two houses, and in line with the drawing-rooms:—one house was devoted to domestic purposes, the cooking being performed in it, and Mr. Beckford resided in the other, so that the smells of all culinary preparations were cut off from his apartments. This was the object of having two residences, and the communicating corridor; the dinner and other provisions being brought along the passage. Both houses were furnished in the most splendid style, so much so as to draw forth the marked admiration of all the Bath connoisseurs in *buhl*, or *molu*, and glittering absurdities of all kinds. Even Prince Leopold's philosophy was moved by the detail; and he condescended to acknowledge, that if Mr. Beckford and he gave pretty much the same number of dinners, which was equivalent to none, the hermit of Bath had the advantage in *meubles*, over the hermit of Claremont. But all this finery is to come to the hammer again; and we have no doubt that it will bring in a handsome return.

The owner's next remove is now awaking the queries of Bath again. Where will he next build his house-to-let? Where shew off his next purchase of old cabinets, figured crystals, cracked china, and *very* odd books with very odd mottoes in them from the pen of the learned and curious owner. Bets, to the largest amount allowable among the card-table ladies, have been laid, that his next journey will be to Pimlico, there to erect a palace, which shall throw the Nash-building out of all fame. Others, that he means to go to Constantinople, and offer himself

as successor to Sultan Mahmoud. Others, that, having lately taken to his devotions, he means to go forthwith to Italy, take advantage of the papal decease, and by a present of his snuff-boxes among the cardinals, win his way to the papal chair; while others say, he contemplates residing at the *Saxon Tower* built by him on Lansdowne-hill, two miles off, filled with splendid gewgaws, and commanding extraordinary views of the surrounding counties. But the furniture, as well as the residence in Lansdowne-crescent, is also to be sold by auction. Amongst the furniture there are "superb cabinets of black and gold japan; beautiful square boxes of the richest japan; a superb and matchless buhl and tortoise-shell cabinet (formerly belonging to Louis the Fourteenth); black and gold japan screens; an ebony cabinet; oak book-cases, of amazingly elegant designs, exquisitely enriched with gold mouldings and ornaments; immense looking-glasses," &c. &c. The frippery of a sale-room will make as good a figure in the present auction as the last; and so we shall have Mr. Beckford gathering toys, and selling them, to the end of the chapter.

When will the Bourbons be convinced of the truth, that they have played their last card in France? that the palace of Holyrood is their natural dwelling, and that the day is gone by, when a speech or a smile from royalty could have more effect upon the Parisians, than upon a regiment of nightmares? Yet, on the sale of the Duchess of Berri's books here, lately, a rather undignified transaction too, since the Duchess is said not to be in pecuniary distress—and the books came over, *duty free*—we have the following flourish, worthy of the days of Louis the Fourteenth.

"It having been stated that the '*Henriade*,' presented to the Duke of Bordeaux by the city of Paris, had been sold by the Duchess of Berri, Mr. Evans, of Pall-Mall, has given the paragraph a strong contradiction. He says—

"No inducement could ever persuade the Duchess to part with this volume, in her eyes inestimable. She will frequently recommend it to the perusal of her son, to animate him to imitate the illustrious example of his great progenitor in bearing adversity with equanimity, and enjoying *triumph* with moderation. She would particularly point out to the Duke of Bordeaux the conduct of Henry IV. *after the capture of Paris*—a generous oblivion of political differences."

Mr. Evans, of Pall-Mall, is of course, no more the author of this fine affair than Mr. Alderman Hunter, or any other illustrious author, east of Temple Bar. The performance is French all over. But if the Duc waits until he takes Paris by siege, we are afraid he will never enjoy the opportunity of displaying his moderation in triumph. Much the better study for him is patience in adversity: for he may rely on his never sitting on the throne of the Gauls.

There must have been some extraordinary mismanagement, or some extraordinary influence busy in the Sierra Leone matters. The settlement is now announced to be on the point of being dissolved, by order of ministers. Yet for the last twenty years the loudest outcry on the mortality, waste, and utter hopelessness of this settlement has been unattended to. At length, without any additional facts, and in the teeth of a declaration of a few months old, the Colony is to be left to the wild beasts. The recent change of ministers is not sufficient to account for

this : for the business of Colonies and remote dependencies, is generally left as it is found; and in the present instance, the principal ministers have long since exhibited as Sierra Leonists, or protectors of the kingdom of Macauley, as some of the wits term this sepulchral region.

The Colonists, and the machinery of government, are to be removed to Fernando Po. But this new empire labours under a bad name already. One of the papers tells us, with the aid of a comparison, more expressive than poetical:—

“Accounts from Fernando Po describe the mortality there to be dreadful. The removal from Sierra Leone to that island is like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire.”

By all accounts, there never was a finer spot for terminating all the crimes and troubles of our criminal and troubled world. There conspiracy conspires no more; but is reconciled to all things within a week, or, at the farthest, ten days. There ambition burns in no man's breast, longer than he has time to write his will. There litigation loses its chief terror, its length—for all the parties are out of court before the proceedings can be indorsed. There war is unheard of, or never flourishes beyond the first half-dozen drills; there corn-laws, excisemen, assessed-taxes, vested interests, and the other plagues of a long-lived community, perplex no man, but life escapes from the fangs of all, and the dweller of Fernando Po soon defies alike the taxman, the judge, and the jail.

But why, we must ask, unless such settlements are reserved for the younger sons of nobility, half-pay subalterns of the Guards, or ex-members of Parliament, should Fernando Po be settled at all? Have we not the West Indies? The name is enough. The only intelligible purpose would be the discovery of some entrance into Central Africa, by some great river. For this, possibly, Fernando Po might be a favourable point. But we see no attempt made towards such discovery. From time to time, some beggarly German, or half-mad Frenchman, or English rambler, eager for employment at all chances, makes the attempt by land; thus setting out alone for a walk of five thousand miles a head, through countries of savages, epidemics, tigers, slave-traders, and sand as hot as a baker's oven. He begs his way a few hundred miles, writes a journal, to tell the world that he has been buffeted, dungeoned, detected in his mispronunciation of the Moorish, is starved, and is dying. The next post, in the shape of some grim son of blackness, who had run him through with his lance, and robbed him of his rescript and rags, comes to say that he is dead; and claim the reward for his news. Thus have gone, and thus will go *all* the African travellers: all of whom might with equal profit to the nation, and much more comfortably for themselves, have jumped off the centre arch of London Bridge, at high water, and so have gone straight to the mermaids.

But the only discovery worth making would be that of a great river from the interior to the coast; and the only mode by which that discovery will ever be made, will be by the steam-boat. Of the half dozen rivers which fall into the great Bay of Benin, how many have been ever explored by us half a dozen leagues up? The old Portuguese mariners talked of having sailed up some of them for slaves 300 miles, and found them still navigable. The steam-boat would make the trial swiftly, securely, and effectually. And Africa, brutal and burning as it is, may be well worth the trial. Its principal region is still altogether

untraversed by an European foot. We know even the coasts but imperfectly, but the centre of this singular Continent is one mighty table-land, temperate in its climate, and probably abounding in vegetable and mineral wealth and wonders.

We may shew what a field is open for discovery, when we state that this table-land contains not less than two millions and a half of square geographical miles. It is bordered by immense acclivities, supporting ranges of mountains, towards the Indian Ocean, the Atlantic, and the country of Nigritia. With what beds of minerals may not those mountains be expected to abound, when the plains at their feet are the sands from which a large portion of the gold of Europe is gathered? Of the variety of valuable woods, and healing plants, to be found in so vast a region, we can form a conception only from the prodigality of nature in all climates where sun and water combine to fertilize the soil. It is to reach this enormous region that our efforts should be directed; and the attempt should be made from the Bight of Benin by water, and the Cape of Good Hope by land. In South Africa, the natives are gentler, and the difficulties to a traveller would be fewer, from the ease of procuring attendants, from the known power of the English settlement, and the respect for the English name; and from the mere circumstance of starting at once, without the delay of a voyage from England, and without the hazards of an unhealthy coast. But the attempt should in neither direction be made by a solitary traveller, nor by any half-dozen. An expedition complete in all its parts; consisting of scientific men, interpreters, and soldiers enough to protect them from any, at least, of the roving bands of the Desert, should be sent from the Cape; and the whole power of the government there should be exerted to provide for their safe conduct, and their ultimate success. The steam-boat, on the Atlantic-side would, of course, have a company strong enough for all the purposes of discovery.

There must be something which we cannot comprehend, in our negotiations with America. Either Jonathan has the *organ* of bargaining developed to a degree that throws our diplomatic bumps into eclipse, or we are peculiarly unlucky in our envoys across the Atlantic. We never remember a negotiation, in which it was not declared by all sorts of persons, from the London capitalist to the Canadian back-woodsman, that Jonathan had outwitted his fathers on this side of the Atlantic. There is always a discovery, *after* the treaty has been signed and sealed, that we have been hoodwinked out of some millions of acres of barren land, that a swamp of a hundred square miles has been cruelly extorted from us, or that a measureless range of rocks, on which a goat would not find enough for a day's browsing, has been swindled away from the supremacy of Britain. How all this comes, we know not. Nor are the Canadians, who are eye-witnesses of the transaction, at all likely to help us to the elucidation. With the dweller on the north of the St. Lawrence, Jonathan is the perfection of craft; and he couches his fear and his wonder under an apologue worthy of Æsop himself.

"The beavers on a certain stream are said to have once proposed, in a treaty with the fish, that the beavers on their part should have free liberty to enter and use the waters; and the fish on theirs, to come on shore. Nothing could appear more reciprocal. Some old sea-fish indeed had got an idea that it might intercept the communication between them and their young fry, in the lakes above; but all the gudgeons, boobies, noddies, to a great majority,

were in favour of the bargain, being principally directed by certain flat-fish, who, having always been in the habit of creeping to the bottom, which they justly said was a mere continuation of the shore, possessed some experience of the measure, and declared that by such a treaty food would be obtained cheaper and better, and more abundant. The treaty was accepted. The beavers entered, dammed the stream, and preyed upon the fish. But whether the fish derived much advantage from the reciprocity on their part, remains yet to be discovered."

Yet with all this hoodwinking Canada thrives. England has more land than she can sell even with the help of her joint-stock companies; and we may make Jonathan a present of the swamps, the rocks, and the pine-barrens, for a thousand years to come.

The universal argument for the increase of public salaries within the last few years, has been the rise of price in the articles of life, &c., &c. But whatever may have been that rise, the rise in the value of the circulation, or the difference between the value of the war paper, and the peace coin, is much more than an equivalent. Notwithstanding which, amounting as it does to little less than four per cent. on every guinea, the rise of salaries must be seen to be believed. It has been shewn from official returns, that in 1797 the whole expense of the Treasury was £44,000, and that in 1828 it was £80,000; that at the former period the Foreign-office cost £34,000, and in the latter £65,000; the Colonial office, at the same periods respectively, £9,000 and £39,000. The half-pay and salaries in all our public departments (the pay of army, navy, and ordnance, of course, not included), was in 1797 £1,370,000, and in 1827 £2,780,000,—as nearly as possible two to one; while the number of persons employed in the said departments had increased from 16,000 to 22,000 only, or in the proportion of 11 to 8. Having disposed of the question of value given, the next is, that of value received. Have our Statesmen within the last ten years, been wiser, or more active, personages than in 1797? or have they had weightier interests to manage, or a more formidable enemy to combat? We had then War; France in hostility, and Napoleon at its head. We have since had Peace, and nothing to contend with except the Hunts, Watsons, and other mob-leaders. Captain Swing has at last entered the lists; and he has been a tough antagonist. But still, we think Napoleon's opposers and conquerors as well deserved their pay as the Peels or Dawsons, let their prowess be what it might.—But those things have had their day, and must have their conclusion.

Mr. Sadler has just appeared in the controversial field again, by a pamphlet entitled "A Refutation of an Article in the Edinburgh Review." The article was a bitter attack on his treatise on the "Law of Population." The pamphlet fully substantiates its title, by taking to pieces the reviewer's arguments, and shewing their misapprehensions and omissions. But it does more: availing itself of the *censuses* of the foreign populations lately published, it supplies a large quantity of additional and highly important illustration to the general principle of Mr. Sadler's system, and completely establishes his victory, by shewing that, as Bacon said so long since, "repletion is an enemy to generation;" the more fully peopled a country is, the less rapidly the rate of population increases.

Of the science, the force, and the importance of the treatise on the

"Law of Population," we have no space here to speak. But we think, that Mr. Sadler would render a most benevolent service to the community, by drawing up a brief view of what may be called the "Philosophy of Population," from the period at which the subject was revived by Malthus to the present day, when we may almost say that it has been triumphantly fixed by himself among the great established truths of human knowledge. We desire this especially, because, doubtless, from this principle flow all the chief peculiarities of the social condition, whether in new colonies or at home. Poor-laws, the division of agricultural labour, the apportionment of taxes, tithe, rents, every thing connected with the necessities and pressures of society, all form topics closely connected with the principle. Their due consideration might suggest remedies for the chief calamities of civil life, and to the mind of a philosopher whose natural benevolence is exalted and directed by Christianity, must open views of a nobleness and beauty in the prospects and progress of the human race, which no man could contemplate without an increase to his virtue and his wisdom.

Every body regretted the late Mr. Huskisson's death; not that there was any thing in the man himself to regret, for he was a *trading politician*, a name which comprehends every meanness of the human mind. His desertion of the friends of Canning, so immediately after his having been brought into office by that unlucky minister, gave rise to the strongest public contempt; and his subsequent exposure of himself in the paltry and abortive attempt to regain office under the Duke of Wellington, made him ridiculous for ever as a statesman. But the manner of his death was so sudden and frightful, that the public compassion, which it was impossible to offer to the political trimmer, was freely given to the dying man. The following odd announcement of widowed gratitude has lately made its appearance in the papers:

"Mrs. Huskisson has, in the handsomest manner, presented to Mr. Surgeon Ransome a gold snuff-box; to Mr. Surgeon Holt, of Eccles, and Mr. Surgeon Whatton, each a silver one; and to the other surgeons who attended her late husband, on the occasion of his fatal accident, the sum of five guineas each."

This seems one of the most novel styles imaginable, of recompensing medical men for their attendance. The five guineas may be regular enough—but the snuff-box presentations! We have generally heard of such donatives as connected with matters of congratulation. The freedom of cities, &c., is conferred in a box: it might be too "critical" to suppose, the freedom of widows signalized in the same mode. But this snuff-box prodigality is the first instance of its being made the expression of a matron's sorrows.

St. John Long has distanced the majesty of British justice in the persons of the coroner, the bailiffs, and the Bow-street magistrates, after all. We knew that he would do so; but in this we take no possible credit to ourselves, for every one knew that he would do so. Public opinion is, we must confess, still divided as to the place of his retreat, some pronouncing it America, where his purpose is, to set up a bank with Rowland Stephenson; others, New South Wales, by a natural and pleasant anticipation; and others, Paris, which of late years has

superseded Philadelphia, and even New York, as the general receptacle of "the unfortunate brave," the asylum of those men of genius, who have too much talent to live in England, the favoured spot of regeneration for those brilliant speculators whose conceptions equally outran their credit and their age. However, the majority are clearly for Paris; and the objects of the visit are said to be political, and not personal. The friends of the ex-ministers, it is understood, have succeeded in engaging him; and he is about to put in operation a very extensive system of *counter-irritation* among the *canaille* of the French capital. Should his exertions be attended with success, he will, on his return, be retained by the Home-office, and despatched into the disturbed districts to *counter-irritate* the erring disciples of "Swing."

On the whole, we are convinced that St. John Long will be seriously missed at the West-end. His house was a pleasant lounge; his chocolate was unimpeachable, whatever his honesty might be; no one could ever question the strength of his coffee, whatever might be surmised of his science; and the sandwiches which promenaded the rooms regularly every half-hour, were a triumphant answer to all the aspersions that his patients lived upon air. We have no doubt that it was a much pleasanter place than the bazaars, to which such hosts of old peeresses order their carriages every day at one, with such matchless punctuality, to buy sixpence-worth of ribbon, and kill three hours. To this, St. John Long's promenade was a paradise. The comfortable manner in which all the comforts of the old ladies were provided for; the pleasantries arising from the nature of the scene between the various *rubbed*; the files of young women, with their mouths fixed to gas-pipes, and imbibing all sorts of vapours; and, never to be forgotten in the catalogue of attractions, the men of all ages who came to learn the art of being cured of all calamities, that of the purse inclusive. Then, too, St. John's own judicious generosity; the presents of invaluable snuff, of first-growth Champagne, of Mocha coffee to one, and of gunpowder tea to another, shewed a knowledge of women and human nature, that must, but for the malice of justice, inevitably have led to fortune. What will now become of the countess, who led her daughters to this palace of Hygieia as regularly as the day came; and with a spirit worthy of the great cause, declared that, if she had twenty daughters, she would take every one of them every day to the same place, for the same rubbing? What will become of the heavy hours of him who declared St. John's gas a qualification for the Cabinet, and that a sick minister applying to this dispenser of all virtue, would be on his legs in the House, and making a victorious speech within the twenty-four hours? What will become of the battalion of beauties who, at every puff of the gas-pipe, ran to their mirrors, and received the congratulations of the surrounding dandies, on the revived carnation of their cheeks? "Othello's occupation's o'er." But a St. John Long, of some kind or other, is so essential to the West-end world, that a successor must be rapidly erected in his room. Every age has its St. John Long, formed by the mere necessities of the opulent and idle. A new Perkins, with a packet of metallic tractors on a new scale would be extremely acceptable in any handsome street in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square. Animal magnetism would thrive prodigiously between this and the dust-months, when London is left to the guardsmen and the cab-drivers; and when, as Lady Jersey says, nobody who is

anybody is to be seen in the streets from morning till night, that is, from three till six. But the true man of success would be Dr. Graham, of famous memory; the heir of his talents would make a fortune in any season of the year; and now that St. John Long has vacated the throne, nothing could be more favourable for his ambition, than to take advantage of the interregnum, and make himself monarch of charlatanry without loss of time.

Dr. Philpotts has reached Exeter, been received with triumphal honours by the children of the charity-school, passed through a whole street handsomely lined with the parish paupers, and under an escort of beadles, a detachment of sextons, and the pew-openers of the venerable cathedral, taken his seat in the episcopal chair. This scene of public joy and voluntary respect must be a full answer to all the impudent and insulting things that the papers of Exeter, and of every other town in the empire, poured out with such surprising remorselessness on the supposed conduct of the Right Reverend Father in God!

In the mind of all honest men and good christians, it must be to no purpose that Dr. Philpotts has been called all sorts of foul names. Here is the ample refutation—"He was welcomed to his stall by the charity-children of a parish in Exeter." What if irreverent words, which have sunk fifty great men a-year, at the lowest computation, within the last five years, were showered on the doctor here; he may lay his hand on his heart, and trampling his pamphlet on Canning and the Catholic question, demand whether any man can be base enough to remember a single pledge, or protestation, there; while he can appeal to the irresistible fact of his being cheered into Exeter by the charity-children. For our part, we congratulate the English Church, prosperous and popular as it is at this moment, on its acquisition of such a pillar of learning, piety, and unshaken political principle! Other men of rank in the church may by possibility lay themselves under the charge of time-serving, trickery, Jesuitism, saying one thing and doing another, &c.; but now, who can doubt, that for pure integrity, and the absence of all worldliness, we have in Dr. Philpotts a model of a Christian pastor, an Israelite in whom is no guile; a bishop worthy of the apostolic age? We leave it to others to enumerate the vigour, usefulness, and variety of his theological works; the eloquence and sincerity of his sermons, and the distinguished aid which his writings have given to the knowledge of the scriptures. If men will be sceptical, and deny the existence of any thing of the kind from the doctor's labours, we cannot stop to convince them. We stand on the notorious merits of his public consistency, on his public abhorrence of saying one thing and doing another; and appeal in proof to the unrivalled popularity which has exhibited itself on his reception in Exeter. Happy bishop of a happy people! happy clergy who are to have the benefit of his example! and happy church which, in this its day of security, is to have the splendid superfluity of virtues so apostolical, and so publicly honoured a name!

As the world of London delights in foreign intelligence, we give them the following from the land of blue skies and macaroni, where our bankers' wives carry themselves to get "attendants," and their daugh-

ters to get billiard-markers and hair-dressers, denominated Counts, for husbands.

“*Extract of a Letter from a Lady of Rank at Naples, Dec. 1.*—Henry de R. proposes passing the winter here. He is in miserable health. He gambles away his whole time, and wins a great deal of money. There are but few English people of distinction here at present. Lady D. goes about with her daughter, who is very ugly; they ride together, and sit their horses in the way that men do, which has not a good or an interesting effect.

“Lady C. having made her formal protest against the English vulgarity of being restricted to a husband; flourishes about on all occasions in the uniform of her cavalry regiment, and is calculated to have more of the *dragoon* in her, than her deserted spouse, as she certainly exhibits more impudence and gold lace than any female on the Chiaja.

“Since the Honorable Miss F.’s being carried off to the mountains by Fra. Jeromimo Malditorre, letters have been received from her by her noble family. She describes her situation as the most romantic thing possible. The band consists of fifty persons, the oldest not above five and twenty, and the whole the most gallant cavaliers imaginable. They spend the day in practising with the rifle, playing at tric-trac, robbing on the highway, and telling their beads. They occasionally bring in prisoners, whom they shoot, or compel to part with their toes and fingers until their ransom is paid. They often stab or pistol each other, but it is the etiquette to take no notice of those matters, and the community of every thing, loves and lovers included, makes it quite a life of the golden age. The last letter was concluded in haste, as the fair writer was obliged to clean her pistols, preparatory to her going on a secret expedition, with her *Carissimo*, which had for its object the capture of the Sardinian Ambassador’s plate chest.”

It is added, that “the noble family” having suffered this charming correspondence to transpire, the effect was instantly visible in the sudden departure of several of the fair daughters of noble houses, none of whom had subsequently returned; but who were ascertained to have gone to the mountains for the purpose of sharing their young friend’s felicity. Mr. Hill was still ambassador, but he was unmusical and lived with his wife; two circumstances of the highest degree of disqualification in a British ambassador at Naples. The news of Lord Burghersh’s appointment had raised the spirits of all the resident British; concerts, operas and eternal fiddlings were eagerly anticipated; but the disappointment was heart-breaking on the arrival of the despatches, annulling the news. However they still had the very sensible consolation that they cannot be compelled to listen to any of his Lordship’s operas.

The *Morning Herald* has shewn the cloven foot, by attacking the parochial guardians of the church in its neighbourhood.

“It is rumoured that the authorities of the wealthy parish of St. Mary-le-Strand have it in contemplation to take into their early consideration the expediency of causing the face of the clock—which, it is said, is to be found on the steeple of their church—to be washed at their cost; so that it may not only be visible to the passers-by, but, its dingy digits being once more gilded, the curious in that respect may be able to learn from it the time of

day—an accommodation it has not been known to afford to any within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants of the parish. It is also said, that the weathercock surmounting the steeple in question is to be made to demean itself more in accordance with the spirit of the present changing times, 'ever varying as the wind;' for, from some cause, weighty and sufficient doubtless, it has for many years seen fit to point only one way."

The malice of this attack is incontestible. What is it to any newspaper, all whose preparations and mystifications are made under cover of midnight, whether the church clock is as visible as the Lord Mayor's wisdom, or as invisible as the police after dusk? It is evidently no affair of theirs. The world goes on as well as if there were neither clock nor church there, and what more can be asked? As to the money intended for the "beautifying" of this fearful evidence of modern architecture, we have no doubt that it is well and wisely employed in something else, and there is an end of the matter. The weather-cock allusion is still more malicious. Who cares how a city weather-cock turns, or what purpose does it ever answer but to fix the eye of the innocent passenger while his pocket is picking? We say, let the world and St. Mary alone. All is very well as it is. "Whatever is, is right," especially in parish business!

There is a rumour that the Duke of Devonshire is about to be suffered to purchase the Pimlico Palace! and purchase it too, for about a fourth of what the public have been compelled to pay for it. We know not what the spirit of kings may be in this age of shaking thrones; but we know that the spirit of the nation would feel itself most prodigiously surprised by any such transaction. His Grace of Devonshire's pride is sufficiently bloated already, not to require any addition, by being thus permitted to thrust himself into the very tenement of royalty. In Buckingham House the good and venerable King George the Third lived many a happy and honoured year. We admit the dishonour brought upon those recollections by the architectural abomination of Mr. Nash's structure; but still the public money built the palace, and how many farthings of that money would the public have given to build a palace for the Duke of Devonshire? The sale of York House to Lord Stafford was a matter of the deepest public disgust, and to this moment it is an offence to the national eye to see the house intended for the lamented son of George the Third, tenanted by the little canal proprietor who hides himself in it. But the sale of Buckingham Palace would be a still less endurable meanness, an open and degrading confession that there is nothing in England, however high, secluded, or sacred, which mere vulgar weight of purse may not master; and which may not be the prize or prey of the greatest miser, or coxcomb, or booby, in the realm.

A fierce war is waging in York, in which the combatants are: Mr. Vernon, the archbishop's son, one of the canons, Mr. Smirke, and their followers, on the one side, and a large proportion of the gentry on the other; and the cause of the war is the removal of the famous cathedral screen. The subscribers insist that the original framer of the screen had more brains than Mr. Vernon, and more knowledge of architecture than Mr. Smirke and all his tribe, and that, besides, as they subscribed

their fifty thousand pounds, expressly for the "restoration" of the Cathedral, they would be swindled by any attempt to change instead of restoring it; and to have to pay for this change too, not less than twenty thousand pounds. Mr. Etty, the artist, who has more taste than all the combatants, has written a pamphlet to put this point in a clear view, and he has completely succeeded. The champions for the removal say, that the Cathedral will be much more sublime, romantic, and so forth, by transferring it to another corner of the building, where, of course, the original designer of this singularly fine piece of workmanship, would have seen all the canons hanged, before he would have suffered his work to have been put up. It strongly argues too, against the architectural removers, that by the removal twenty thousand pounds are to be set in motion too, while, by letting the screen stand where it is, nobody is to be the richer. With all our deference for the delicacy of the leading architects of our time, we can think them no more dignified than their predecessors, and we know that there was not an architect of the last century, who would not look on the quietude of twenty thousand pounds with a dissatisfied eye. But the fact is, that no architect living is entitled for a moment to put himself in competition with the erector of the York screen, nor with any, even the humblest of the builders of that edifice, or of any of our cathedrals. Of all the mediocrities of England, in our day, our architectural mediocrity is the most undeniable. Our new churches, unless where they have directly followed the Gothic model, or have servilely copied some Greek temple, are actual scandals, our palaces are eyesores; the whole science seems to be reduced to the art of laying one brick upon another, and charging five per cent. upon the outlay. And is it in this dry, dull, and heavy æra, that we are to presume to meddle with works of the most unequivocal genius; this day of builders, whose proudest art should never have ventured beyond the fabrication of a coal-cellar, or a public sewer; this race of genuine Bæotianism, when on seeing a church, palace, or street, of their workmanship, our only consolation for its architectural monstrosity, is in the flimsiness of its construction, and we congratulate English taste on the certainty that it will never offend the eyes of a second generation? And are the fine labours of antiquity and talent to be pulled down or dragged about according to the blundering of those personages? We hope that the subscribers will steadily and indignantly repulse this tampering with things almost sacred, will disdain to be counteracted by pocketfulls of proxies, or by any of the contrivances of men whose zeal is but another name for the obstinacy of absurdity, and that they will not allow an honour to their city, and one of the finest ornaments of England, to be defaced by any Hun of an architect or Vandal of a canon.

There has been a great deal of ill-blood lately, about the state of the Peerage, which is described to be degenerating as fast as possible; and certainly the late exposures of the Pension-list are not qualified to make us wonder at the vehemence of the grumbling. Some noble lords, notoriously supported solely by the government five hundred a year, and a multitude of them living on sinecures, pensions, and offices, afford but a disheartening sketch of the proud peerage. But it is going to have a powerful reinforcement. A contemporary tells us—

"Mr. Baring, we hear, is to be raised to the peerage. We do not know why Mr. Baring should not be made a peer; but what we want to know is, where this lord-making is to end? There may be room for lord Rothschild, Lord Cohen, Lord Ricardo, Lord Heseltine, and a few more; but where are we to sit, when we are all lords together?"

We cannot answer this question, and we must leave it to Sir George Naylor, or any of those useful individuals who provide blue spirits and white, black spirits and grey, green dragons, blue boars, and bloody hands, for the coach pannels of prosperous aldermen, and other rising characters of this world. But in the case of men like the bankers, we think that nothing but the most stubborn prejudice could be blind to their claims to the peerage. What can be more dignified than the perpetual putting up of money in one till, and taking out of another, spending twelve hours out of every twenty-four in calculating how many pence discount are to be deducted from a country bill, or keeping five hundred accounts for five hundred Tom O'Styleses and John O'Nokeses, in palpitating over the rise or fall of stocks a farthing per cent., and dabbling with both hands, and all the soul, in ink, arithmetic, money-broking, and bill dealing, for fifty years together. If all this will not qualify a man to be a Noble, to regulate the national affairs, to display personal dignity, and be capable of the large views and manly conceptions essential to the guidance of states, we do not know what will.

To Mr. Baring we can have no objection. But one point is worth remembering. A good deal of the national displeasure at some of these hasty promotions has arisen from finding, that after giving the honour, we have to pay for it ourselves; in other words, that besides making a Peer we have been performing the supererogatory work of making a Pensioner. Now it becomes a matter of some import to ascertain the means of any new candidate to support his title. Of the opulence of the individual in question far be it from us to hint a doubt. The truth is, we know nothing about it, and he may be either as rich as Cræsus, or not worth Sir George Naylor's fee, for any thing that concerns us; but, must confess, that we have a general mistrust of the money of trade. We can look at the salt-pans of a Duke of Devonshire; the Duke of Bedford can show us a Covent Garden Market; Lord Grosvenor can exhibit a vista of brick-kilns poisoning the air of half a province; Lord Gwydir can defy fate, as long as there is virtue in mooring-chains. All those substantialities, if not altogether of the most chivalric nature, are yet something tangible. But where are we to look for the substance of a race of men who carry their wealth in a Bill of Exchange? Whose ledger is their gold mine; and whose desk is their goods and chattels? What was Monsieur Lafitte a month ago? The Plutus of France, commanding, with a touch of his pen, a flood of gold to flow wherever this more than magician willed; striking one dynasty out of the land, and fixing another. Yet, if the stories from Paris are true, Monsieur Lafitte is now fit only "to point a moral and adorn a tale." M. Rothschild is our Plutus—his throne too is declared to be founded on a rock of gold; and we have no objection to its being as solid as the poles, but we would not pledge our smallest coin that there is any thing like solidity in bank paper under the moon; and have we not peers enough, when we have four hundred and twenty?

The appointment of Mr. Burge as agent for Jamaica, will be received with great satisfaction by all who are connected with that important island, and who desire to see its interests supported by ability, experience, and integrity. The choice is the more remarkable, as Mr. Burge had been for twelve years the King's Attorney-General, an office in which lawyers at home are so seldom lucky enough to discover the means of endearing themselves to their fellow-citizens. Indeed, the general result of the office is, to display all the hidden blots of character, and transmit the holder to posterity as a paltry slave, or a bitter and malignant abuser of power. It is certainly no trivial honour to the present choice of the Jamaica House of Assembly, that he tempered his office with such qualities as to make the island thus take the first and the highest opportunity in its power, of expressing the public gratitude.

On the Report of the Joint Committee of the Council and Assembly, nominating this gentleman as the agent, an opponent was fortunately started in the person of a Mr. Colville, an eminent merchant—*fortunately*, we say, as it gave an opportunity for a manly and clear detail of Mr. Burge's conduct in the most delicate point of his office. After some discussion, the question was put, when the votes for Mr. Burge were—twenty-eight to eleven. In this debate, Mr. Bernard, a member of high character, delivered the following handsome and fully-recognized tribute to the late Attorney-General's conduct:—

"All," says that gentleman, "have concurred in admitting the talents and acquirements, the zeal and application of Mr. Burge; but his opponents have accused him of endeavouring to carry into effect the measures recommended by his Majesty's ministers for the slave population, and with having advised the officers of the Customs to levy duties under Acts of Parliament. He (Mr. Bernard) well knew Mr. Burge, both in his public and private character; the leading points of his politics were *melioration of the slave population, and an admission of persons of colour to political and civil rights*. If the House had not gone the whole length of Mr. Burge's opinions, they had at least recognized and adopted most of them. The slave law of 1826, which had been again passed last year, contained many enactments which were suggested by Mr. Burge. The admission of the slave evidence, a measure for which Mr. Burge had always strenuously contended, had been passed by the House, and the general tenor of that law, and the one conferring additional privileges on persons of free condition, shewed that the House went with Mr. Burge in many of his opinions. As to the charge of authorising the collection of duties, the House would recollect that it was the bounden duty of Mr. Burge, as his Majesty's Attorney-General, to support his Majesty's Government. Mr. Burge was charged with other acts of obedience to his Majesty's Government. He (Mr. Bernard) had always been taught that the faithful discharge of one trust by a man, was the best reason why another should be committed to him. If Mr. Burge had, as his opponents asserted, faithfully served his Majesty's Government as Attorney-General, it was fair to infer that he would as faithfully serve Jamaica as her agent."

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

A Narrative of the Peninsular War, by Major Leith Hay, 2 vols. 12mo.—Not a narrative of the war, but a book of and about the said war; or, more correctly, a sketch of what fell under the writer's own eye—at all times worth more than a statement compiled from reports, where every thing is of necessity generalized, or at least where every thing like individuality must disappear. Major Hay, for a subaltern, —as he then was,—had unusual opportunities of witnessing the varieties of service in the Peninsular struggle, and abundant as have been memoirs on the subject, we scarcely think his superfluous. No two men are placed precisely in the same circumstances, and of course, if they keep their eyes open, one sees something different from his neighbour. In general Major Hay is eulogistic, and one motive for publishing is to commemorate the achievements of inferior officers, overlooked by others, though now and then, when the tide of opinion is too strong to stem, he yields a confession of the possibility of error; but with respect to the French, he gives free wing to his censures—they rarely did anything but blunder. He attributes in fact most of our successes to French blunders, without perceiving that in the same proportion he detracts from the merits of his friends. To be sure, there is merit in seizing upon an adversary's slips; but higher, at least in the estimation of most persons, in creating occasions, and higher still in playing your own game, than in following your opponent's.

Major Leith Hay was in the Peninsula as early as August 1808, in the capacity of aide-de-camp to General Leith, who was despatched to the north coast to collect information. Under General Leith's orders were Major Lefevre, Colonels Jones, Paisley, and Birch. None of these officers are so much as noticed by Colonel Napier, who very flippantly, in the opinion of Major Hay, and erroneously in fact, represents the officers, so employed, all as their own masters, and with no earthly qualification for the office, but some little acquaintance with the language of the country. To Major Hay this seems excessively harsh and unjust, and with some bitterness he affirms that, Colonel Jones, for instance, was a man of at least equal authority with Colonel Napier himself. Information at head quarters was sadly defective, but the English were new to the country, and the Spaniards lazy. Before General Moore's disastrous retreat, Major Hay and his superior joined the army, and were present at the battle of Corunna. "The misfortunes of Moore's

army," says the Major, "were occasioned by inexperience in campaigning, by an ignorant commissariat, by bad roads, and dreadful weather—but never by the enemy." Major Hay was also with his regiment at the battle of Talavera, the success of which, if success it could be called, is thus accounted for:—"Great firmness to grapple with responsibility, self-possession to rise above adverse circumstances, a vigorous mind to decide promptly and correctly, brave troops, and the good fortune of being indecisively and injudiciously opposed, brought Sir Arthur Wellesley through the battle of Talavera."

Of the 10,000 who filled the hospitals on the plains of Estramadura, after the battle of Talavera, the author was one; and though he had full three months to speculate on the causes which induced the commander-in-chief to linger on these miserable plains, with the troops perishing by thousands, Major Hay "never, neither then nor since, could discover a sufficient reason for Lord Wellington's subjecting his army to this mortal and apparently unnecessary infliction." After his recovery, the Major joined the army in Portugal, and assisted in the conflict at Busaco; and after reaching the lines of Torres Vedras, accompanied General Leith to England, before Massena shewed any symptoms of evacuating Portugal. Early in January of the following year (1812) he was again in the field, and time enough to witness the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo. At the battle of Salamanca he was wounded, but again on his legs in time to reach Madrid and join in the retreat from the capital, which was all but as disastrous as Sir John Moore's. Circumstances luckily were more favourable—the soldiers were better seasoned, and in the opinion of Major Hay, if we understand him, better commanded.

During the following winter, and till May 1813, the Major was employed as a scout, and such were the facilities afforded by the goodwill of the natives, that he was able to keep close to the enemy's quarters for months without detection or danger. He ventured, however, once too often. He was discovered and secured, and refusing to give his parole, was treated with some harshness; but the treatment was not surely to be complained of, for the refusal of his parole was equivalent to an avowal of a design to escape. In fact he was liberally treated, for a few days before the battle of Vittoria he was exchanged for an officer then in England, who had been captured in the field. To the Major's

annoyance, however, he was kept on parole till the exchange was completed, though allowed to proceed to the British head quarters. His opportunities enabled him to give Lord Wellington proofs of the enemy's intention to make a stand at Vittoria, and put him upon his guard. Though precluded from fighting, he was not, it seems, from being present at the battle, and accordingly he was with the commander-in-chief during the whole of it—expressly, because there might be points upon which Lord Wellington might wish to question him. To our notions this scarcely falls within the chivalrous limits of a soldier's honour. In the action, while the aides-de-camp were all dispatched on different errands, the commander turned to Major Hay, but recollecting his situation, he observed—"No, you cannot." This is remarked not merely as creditable to the commander, but as an instance of self-possession at so tumultuous a moment; and truly it is an eminent one, and the circumstance is worthy of being recorded on both accounts.

Basil Barrington and his Friends, 3 vols. 12mo.—The author of this production has thrown his offspring upon the world, like a bear's cub unlicked, without symmetry or shape. Its limbs hang together like those of a paper harlequin, with no proportions or proprieties in their movements. Yet there is nerve and vigour in them. Some of the sketches, in plain terms, are excellent—well worked up—attesting the possession of strong and original conception, with a capacity for entering with depth and discrimination into painful feelings and harassing positions. But a want of skill to link the results, and give force and effect to his combinations is deplorably manifest.

Barrington is a gentleman who suffers his affairs to run to ruin while he is in pursuit of his own enjoyments—the knick-knackeries of a virtuoso. He gets of course into difficulties, and with a wife and children, those difficulties involve him in the most excruciating distresses. In his extremity he tries—as men in such situation will, in spite of all experience and all warning—to solicit loans; and every body, he finds of course, has excuses ready cut and dried at command to baffle his purpose. He has a brother, a man of immense wealth, but with a heart naturally—there are such things—as hard as a stone, and made still harder, if possible, by a perversion of religious principle or formality. His unfortunate brother has run himself wilfully into difficulties—he has done wrong and must bide the penalty; to relieve him is flying in the face of Providence—an attempt to obstruct the natural consequences of the laws of nature, &c.

To him, of course, all appeals are made in vain, till finally a lady, a common acquaintance, of mauners, by the way, that set common rules at defiance—a person, such as nobody, in our well-drilled state of society, can now-a-days, by possibility meet with—undertakes apparently the cure of this religious and hypocritical professor. Through the agency and connivance of friends she contrives to seduce him into hazardous speculations in mines and share bubbles, till he believes himself at last the dupe of knavery; and in that belief curses his fate, and recalls his cruelty to his brother. The scheme, if scheme it can be called, is so unskilfully conducted, that by a mere accident, a circumstance not to be calculated upon, the unhappy Barrington is only at last rescued from irremediable misery by the act of an actual madman, whose story, told at the length of nearly a volume, finally proves to be the suggestions of his own phren-sied fancy, and wholly unconnected with the texture of the tale.

The Literary Correspondence of John Pinkerton, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo.—This correspondence consists almost wholly of letters addressed to Pinkerton. Very few of his own letters have been preserved. The letters now printed were arranged by himself for publication. Mr. Dawson Turner has here and there added a note by way of explanation, and cut away what appeared to him we suppose less insignificant than the rest. The whole would have doubled the mass now printed, and now there is too much by half. Pinkerton himself was devoted, body and soul, to the manufacture of books, but possessed neither of temper, judgment, or taste to serve the cause of literature. His prejudices were quite ludicrous, and his violence intolerable. He was born at Edinburgh in 1758; the son of a merchant; and articulated at the usual age to an attorney of the same town. Just at the expiration of his articles his father died, and with the property which then fell into his possession, not considerable, but enough for a man of moderate habits and wants, he hastened to London, and surrendered himself to the vexations, perhaps to the pleasures, of literature. His first effort was spent on the ancient poetry of Scotland; and very early he distinguished himself by a volume of letters upon literature, which brought him into favourable notice among the would-be patrons of letters of that day. Successively he appeared as a writer on medals, on Scotch history, on geography, geology, &c. He gained but little by his productions, compared with the labour of many of them, and in his latter days fell into poverty, and died at Paris in 1826. The correspondence, though

little connected, tells the story of his life, that is of his publications, for almost all are spoken of more or less. Many of the letters are from men of rank in society, if not in literature, such as Lord Buchan and Horace Walpole, but more from men of inferior rank in all respects. Pinkerton was, as we have said, of an irritable temperament, and many of the letters are connected with his quarrels and misunderstandings. A reply of Godwin's, so far back as 1799, on some supposed offence, is admirable. Every body seemed to Pinkerton to use him ill, and nobody will wonder who conceives his bilious portrait. He was a very little and very thin old man, with a very small, sharp, yellow face, thickly pitted with the small pox, and decked with a pair of green spectacles.

While publishing engravings of distinguished Scotchmen, very miserable ones by the way, he wrote Sir John Sinclair a dissertation on the Scotch philibeg. According to Pinkerton the old loose Braccæ, covering leg and thigh, were followed by tight hose, which hose were covered at last, for the sake of decency, by the *haut de chausses* (or top of hose). At first this, which was very short and loose as a philibeg, was lengthened by degrees, till Henry IV. of France wore it down to within three or four inches of the knee, and gathered like a petticoat tucked. Louis XIII. appeared with what are now called breeches. The Germans call breeches *hosen*, a term which we confine to stockings. But the *haut de chausses* has become among the Highlanders most indecent, because they do not wear, as they ought, long hose under the philibeg. "It is not only grossly indecent," adds Pinkerton, in his usual way, "but filthy, as it admits dust to the skin, and emits the fœtor of perspiration; is absurd, because while the breast, &c. are twice covered by vest and plaid, the parts concealed by all other nations are but loosely covered; is effeminate, being mostly a short petticoat, an article of female dress; is beggarly, because its shortness, and the shortness of the stockings, joined with the naked knees, impress an unconquerable idea of poverty and nakedness."

In reply to this antiquarianism and tirade, Sir John thinks that *haut de chausses* means trowsers, and not the philibeg; "Indeed," he continues, "it is well known that the philibeg was invented by an Englishman in Lochabar, about sixty years ago, who naturally thought his workmen would be more active in that light petticoat than in the belted plaid; and that it was more decent to wear it than to have no clothing at all, which was the case with some of those employed by him in cutting down the woods in Lochabar."

Did not Sir John see the absurdity of naked men in the Highlands of Scotland?

Memoirs of the War in Greece, by Mr. Millingen.—Mr. Millingen, in 1823, had just terminated his professional studies, when the Greek committee were beating up for medical recruits; and seizing the opportunity for active employment, he forthwith enrolled his name in the lists of candidates. He was well recommended, and his services of course were promptly accepted. At Cephalonia, he was introduced to Lord Byron, and at Missolonghi, his recommendation obtained him an appointment in the Greek service. He was, moreover, consulted by him in his last illness—conflicted with Bruno as to his medical treatment, and was present at his death, and the post-mortem examination. Some time ago, in the Westminster Review, it seems, Bruno threw the blame of improper treatment upon Millingen, while in fact, as Millingen in his defence asserts, Bruno, as chief physician, had every thing his own way. Millingen's statement is this: Lord Byron had a horror of bleeding, and thought, as Dr. Reid said or wrote, the lancet had killed more than the sword; he had besides promised his mother never to be blooded, and in short peremptorily resisted Bruno's urgency. Getting alarmed, however, as he grew worse, he consulted Millingen. Millingen was equally earnest for bleeding, and finally worried him into compliance. The operation, apparently too long delayed, was not attended with the success anticipated by both Bruno and Millingen; but Millingen was for persevering. In his opinion, antiphlogistic remedies alone had any chance. Bruno insisted upon antispasmodics, and actually administered Valerian, with ether, &c. The consequence was convulsions, or at least convulsions immediately followed, and in spite of all remonstrance, on the part of Millingen, a second dose was given, and the patient was soon gone.

After Lord Byron's death, Mr. Millingen continued in the Greek service till the capture of Navarino. Unluckily he was in the town, and thus fell into the hands of Ibrahim, who having just lost a physician, insisted upon his taking the vacant office. No alternative was left him, he was in the hands of a barbarian, who considered the life of his prisoner at his disposal. Mr. Millingen of course yielded, and in spite of all the interest exerted in his favour by friends, he was not able to escape the fangs of his tormentor till the following year. In his absence his enemies—every man has them—were busy, and maliciously charged him with

giving up the Greek cause, and "basely, for the sake of better pay, deserting the cross for the crescent." Much of Mr. Millingen's very intelligent book is accordingly occupied in *defence*, but independently of personal matters, his narrative of events, and especially his sketches of distinguished Greeks and Philhellenes are executed in a style of discrimination that entitles them to attention. But the portion of the volume which will prove most attractive is undoubtedly what concerns Lord Byron. Of the accounts relative to his last days we have seen none that bear the marks of veracity so distinctly stamp upon them.

The old Scotch fortune-teller's—"beware of your thirty-seventh year," seems to have pressed upon Lord Byron's recollection. He entered this thirty-seventh year in January, while in Greece; and repeated the story of the warning with great emotion, in the presence of Mr. M. The party laughed at his superstition. "To say the truth," replied Lord B. "I find it difficult to know what to believe in this world, and what not to believe. There are as many plausible reasons for inducing me to die a bigot, as there have been to make me hitherto live a free-thinker. You will, I know, ridicule my belief in lucky and unlucky days; but no consideration can now induce me to undertake any thing either on a Friday or a Sunday. I am positive it would terminate unfortunately. Every one of my misfortunes, and God knows, I have had my share, have happened to me on one of those days. You will ridicule, also, a belief in incorporeal beings. I could give you the details of Shelley's conversations with his familiar. Did he not apprise me, that he had been informed by that familiar, that he would end his life by drowning? and did I not, a short time after, perform on the sea-beach, his funeral rites?"

Three or four days before his death, he asked Millingen to inquire for any very old and ugly witch. M. turned the request into ridicule. "Never mind," said Lord B., "whether I am superstitious or not; but I again entreat of you to bring me the most celebrated one there is, in order that she may examine whether this sudden loss of my health does not depend on the 'evil eye.' She may devise some means to dissolve the spell!" One was found, but as he did not repeat the request, she was not introduced. Mr. M. attributes the attack to drinking punch to excess with Parry.

Blisters on the legs were proposed. Lord B. asked if they could not both be applied to the same leg. "Guessing his motive," says M. "I told him I would place them above the knees. 'Do so,'

said he, 'for as long as I live, I will not allow any one to see my lame foot. Did not I tell you,' he said repeatedly, 'I should die at thirty seven?'"

Encyclopædia Britannica, Parts IX. and X.—Professor Leslie's dissertation proves quite worthy to fill up the vacuum left by Playfair. The writer's hazardous undertaking was to resume his predecessor's discourse, and conduct the history of mathematical and physical science through the eighteenth century. We had read the piece without observing this limitation, and were surprised occasionally to find the story, for the most part, for any notice it took of recent advances in science, might have been written as well twenty or thirty years ago. In some branches of physics, electricity and astronomy for instance, the progress is brought nearer to our own times, and the whole surely should have been worked out quite up to the date of the edition of the *Encyclopædia* it was destined to accompany and illustrate. What is done, however, is well done. Mr. Leslie had a much more laborious and difficult task to accomplish than his predecessor. The regions of science expanding so immensely in the eighteenth century, the effort required more resolution, more research, and above all, more selection. The materials, in proportion as they were ampler, were more scattered. The outline of his subject was at once more extensive, and the details incomparably more abundant. The result is a very useful compendium of a multitudinous subject.

In the body of the *Encyclopædia*, the article America is able and comprehensive, and would have been improved by a glance at the general statistics of the United States, to complete, what apparently was intended, a view of the western world.

The Military Bijou, by John Shipp, 2 vols. 12mo.—When Shipp had his own unique story to tell he told it well, and every body was delighted with it; but the narrative exhausted his resources. It contained the pith of his materials, and the volumes before us present nothing but scraps, the greater part of which were scarcely worth collecting or recollecting. Too often he mistakes breadth for humour—vapouring for frankness—stale romance for generous sentiment, and is perpetually tripping in chace of fine writing, and ever and anon is on the brink of slip-sloppery. But it is a soldier's book, and need not be severely handled. A courtship scene has perhaps truth and humour enough in it to balance the coarseness.

THE SOLDIER'S SWEET-HEART.

It is an old saying, that soldiers and sailors have one at every port. There is more truth in

the adage—I know from my own experience—than is attached to many sayings of the olden time. More is the pity, says the moralizer; so say I; but I have known the most unsullied pledges of love to be given by such lovers. And do dear women not deserve it?—they do. But I am going from my subject:—what is meant by a Soldier's Sweet-heart? If you don't know, I will tell you.

After evening parade, soldiers generally go for a recreative stroll, for the purpose of meeting some fair maiden, in whose young bosom there is an inclination to be beloved by the brave defenders of Albion. The greeting, if strangers, is this:—

Soldier. Good evening, my little beauty; by my bayonet, well pointed, but I wish I had so sweet a girl for a sweet-heart.

Maiden. Come, hands off, fellow!—don't you go for to handle me—you are mistaken in your mark.

Soldier. Me! you little black-eyed, rosy-cheeked beauty! I never miss my aim—that is always a dead one.

Maiden. Then you have missed for the first time.

Soldier. Oh, no, my dear—it is only a flash in the pan; come, come, don't be so coy; come and kiss me.

Maiden. There, take that.

Soldier. Pray, what do you call that? I'll have you hung and gibbeted for striking your superior officer; I will, you little dimpled-cheeked hussey; you have knocked out my right eye.

Maiden. So much the better; it will save you the trouble of shutting it when you make your dead shot.

Soldier. By my well-cleaned musket, but you have hit your shot in right good earnest, and I am resolved to take the forfeiture of striking a soldier.

Maiden. What is that?

Soldier. Why, amongst men, blow for blow; but, from lovely woman, for a blow we take a kiss. By Jove, but I would have the other eye bunged up for another such a honied kiss; so I would, and call myself a gainer.

Maiden. Then there it is.

Soldier. And there it is; now we are quits.

Maiden. You are a good-for-nothing fellow, so you are; and I'll tell my mistress, so I will—indeed I will.

Soldier. Do, my little Phœbe, and I will serve her the same.

Maiden. Ay, but you dare not, for she is a lady.

Soldier. A lady! so much the better; they are as fond of kissing as their maids.

Maiden. Oh! but she is married.

Soldier. Better still; then she understands it.

Maiden. Oh, dear!—there, it is four o'clock. What will my mistress say? You may depend upon it I will tell her of your *imperance*, so I will.

Soldier. So do, my little sloe-eyed dear; and there is another kiss for you for your trouble.

Maiden. And there is another box in the face for you.

Soldier. May my firelock miss fire, if I stand it any longer; so I will e'en make up the round dozen.

Maiden. Is that what you call a round dozen?

Soldier. Yes, my dear, a soldier's dozen.

Maiden. Do you pay all your debts as honestly?

Soldier. To the fair sex, certainly, my pretty little black-eyed, black-haired, rosy-cheeked dear. If I had you for a sweet-heart, I would not change places with the great captain of the age; I should be the happiest man in England.

Maiden. Yes, if all the rest are out of it.

Soldier. But, my love —

Maiden. Your love, indeed!

Soldier. I hope you will be.

Maiden. What should I see in your ugly face to become your love, I should like to know?

Soldier. Not ugly, either—that's too bad; I flatter me that there are worse going mortals than myself.

Maiden. But you are only a private soldier.

Soldier. Pardon me, my dear; I am a lance-corporal.

Maiden. A lance-corporal!—what is that?

Soldier. An officer who carries a lance.

Maiden. Then I beg your corporalship's pardon. Hark! half-past four as I am a sinner! I shall certainly lose my place.

Soldier. I hope so; I have one for you.

Maiden. Where?

Soldier. In my heart.

Maiden. Deary me!—have soldiers got hearts?

Soldier. Yes, and faithful ones, too.

Maiden. Indeed! Well, I can really stay no longer; but mind you never speak to me again; and if you come past our house—No. 2, Love Lane, you may depend upon what you will receive.

Soldier. Good bye, lovely creature.

Maiden. Good bye, you impudent fellow.

Thus soldiers make love, and this surreptitious courtship forms the misery of both for life. My heart has ached, when marching through England, to see groups of these unfortunates, following their lovers hundreds of miles, to see them embark for foreign stations, when the agonizing grief of those faithful women was truly heart-rending. On their re-landing, they are there to hail their lovers' return, and welcome them to their native land.

Travels and Researches of Eminent English Missionaries, &c. by Andrew Picken.—A commendable attempt to separate the general information discoverable in the travels of missionaries, their researches, and adventures, from the common details of missionary labours. Within the last half century many countries have been visited by them, to which the pursuits of the philosopher or the merchant, or the mere gazer at wonders, seldom conduct them. No mere occasional visitor, again, whatever may be his immediate object, can have the opportunities which the missionary has. He mingles and lives among the people, and long enough often to penetrate below the surface, and strip off the ostensible motives of action. But rarely has it happened that the missionary himself has been a man qualified to make the best use of his opportunities; some, however, have, and the compiler's object

is to gather together what he considers calculated to add to the stock of our knowledge of the globe.

The earliest missions in modern times were Catholics, both in the east and the west. But very early thereformers of the continent made several efforts. Before Calvin's death even, a party of Swiss passed over to the Brazils, but with a result most disastrous to themselves. After a residence of some months, they were driven out to sea in a miserable vessel, with scarcely any food, and very few survived their sufferings. A few years afterwards Gustavus Vasa dispatched some missionaries to Lapland, and early in the following century the Dutch sent out more than one expedition to Ceylon and Java. The Danes were still more conspicuous, and made several attempts both in Greenland and the East Indies. Our own American colonists, towards the middle of the same century, promoted similar undertakings among the Red Indians—the names of Brainherd, Ellis, and Serjeant, as missionaries, are familiar. None, however, were so indefatigable as the Moravians during the last century under the patronage of Zinzendorf, assisted occasionally by the English friends of missionary exertion.

But no direct attempt was, we believe, ever made in this country,—save some slight and inefficient efforts by the Church Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,—before that of Dr. Coke, the methodist. He and three others, destined for Nova Scotia, were driven by adverse winds to one of the West India islands, an event which, in its successful results, laid the foundation of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. In 1792 the Baptist Society despatched Carey and Ward to the East Indies; and four years after the London Society fitted out a mission to the South Seas. With this latter expedition the compiler commences his volume, and sketches in sufficient detail the voyage of the ship *Duff* among the islands of the South Sea. Though calculated to cool persons of less ardour than the patrons of missions, the result only animated them, and the ship was again despatched with a reinforcement of pious labourers. Unluckily they were captured by the French, and put ashore at Monte Video, from whence they at last got back to England. In the meanwhile the original mission met with rough treatment from the natives of the island, prompted by two or three worthless shipwrecked sailors. The greater part contrived to escape, but a few persevered. No fresh attempt was made to relieve them from home, though the London Society never quite abandoned the hope, and in 1815 a Mr. Wm. Ellis was commissioned to reconnoitre

the scene, and put the society in possession of adequate information. On his representation another batch of missionaries was prepared, and Mr. Ellis continued to prosecute his researches, and labour in his vocation with more or less success for eight or ten years. These matters fill up nearly two-thirds of the volume before us, and the remainder is taken up with the pith of Vanderkempt's narrative, and M. Campbell's two journeys over the dreary regions of the Cape.

The compiler purposes to proceed, and we wish him success in his labours. Half a dozen similar volumes may be readily got up, with matter full of interest, and very little known.

Stories of American Life, by American Writers; edited by Miss Mitford, 3 vols. 12mo.—There is no longer any need of complaint about lack of native talent in America. Writers multiply every day, and their productions already appear in numbers numberless. How long, or rather how short a time is it since Americans depended wholly on reprints of our works! and now we are ready to return the compliment, and reprint *theirs*. Browne, Cooper, and Miss Sedgewick are the only names yet familiar among novel readers—for Washington Irving's subjects are almost all English—but in addition to these now pretty well known writers, the Americans have annuals, magazines, and other periodicals, which embrace some of the most popular productions of the most popular living writers in the world of the west. Verplante, Paulding, Hall, Neale, Barker, Willis, &c.—all men of renown, and mighty in their hemisphere.

Miss Mitford accordingly, commissioned by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, has made a copious selection of short pieces, eight or ten to the volume, and they are beyond all question entitled to class with any collection of tales which fill similar volumes with our own native productions. The clever editor has studiously confined her selections to pieces which have something national and characteristic of the country in them. They are, therefore, not merely European characters and incidents coupled with American names. "Many a clever essay have I rejected," says Miss M., "because it might have been written on this side of the Atlantic; and many a graceful tale has been thrown aside for no graver fault than that, with an assortment of new names, it might have belonged to France or Switzerland, or Italy, or any place in *Christendom* (not, we suppose, meaning to exclude America from the regions of *Christendom*), where love is spoken and tears are shed; whilst I have grasped at the broadest caricature, so that it contained indications of local

manners; and clutched the wildest sketch, so that it gave a bold outline of local scenery. I wanted to shew the Americans as they are, or rather make them shew themselves." An arduous task for one who has no personal acquaintance with the country, and must trust to books, with nothing but her own sagacity, on which however she may safely rely, to guide her. In the stories, variety of course was a leading point—some relate to the towns, and some to the forests; some to the shores, and some to the prairies; some are broad and coarse; some sentimental, some moral, others romantic, but none of them heavy. You need not go to sleep to escape from any of them. Good sound sense, with nothing of the lack-a-daisical, runs through the whole of the pieces, and in this respect they might have been written all by one person. Many of the pieces are anonymous at home, but the editor has not given the names even of those she must have known, which is something like defrauding the authors of their fair fame. We have space neither for extracts nor outlines, not to say that the whole are so equally respectable, that it would be invidious to attempt to give priority to any. If we did notice any in particular, it would probably be Pete Featherton, because the story involves a point of superstition, from which America is thought to be as free, as Ireland from snakes. The scenes in Washington too, might justly, if any, claim distinction; crowded with the holders of office, and candidates for office, and speculators of every age or sex.

The Vizier's Son, or the Adventures of a Mogul, by the Author of Pandurang Hari, &c. 3 vols. 12mo.—By moguls are meant in India, specifically, foreigners, whose complexions are fair, and who profess Mahometanism, such as Arabs, Turks, and Persians. The writer, a very competent person, has before given us the Adventures of an Hindoo. The scene of his new tale is the court of Shah Jehan, and the basis and most of its materials consist of the cabals and intrigues of his four sons towards the close of his life, to succeed him. The hero of the tale is involved, in spite of all his efforts, and in defiance of honest intentions, in their several schemes, and in general escapes from one peril only to plunge into another. He is himself, though he does not know the fact till the final dénouement, a nephew of Shah Jehan; but is brought up in the family of the Vizier, represented as his son, and very early introduced into office and command. The youth is of a mighty inflammable temperament, and a pair of bright eyes bring him into frequent

conflict with the duties of his station. The Shah's daughters are as restless and intriguing as his sons. Never was king, indeed, more plagued with his family, except perhaps our own second Henry; but the workings of Nemesis were, as usual, just enough. The Shah had destroyed many of the members of the race of Timour—all as he thought—and his greatest vexations finally proceeded from his own children. His domestic cruelties were visited on his own head by his own family. A brother, the father of the hero of the tale, had however escaped the general carnage, and after submitting to a long obscurity reappears, and recognizes his brave and noble son, in concurrence with whom he resolves to attempt the recovery of his regal rights. The result is not pursued in the volumes before us, and the silence of historical records implies a failure or a fiction. Aurungzebe, that son of Shah Jehan who finally triumphed over all his brothers, we know seized his father's sceptre, and kept it to his 90th year, and handed it over quietly, quietly for the east, to his own offspring. The story is not altogether without interest; but so abhorrent are the habits of the east to those of our western world in our day, that with difficulty can any warm sympathy be raised in our bosoms by the revolting details. So perverted are the natives in principle and so despotic in practice, such contempt of life and security appears on all sides, such ups and downs, such fury and revenge, such cold selfishness and burning passions, that there is no going along with them. The finest sources of interest, which spring from the delicacies of domestic feeling, are absolutely withered and swept away. The volumes, however, are calculated to extend our acquaintance with the country, but must be read, if read at all, for the sake of dry information; amusement they can scarcely furnish to any one, not already orientalized.

Sunday Library, by Dr. Dibdin, Vol. I.

—The value of a selection does not depend wholly upon the selector. The best he can do is to give the best he can find. *Ex nihilo nihil*; and if it be true, as it probably is, that out of the writers of sermons within the last fifty years, amounting to some hundreds, perhaps thousands, nothing better could be found than the contents of this volume, the Editor is not to blame, save for not abandoning an undertaking, which, however well conceived, could not be executed with any credit either to himself or the profession. With two, or at the most, three exceptions, the eighteen sermons here reprinted—the volume has nothing but reprints—really present

nothing that can arrest the attention of any intelligent person, as to manner or matter. Among the seven or eight selected from *living* preachers, two are the production of the Bishop of London, and more lifeless pieces of inanity we scarcely ever looked upon—there is no vigour of conception in them—no spirit in the handling—no novelty of illustration—no, nor one single flash of eloquence—merely humdrum. A sermon of Benson reflecting upon Lord Byron, gives occasion for a note by the editor on the subject of Kennedy's conversations with the noble poet. Dr. Dibdin thinks Kennedy did not treat his patient skilfully. He should have administered steel doses of Paley and Herbert Marsh, instead of drenching him with thin potations of methodism. The Editor has, apparently, no doubt that, had Dr. Dibdin prescribed, the result would have been—a cure.

The Gentleman in Black, Illustrated by Cruickshank.—A smart little *jeu d'esprit* descriptive of some of the wily manœuvres of the Gentleman in Black. A portion of it appeared some time ago in a publication called the Literary Magnet, which, though a work of some value, shared the fate of scores of even good periodicals. The tale is now completed, and illustrated by some of the touches of Cruickshank's pencil—never so happy as when exposing the devil. A young French spendthrift, pestered by tailors' bills, exclaims, "What the devil shall I do?" "Did you call, Monsieur?" inquires the Gentleman in Black, suddenly presenting himself at this invocation. The youngster, after getting over his surprise a little, enters into a formal compact for unlimited supplies of money, on condition of sinning (quite to his taste) annually a definite quantity, beginning with one moment, but proceeding in a geometrical ratio. In pretty much the same circumstances a young Englishman makes the same bargain. Both, of course, go on for some time in the full swing of indulgence, checked only by the sable Gentleman, when either appears on the point of doing, which rarely occurs, any thing likely to conflict with his general views. For some years, of course, the advantages of the contract are all on one side—the *quid pro quo* is of the lightest kind, but gradually it grows too weighty to be longer borne. In some thirty years the stipulation demands the work of four thousand days at the rate of sixteen hours a day in a single year. Even the sum of his early excesses, though liberally placed to his credit, scarcely relieves him, and in his despair he lays the bond before an old cunning fox of a lawyer to see if he can detect a flaw. The bond is correctly

drawn, but the lawyer proves the bank-notes which had been supplied to be forgeries, which cuts away a large slice of the devil's demands; and as to the rest of the debt, the lawyer finally frightens him into accepting a composition, by threatening to throw the case into Chancery, where, of course, it is not likely to be decided in *his* time. (This, it will be remembered, occurred before the accelerating days of Chancellor Brougham.) The bond is accordingly cancelled, and the victorious litigant turns over a new leaf.

In the meanwhile the Frenchman has recourse, in his embarrassments, to his confessor and the church, but obstructed by a thousand forms and appeals, he luckily consults his English friend, who of course recommends his own lawyer, and the lawyer, elated by his recent triumph, readily undertakes the matter. The case is already before the church, and must be prosecuted in its courts. The lawyer makes an alliance with a Jesuit, and the devil, through bravely resisting these fearful odds, finally gives way, seduced by the glorious prospects opened to him by the schemes of the Jesuits, already in agitation, and sure to be productive to him of the most satisfactory results.

Cabinet Library, Vol. I.—Dr. Lardner again.—Dr. Lardner is taking the whole corps de littérature into his grasp and his pay. Whoever cannot be made available for the service of the Cyclopaedia, may in one shape or other be crimped into the miscellanies of the library—nothing will be too great or too little; too hot or too heavy. Captain Sherer takes the field in this new war, and the gallant Captain details the active life, ten times told, of the Duke of Wellington, with a spirit and intelligence that augurs well for the new campaign of his literary chief. Considering the Duke's incessant activity in India for seven years, in the field and in council, a larger space might have been assigned to that portion of his life, especially as it is precisely the least known to the public. Captain S. is of course highly eulogistic; but he lays too much stress upon the Seringapatam address on Sir Arthur's departure from India, as if such addresses were voluntary things, or indicative of any thing but fear, flattery, or interest. The volume before us, the first of three, carries on the Duke's story to the battle of Talavera. Though the Captain sees nothing wrong in the field, let who will be commander, he can detect nothing right in the cabinet at home, and talks in good set terms of regiments idling at home which might have contributed to victories abroad. Strong beginnings, he assures us, very

sententiously, make campaigns short and decisive.

The Waverley Novels.—The Abbot, Vol. XX.—The explanatory introduction is occupied not now in communicating any details as to the origin of the "Abbot," or its object, or again, in obviating and defending, as was the case with the "Monastery;" but with a statement or suggestion of the motives, which on its first appearance prompted a speedier publication than usual. The Monastery and the Abbot were but parts of one subject, and of course less time was spent in search of a new story. But the author—considering the Monastery in some respects as a failure, though he had no serious alarms of any fatal or permanent effects upon his popularity, thought it good policy to hasten to fetch up his lee-way. Not to advance was in some sort to recede, and he felt it to be of some importance still to shew by a fresh and more successful effort, that the failure was rather the effect of an ill-chosen subject than an ill-managed story. He was not, as he says, in his own happy way, one of those, like fashionable publishers by the way, who are willing to suppose the brains of an author are a kind of milk which will not stand above a single creaming, and of course did not despair. In sending the Abbot forth so soon after the Monastery, as he did, he acted like *Bassanio*,

In my school days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot another of the self-same flight,
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth.

and he succeeded—the scene between Mary, Lindsey, Ruthven and Melville, is equal to any thing ever painted—spun out as it is. We are right glad to learn, that the profits of this progressing edition have relieved the author from his most vexatious embarrassments.

Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XIV.—The subject of this volume of the Cabinet Cyclopædia is a discourse on the study of Natural Philosophy, and of all the discourses, and there are scores of them, on this especial topic, we know none that can at all compete with Mr. Herschell's, for distinct views, specific statements, and above all for easy and appropriate illustration. Nothing so intelligible or so accessible to the common sense of plain folks was to be anticipated from a gentleman who was before known only—except among his friends for his excellent doings in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*—as a dry mathematician, an observer of stars and calculator of positions. The advantages of the study of physics are dwelt upon, not forgetting, *en passant*, the self-gratifica-

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tion of the student—principally on the first division, as being applicable to the practical purposes of life and influencing the well-being and progress of society, and moreover, as capable of being usefully prosecuted without any very profound acquaintance with abstract science—the great bug-bear of all general and gentle readers. The importance of positive *experience*—the great principle and protection of physical science, and the effect of adhering to rules built upon it, constitute the second division; while the third takes a survey of the distinct branches of physics and their mutual relations, bringing down the history of science to the latest period, for nothing of any importance, in any branch, has escaped his vigilant eye. The discourse deserves, and will no doubt receive, the fullest attention from numbers who are new to the subjects. It is the most exciting volume of the kind we ever met with, and cannot fail of essentially promoting the sovereignty of science, by bringing new volunteers within its realms.

Constable's Miscellany.—Conquest of Peru, by Don T. De Trueba.—The story of the conquest of Peru is better told than that of Mexico by the same writer, and is indeed in itself a more extraordinary tale, presenting more varied materials—a wider range—a more complicated struggle, to animate the exertions of the historian. The interest is made, we think, to turn too exclusively upon the quarrels and wars of the Pizarros with the Almagros. The conduct and condition of the Peruvians, their manners and habits and tactics, are all comparatively thrown in the back ground. The elder Pizarro gets a little white-washed; and doubtless, though an unlicked soldier, he exhibited qualities, which must always command, however vilely directed, the admiration of man—perseverance in the teeth of the most appalling obstacles, contempt of *peril* and personal suffering, unconquerable firmness, readiness of expedient, and unhesitating decision, in the execution of an object, which astounds by its magnitude. The narrative is carried on to the execution of *Gonzalva Pizarro*; and certainly the most interesting portion and the best executed is the progress of the wily priest *Lagasca*, who accomplished the destruction of the Pizarro faction, by means apparently so utterly inadequate to so violent a consummation. The career of *Lagasca* is unique in the annals of diplomatic craft and insidious warfare.

The Romance of History, France, by Leitch Ritchie, 3 vols. 12mo.—Mr. Ritchie has thrown some spirit and variety into his romances, and told them with

a laudable but somewhat pedantic reference to the times, and recorded characteristics of national manners; he has plunged into French libraries—forgotten the cast and tone of his own land's tales, and caught up at the same time the gaiety and vivacity of the people he writes about. The series begins with a story of one of Charlemagne's daughters, who—the cunning virago! carried her lover on her own shoulders through the snow to prevent the appearance of a man's footsteps through the court-yard; and concludes with the tale of Madame de Maintenon, which has in it as much of the real romance of history as even that in later days of Josephine.

In conformity with the practice of his

predecessors, Mr. Ritchie has introduced the tales with historical summaries, and his are admirable in their way. He takes an ironical tone, and often reminds us of the shrewdness and sarcasm of Voltaire, as well as occasionally of his levity. The author is capable of throwing a very useful, because independent and enlightened glance upon historical character and incident; and might, with a prospect of doing some service, bend his efforts in that direction. Three-fourths of our heavy history is written as if the writers believed the rulers of mankind thought of *anything but* the interests of themselves, and the orders, parties, factions or sects which supported their authority.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

WE can give little more than a list of a portion of the contents of the seventh, eighth, and ninth parts of *The English School*, a work of great beauty and utility. It comprises, among others, Stothard's Creation of Eve, Hogarth's March to Finchley, West's Regulus, Kidd's Poacher Detected, Bacon's Monument to Chatham, Stephanoff's Visit to Rich Relations, West's Lear, Clint's Scene in the Merry Monarch (injudiciously chosen, because the effect depends upon portrait and individual expression, which are here impossible), Wilkie's Jew's Harp, Opie's Death of Rizzio, Gainsborough's Cottage Children (Fuseli's Oberon seems to have been accidentally omitted in the copy before us), and lastly, Wilson's Cicero at his Villa. These outlines are executed with singular precision, and the effect in many instances is very curious and pleasing. Brief criticisms and explanations, in French and English, are appended by Mr. Hamilton. We leave the work to be appreciated, as it must be, by all lovers of art, whether here or elsewhere. Every outline is at least a memorandum of something which no one, having once seen, could wish to forget.

The *Views in the East* lose none of their "original brightness" by repetition; part the fifth being as brilliant as part the first. Here is another view of Benares, "taken from the upper part of the city, looking down the Ganges," not equal in variety to the last, but very light and pleasing. It is executed by Boys and Heath. The next is the Cave of Karli, beautifully executed, and strikingly curious in itself: this is by Cattermole and J. Bishop. The third, and perhaps the "most pleasing," is El Wuish, a little harbour on the north coast of the Red Sea, in which the

engraver (Goodall) has given the brightest possible effect to the pencil of Stanfield. The boats, boatmen, sails and water, are all the "gay creatures" of his own peculiar element; the mountains are less delightful to look upon—for where nature has done nothing, art cannot be expected to do much. The descriptive accompaniments comprise considerable information.

Here is a number, the twenty-first of the *National Portrait Gallery*, which contains two remarkable portraits of celebrated men; one of the Marquis of Anglesey, an exquisitely soft and finished engraving, by S. Freeman, from Lawrence's picture; the other, of Capt. Sir John Franklin, by Thomson, from a picture by Derby. The contrast between the naval and the military hero is curious, and the engravings come very properly into the same number. Of the portrait of Lord Anglesey, as regards resemblance, we cannot judge, but the expression is at once mild and severe, with a character of decision and simplicity which is faithful we should think to the original: it is Lord Anglesey in *repose*. That of Sir John Franklin is an excellent likeness, but not a favourable one; and the engraver has so mismanaged his "lights and darks" as to give almost a *mulatto* tint to a complexion which, considering the changes and the climates which the distinguished voyager has encountered, is singularly delicate and clear. The portrait of Lord Carlisle, by Jackson and Dean, is among the best of the series, and the biographies are full of interest and anecdote.

The ninth part of the *Waverley Landscape Illustrations* contains two views by Dewint, Kenilworth Castle and Jorvaulx Abbey; one by Daniell, Kirkwall; and one by Robson, Dunstafnage, "the

original of Ardenvoehr in the Legend of Montrose." These views are executed with the same taste and neatness that have prevailed from the first number,

and which render them such desirable accompaniments of the magical tomes of the north.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The following are preparing for publication:—

By William and Mary Howitt: *The Book of the Seasons*.

By Don T. De Trueba, author of the *Castilian*, &c.: a satirical work, in three volumes, called *Paris and London*.

By Nicholas Michell, Esq.: *The Siege of Constantinople*; a poem.

By a Contributor to the *Principal Periodicals of the Day*: a volume called *The Twelve Nights*.

By Sarah Hoare: *Poems on Conchology and Botany*; with plates and notes.

By William Bennet, Author of "*Pictures of Scottish Scenes and Character*:" poems, entitled *Songs of Solitude*.

By the Rev. R. Warner, F.S.A.: *The Anti-Materialist*; a manual for youth.

By Thomas Landseer, Author of "*Monkeyana*," &c.: A series of Satanic Sketches, in illustration of the leading features of the *Devil's Walk*.

By James Bird, Author of "*The Vale of Slaughden*:" A poem, historical and descriptive, called *Framlingham*; a Narrative of the Castle.

By William Rae Wilson, Esq., F.S.A.: *Travels in the Holy Land*; with letters from foreign sovereigns on the Protestant Faith.

The Cameleon; a collection of original essays, tales, sketches, and poems.

The Rose; a collection of the best English songs.

By the Rev. W. Foster, M.A.: *Examples in Algebra*.

By the Author of the *Templars*: An historical novel called *Arthur of Brittany*.

By Mr. Booth, Author of "*the Analytical Dictionary*:" *The Principles of English Composition*.

By Mr. Roberts: *The Welsh Interpreter*; containing a concise vocabulary, and useful phrases.

By N. H. Nicolas: *A Refutation of Mr. Palgrave's Remarks on the Observations of the State of Historical Literature*.

By the same Author: *The Privy Purse Expences of Elizabeth of York, and the Wardrobe Accounts of Edward the Fourth*.

By J. W. Thomas: *A Popular Sketch of the History of Poland*.

Observations on the Present Defective State of English Timber; the causes which retard its growth, &c.

By Col. Bouchette: A work on the *British Dominions in North America*, and on *Land-granting and Emigration*, &c.

By the Author of *Headlong Hall*: A volume entitled *Crotchet Castle*.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life of Lord Byron. Vol. II. By Thomas Moore. 4to. £2. 2s.

Paris's Life of Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart. 4to. £3. 3s.

Vol. XIX. *Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters*. Vol. 3. 5s. By Allan Cunningham.

Constable's Miscellany. Vol. LXIII. *The Achievements of the Knights of Malta*. Vol. 1. 3s. 6d. By Alexander Sutherland, Esq.

Lardner's Cabinet Library. *Military Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington*. 2 vols. By Capt. Moyle Sherer. Vol. I. 5s.

Cartoniensia, or a Historical and Critical Account of the Tapestries in the Palace of the Vatican. By the Rev. W. Gunn. 8s. 6d.

The Poll for Two Knights of the Shire for the County of Cambridge. 1830. By Thomas Allen. 8vo. 5s.

Strictures on Certain Passages of Napier's History of the Peninsular War, which relate to the *Military Opinions and Conduct of Gen. Lord Beresford*. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

LAW.

Woodfall's Laws of Landlord and Tenant. By S. B. Harrison. Royal 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.

Chitty's Equity Index, corrected to 1831. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. £3. 13s. 6d.

Selwyn's Nisi Prius. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. £1. 18s.

Exchequer Practice Epitomised. By an Attorney. 8vo. 6s.

Bennett's Practice of the Masters' Office in Chancery. 8vo. 13s.

Surtees's Horseman's Manuel and Law of Warrantry. 12mo. 5s.

Dax's Exchequer Practice. 8vo. 16s.

An Alphabetical Arrangement of all the Clauses in the General Turnpike Acts. By John Tasker. 12mo. 2s.

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An Introduction to the Differential and Integral Calculus. By James Thomson, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics in Belfast College. 9s.

Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, with the First Principles of Analytic Geometry. By James Thomson. 4s.

MEDICAL.

Observations on Mental Derangement; being an Application of the Principles of Phrenology to the elucidation of the Causes, and Treatment of Insanity. By Andrew Combe, M.D. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The First Principles of Medicine. By Archibald Billing, M.D. 8vo. 6s.

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Naval Researches. By Thomas White, Capt. R.N. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A Treatise on Naval Timber Marine and Arboriculture. By Patrick Matthew. 8vo. 12s.

Observations on Fossil Vegetables. By H. Witham. 8vo. 15s.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XIV.; A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy. By J. F. W. Herschel, Esq., A.M. 6s.

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Index Græcitatæ Æschylææ Studio atque opera B. W. Beatson, Collegii Pembrochiani apud Cantabrigienses Socii. 8vo. 12s.

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The Parent's Guide to the Baptism

of his Children. By David Robertson, Minister of the Gospel, Kilmours. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

The Olive Branch; a Religious Annual for 1831. 32mo. 4s. half bound.

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PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed in January, 1831.

To Daniel Papps, Stanley End, King Stanley, Gloucester, machine maker, for certain improvements in machinery for dressing or roughing woollen cloth.—December 23rd; 2 months.

To William Wood, Summer Hill, Northumberland, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for the application of a battering-ram, to the purpose of working coals in mines.—December 23rd; 4 months.

To Marie Elizabeth Antoinette Pertuis, No. 56, Rue du Bac, Paris, spinster, for the fabrication and preparation of a coal fitted for refining and purifying sugar, and other matters.—December 23rd; 6 months.

To John Ferrabee, Thrupp Mill and Foundry, Stroud, Gloucester, engineer, for improvements in the machinery for preparing the pile or face of woollen or other cloths, requiring such a process.—December 23rd; 6 months.

To John Blackwell and Thomas Alcock, Claines, Worcester, machine makers, and lace or bobbin-net manufacturers, for certain improvements in machines or machinery for making lace, commonly called bobbin-net.—January 13th; 6 months.

To Samuel Seaward, of the Canal Iron Works, All Saints, Poplar, Middlesex, engineer, for an improvement or improvements in apparatus for economizing steam, and for other purposes, and the application thereof to the boilers of steam-engines employed on board packet-boats, and other vessels.—January 15th; 6 months.

To William Parker, Albany-street, Regent Park, Middlesex, gentleman, for certain improvements in preparing animal charcoal.—January 15th; 4 months.

To John and George Rodgers, Sheffield, York, cutlers, and Thomas Fellows, junior, New Cross, Deptford, Kent, gentleman, for an improved skate.—January 18th; 2 months.

To Andrew Smith, Princes-street, Leicester-square, Middlesex, engineer, for certain improvements to machinery for propelling boats and other vessels on water, and in the manner of constructing boats or vessels, for carrying such machinery.—January 22nd; 6 months.

To John Gottlieb Ulrich, Nicholas-lane, London, chronometer-maker, for certain improvements in chronometers.—January 22nd; 18 months.

To Charles Mepham Hannington, Nelson-square, Surrey, gentleman, for an improved apparatus for impressing, stamping or printing, for certain purposes.—January 22nd; 6 months.

To Louis Schwabe, Manchester, for certain process and apparatus for preparing, beaming, printing, and weaving yarns of cotton, linen, silk, woollen and other fibrous substances, so that any design, device or figure, printed on such yarn, may be preserved, when such yarn is woven into cloth, or other fabric.—January 22nd; 6 months.

List of Patents which having been granted in the month of January, 1817, expire in the present month of January, 1831.

10. John Ratfield, London, improved fire-stove.

20. William Marton, London, improved carriage-spring.

23. Joseph de Cavaillon, London, improved method of clarifying sugar, &c.

23. Robert Dickinson, London, improved way of making roads.

23. Daniel Wilson, Dublin, improved process of boiling and refining sugar.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQ.

Henry Mackenzie, "the Addison of the North," was the son of Dr. Joshua Mackenzie, of a distinguished branch of the ancient family of the Mackenzies of the north of Scotland. He was born in the year 1745, or 1746—we believe the former. After receiving a liberal education, he devoted himself to the law; and, in 1766, he became an attorney in the Scottish Court of Exchequer. Ultimately his practice in that court produced him about £300 a year; he became comptroller-general of taxes for Scotland, with a salary of £600 a year; and, altogether, his annual income was upwards of £2,000.

When very young, Mr. Mackenzie was the author of numerous little pieces in verse; and, though of a kind and gentle temper, the credit which he enjoyed for wit induced him occasionally to attempt the satiric strain. It was, however, in tenderness and simplicity—in the plaintive tone of the elegy—in that charming freshness of imagery which belongs to the pastoral, that he was seen to most advantage. He next aspired to the novel—the sentimental and pathetic novel; and, in 1768 or 1769, in his hours of relaxation from professional employment, he wrote, what has generally been considered his masterpiece, *The Man of Feeling*. At first, the booksellers declined its publication, even as a gratuitous offering; but difficulties were at length surmounted—the book appeared anonymously—and the warmest enthusiasm was excited in its favour. The ladies of Edinburgh, like those of Paris on the appearance of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, all fancied themselves with the author. But the writer was unknown; and a Mr. Eccles, a young Irish clergyman, was desirous of appropriating his fame to himself. He accordingly was at the pains of transcribing the entire work, and of marking the manuscript with erasures and interlineations, to give it the air of that copy in which the author had wrought the last polish on his piece before sending it to the press. Of course, this gross attempt at deception was not long successful. *The Man of Feeling* was published in 1771; and the *éclat* with which its real author was received, when known, induced him, in the same, or following year, to adventure the publication of a poem entitled *The Pursuit of Happiness*.

Mr. Mackenzie's next production was *The Man of the World*; a sort of second part of *The Man of Feeling*; but, like most second parts, continuations, sequels, &c., it was, though clever and interesting, inferior to its predecessor. Dr. Johnson, despising and abhorring the fashionable whine of sensibility, treated the work with far more asperity than it deserved.

Julia de Roubigné, a novel, in the epistolary form, was the last work of this class from the pen of Mr. Mackenzie. It is extremely elegant, tender, and affecting; but its pathos has a cast of sickliness, and the mournful nature of the catastrophe produces a sensation more painful than pleasing on the mind of the reader.

In 1773, Mr. Mackenzie produced a tragedy under the title of *The Prince of Tunis*, which, with Mrs. Yates as its heroine, was performed with applause, for six nights at the Edinburgh Theatre. Of three other dramatic pieces by Mr. Mackenzie, the next was *The Shipwreck, or Fatal Curiosity*. This was an alteration and amplification of Lilly's horrible but rather celebrated tragedy of *Fatal Curiosity*, suggested by a perusal of Mr. Harris's *Philological Essays*, then recently published. Some new characters were introduced with the view of exciting more sympathy with the calamities of the Wilmot family. Rather unfortunately, Mr. Colman had, about the same time, taken a fancy to alter Lilly's play. His production was brought out at the Haymarket, in 1782; and Mr. Mackenzie's at Covent Garden, in 1783 or 1784.—*The Force of Fashion*, a comedy, by Mr. Mackenzie, was acted one night at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1789; but, from its failure, it was never printed. The object of this piece was to ridicule those persons who effect fashionable follies and vices, while in reality they despise them. Its language was elegant; but its characters, though not ill-drawn, wanted novelty; and, altogether, its deficiency in stage effect was palpable. Another unsuccessful comedy of Mr. Mackenzie's, mentioned in Campbell's History of Poetry in Scotland, was *The White Hypocrite*; produced at Covent Garden in the season of 1788-9.

Turning back to the year 1767, we find that Mr. Mackenzie then married Miss Pennel Grant, sister of Sir James Grant, of Grant, by whom he had a family of eleven children.

About ten or twelve years afterwards, he and a few of his friends, mostly lawyers, who used to meet occasionally, for convivial conversation, at a tavern kept by M. Bayll, a Frenchman, projected the publication of a series of papers on morals, manners, taste and literature, similar to those of the Spectator. This society, originally designated *The Tabernacle*, but afterwards *The Mirror Club*, consisted of Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Craig, Mr. Cullen, Mr. Bannatine, Mr. Macleod, Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Solicitor-General Blair, Mr. George Horne, and Mr. George Ogilvie; several of whom afterwards became judges in the supreme Courts of Scotland. Of these, Mr., now Sir William Bannatine, a venerable and accomplished gentleman of the old school,

is now the only survivor. Their scheme was speedily carried into effect; and the papers, under the title of *The Mirror*, of which Mr. Mackenzie was the editor, were published in weekly numbers, at the price of threepence per folio-sheet. The sale never reached beyond three or four hundred in single papers; but the succession of the numbers was no sooner closed, than the whole, with the names of the respective authors, were republished in three duodecimo volumes. The writers sold the copy-right; out of the produce of which they presented a donation of £100 to the Orphan Hospital, and purchased a hogshead of Claret for the use of the Club.

To *The Mirror* succeeded *The Lawyer*, a periodical of a similar character, and equally successful. Mr. Mackenzie was the chief and most valuable contributor to each of these works.

On the institution of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Mr. Mackenzie became one of its members; and, amongst the papers with which he enriched the volumes of its transactions, are, an elegant tribute to the memory of his friend Judge Abercrombie, and a Memoir on German Tragedy; the latter of which bestows high praise on the *Emilia Galotti* of Lessing, and on *The Robbers*, by Schiller. For this memoir he had procured the materials through the medium of a French work; but desiring afterwards to enjoy the native beauties of German poetry, he took lessons in German from a Dr. Okely, who was at that time studying medicine at Edinburgh. The fruits of his attention to German literature appeared farther in the year 1791, in a small volume containing translations of the *Set of Horses*, by Lessing, and of two or three other dramatic pieces.

In 1793, Mr. Mackenzie edited a quarto volume of *Poems by the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Blacklock*, together with *An Essay on the Education of the Blind*, &c. In political literature, he was the author of a *Review of the Proceedings of the Parliament, which met first in the year 1784*, and of a series of *Letters under the signature of Brutus*. In all those exertions which, during the war of the French revolution, were found necessary to support the government and preserve the peace of the county, no person was more honourably or more usefully zealous.

Mr. Mackenzie was remarkably fond of the rural diversions of fowling, hunting, and fishing. In private life, his conversation was ever the charm and the pride of society.—He died at Edinburgh, his constant residence, on the 14th of January, 1831.

THE PRINCE DE CONDE.

The Duc de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, and father of the Duc D'Enghien, who was executed—more correctly speaking, murdered—at Vincennes, by the command of Buonaparte, in March 1804, was found

dead in his chamber, at the *château* of St. Leu, on the 27th of August, under circumstances which leave it doubtful whether he had died by his own hand, or that of an assassin. The weight of evidence, however, strange as it may seem that he should have committed suicide, is much in favour of the former opinion.

This unfortunate Prince was born, we believe, in the year 1756. He married an aunt of Louis Philippe, the present King of the French, who died suddenly in the month of January 1822. Many years since, he became attached to a handsome young Englishwoman, a Miss Sophia Dawes; and, although she was afterwards married to Colonel Baron de Feuchères, who commanded a regiment in the late expedition against Algiers, the attachment between her and the Prince is believed to have never undergone a change. However, she and her husband separated. A niece of Madame de Feuchères is married, by the sanction of Charles X., to the Marquis de Chabonnes; and, by this marriage (the Marquis's next brother, the Count de Chabonnes, having married Miss Ellis) Madame Feuchères is connected with the noble families of Bristol, Liverpool, Seaford, and Howard de Walden, in England; and with the Talleyrands and other distinguished families in France.

The death of the Duc d'Enghien had so violent and enduring an effect on the Prince his father, that, having no descendant left to inherit his estates and honours, he uniformly refused to assume the title of Prince de Condé, choosing to be addressed only as the Duc de Bourbon. For many years his chief amusement and employment had been hunting; but after the departure of Charles X. from Paris, he, in deference to public opinion, determined to relinquish hunting the boar, and to reduce his vast *équipage de chasse*. His habits were simple, and he was in perfect health the very day before his death. It is understood that he contemplated the events of "the three days" with much satisfaction; and it has been asserted that, on the evening previously to his decease, he addressed a most affectionate letter to the present King of the French.

Under such circumstances, it is astonishing that he should have meditated suicide. However, on the morning of August 27, he was found dead, suspended by two handkerchiefs from the window-bolt of his chamber. The room had no private doors: its window and its only door were securely fastened within-side. It was necessary to employ force to obtain entrance; and when the Attorney-General of the Royal Tribunal attended to investigate the circumstances of the case, there was no appearance in the apartment to sanction the belief that the unfortunate Prince had died otherwise than by his own hand. It is probable, therefore, that the reports of an opposite character since put into circulation, must have origi-

nated in sinister motives. That the Prince perpetrated the act in consequence of the derangement of his pecuniary affairs, as was at first insinuated, cannot be correct, for about 40,000 francs, in gold, had been in his secretaire for more than a twelvemonth; and a million of francs, in notes, had recently been placed in his hands, by his Intendant, Baron Surval, to meet any exigencies that might arise from the political state of the country.

By the reported will of the Duc de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, dated on the 30th of August 1829, his whole fortune passes to Henry Eugene Philippe D'Orleans, Duc d'Aumale, and Dame Sophia Dawes, Baroness of Feuchères. He has bequeathed—1st, two millions of francs—2d, the château and park of St. Leu—3d, the château

and estate of Boissy, and all their dependencies—4th, the forest of Montmorency, and all its dependencies—5th, the château and estate of Morfontane, and its dependencies—6th, the pavilion occupied by Madame de Feuchères, at the Palais Bourbon, as well as its dependencies—7th, the furniture contained in this pavilion, and the horses and carriages appertaining to the establishment of this lady, all free from charge and expenses chargeable on bequeathed property. These various legacies to Madame Feuchères, are valued at twelve or fifteen millions of francs. The surplus of the property of the Prince de Condé, except some private legacies, is left to the Duc d'Aumale, third son of the King of the French, as residuary legatee.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE judicious and indispensable measures of the Government have fortunately put an end to the unprincipled and destructive insurrections of the labouring classes. Wherever the mobs were opposed, even by the most trifling force, they were with little difficulty dispersed. These troubles of the past year have been chiefly confined to the southern and most productive parts of England, where rents moreover have been comparatively the lowest. The wary, discreet, and economic Scot has been on roses, as regards our southern calamities, and a similar proportion of fortune has attended nearly the whole of the northern English border. Wales, so far as information has reached us, has been equally fortunate.

The *rationale* of the use of farming machinery appears to us to have been grossly misunderstood, not only by the vulgar, but by many who would feel high dudgeon at being so characterized. BURNS, once a laborious thrasher, has left the opinion upon record, that "the man who invented the threshing-machine, well merited a statue of gold." It is the opinion of the most experienced judges, that those machines are greatly and materially economical of the bread-corn of the country; and where they have been at all injurious to the interests of the peasantry, it must have arisen solely from the defective system of the earth's culture. Shutting up able-bodied men in barns, swinging of flails, when they might, and ought, to be so much more advantageously employed abroad, is surely neither for their benefit, for that of their employers, or of the community; and with respect to the choice and good-liking of the men, we, who have so long known them, have never discovered in them a predilection for barn-labour.

The weather, since our last, has continued thoroughly English, the wind chopping about from east to west, and from north to south, in the veritable style of a merry-go-round. However, its chief and favourite residence, during a considerable time past, has been in the east, and from north-east to south-east, with the accompaniment of fogs and drizzling rains, giving us hopes of a course of mild and balmy south-westers in the spring. Our aged bones *yearn* (*cum licentia*) for so desirable a consummation. Accounts from the country are yet nearly unanimous, *malgré* fogs and dirt, and drizzle, in favour of the weather throughout, as propitious to all the operations of husbandry, and alike "healthful to man and beast." During the short continuance of the frost, and where there was a sufficient cover of snow, the forward wheats were favourably checked in their luxuriance, and the young wheats, winter-vetches, and turnips, so far protected. The wheats generally appear healthy, but are not forward; and even in parts of the most fertile districts, the latter sown were scarcely visible a week or two past, in fact, more backward than those of the last crop at the same period. The late protracted harvest, and the subsequent troubles considered, our national husbandry is to the full as forward as could be rationally expected. Cattle improved much throughout the autumns, but the old concomitant complaint of no profit from grazing, is as ripe as heretofore. Should the turnips run, and running rot, during the present warm and moist weather, much distress will be felt for cattle and sheep-food in the spring; and then the general recourse will be to artificial food, and our beef, mutton, lamb, and veal (bar pork) will be impregnate with oil-cake, to the annoyance of all delicate stomachs. Much apprehension is entertained prospectively on the enhancement of price in these same cakes, which (under the rose) we should rejoice to see at a guinea per pound. Grass and corn-fed meat, as in days of yore, for old England! The

turnips, at the utmost, will not average at more than half a crop; the quality of the best, inferior; those on heavy and improper soils, worthless. The last wheat crop, as to quantity, seems yet descending in the scale. All seeds failed. It is a speculation, we trust an erroneous one, that the spring crops may not, in the ultimate, prove so abundant as has been generally prognosticated. The farmers of dry and sound, if poor land, did well last year, both with their corn and cattle; nevertheless, complaints of the exorbitance of rents and tithe are universal, whilst the *mania* for farming is so epidemic, that on notice of an estate to be let, the competition is usually so strong, that a higher rent is obtained than even a proprietor could possibly contemplate in times like the present. This information we received a few days since, from a country friend and witness of the fact in various instances. From some quarters, but in none of which we have personal knowledge, we hear of rents as high as those of 1800; and also of an unfortunate demur as to the promised advance of labourers' wages, on the allegation, that the tenantry are unable to fulfil the engagement, independently of the aid of their landlords. The allowance of small portions of land for the labourers, has ever proved successful, and ever must be so, from the very nature of things; but under the present defective system, or even perhaps under any system of culture, it will be found impossible to keep down the surplus, such a perpetual tendency subsists to the increase of population. Whatever may be said of emigration, men had far better become industrious and thriving colonists, than starvelings and rioters at home; but though we can afford to build magnificent churches, splendid palaces, playhouses, and squares, we have not the means, it would seem, of exportation for this most valuable species of live stock. The rot in sheep continues to spread far and wide, even upon land hitherto unsuspected, and has proved the utter ruin of many small farmers. The long continuance of moist weather is the cause, and the remedy can only be expected from a change. The prices of all produce seem on the advance. The stocks of wheat, whether in this country or upon the continent, have not been so reduced, during many years, as at present. In America, they have been more fortunate, and considerable supplies, if needed, may be obtained from thence. The quality of all grain, in Scotland and Ireland, is reported as particularly inferior.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 3s. to 4s. 6d.—Veal, 5s. to 5s. 8d.—Pork, 4s. 2d. to 5s. 4d.—Rough fat, 2s. 10d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 60s. to 84s.—Barley, 32s. to 50s.—Oats, 21s. to 34s.—London 4lb. loaf, 10d.—Hay, 40s. to 100s.—Clover ditto, 55s. to 110s.—Straw, 30s. to 40s.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. to 38s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, Jan. 21st.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGAR.—Muscovadoes have been in general and rather extensive demand; in the refined market there is little alteration in prices; the mild state of the weather promises an early spring trade. The sale of crushed has been very limited, but no alteration in price has taken place; fine descriptions entitled to the double refined bounty are still inquired after, but the offers are rather under the quotations, for which the refiners are at present holding.—East India Sugar. The Manilla is a shade lower, the White Siam, 21s. to 25s.; low to good white soft China fine yellow, 13s. 6d. to 21s. which is 6d. to 1s. lower. Foreign sugar. The purchases by private contract are parcels of brown to low yellow; Havannah, 21s. to 23s.; 170 chests white Pernam low, to good white, 26s. 6d. taken for refining.

COFFEE.—There has been extensive purchases by private contract. In foreign and East India Coffee, at rather higher prices; for St. Domingo, 35s. 6d. has been paid; good old Havannah, 33s. to 36s.; fine old, 36s. 6d. to 37s. 6d.; old Batavia, 31s. 6d. to 33s. 6d. The Jamaica Coffee is steady in price; Demerara and Berbice Coffee, dull; East India Coffee, sold 1s. higher; good Ceylon, 34s. to 35s.; old Sumatra, 28s. to 28s. 6d. The market is firm. British plantation same as usual.

RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.—The transactions have been more extensive this week, owing to the rapid advance of the Corn Market. The chief purchases are still in Leewards proofs, at 1s. 9½d. and 5s. over, at 1s. and 10s. In Brandy and Geneva there is no alteration; Jamaica Rums are held for higher prices.

HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.—The Tallow Market remains very steady. In Flax and Hemp there is no alteration. Stock of Tallow in London—1830: 38-295.—1831: 51-048.—Delivery weekly.—1830: 1-561.—1831: 1-175.—Price Mondays—1830: 34s. to 34s. 6d.—1831: 47s. 3d.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 1.—Rotterdam, 12. 1½.—Hamburgh, 13. 12.—Altona, 0. 0.—Paris, 25. 30.—Bordeaux, 25. 60.—Frankfort, 152. 0.—Petersburg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 10. 11.—Trieste, 0. 0.—Madrid, 36. 0½.—Cadiz, 36. 0½.—Bilboa, 36. 0½.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0½.—Gibraltar, 49. 0½.—Leghorn, 49. 0½.—Genoa, 26. 70.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 46. 0.—Naples, 38. 0½.—Palermo, 117. 0.—Lisbon, 46. 0.—Oporto, 46. 0½.—Rio Janeiro, 0. 0.—Bahia, 25. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars £3. 17s. 9½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, (¼ sh.) 270l.—Coventry, 850l.—Ellesmere and Chester, 73l.—Grand Junction, 240½l.—Kennet and Avon, 25½l.—Leeds and Liverpool, 400l.—Oxford, 00l.—Regent's, 18½l.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.) 600l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 280l.—London Docks (Stock) 00l.—West India (Stock), 00l.—East London WATER WORKS, 120l.—Grand Junction, 49l.—West Middlesex, 72l.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 8½l.—Globe, 00l.—Guardian, 24½l.—Hope Life, 5½l.—Imperial Fire, 97l.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 52½l.—City, 191l.—British, 1½ dis.—Leeds, 195l.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from December 23d, to January 23d, 1831, in the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

C. Copland, jun., Leeds, spirit-merchant.
J. Taylor, Carlisle, wine-merchant.
W. Leeson, jun., Nottingham, hosier.
K. Harrold, Wolverhampton, cotton-spinner.
T. Pierse, Belle Isle, training-groom.
J. Oldland, Wootton-under-Edge, clothier.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 110.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Benyon, J., Scarborough, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street.
Blinman, T., Bristol, brazier. (Meredith and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Osborne and Co., Bristol.
Barber, B., Chorley, victualler. (Walmesley and Co., Chancery-lane; Barratt, Manchester.
Baldwin, E., Manningham, worsted-spinner (Walter Symond's-inn; Tolson, Bradford.
Botcherley, J., Darlington, linen-mannufacturer. (Mewburn, Walbrook; Mewbury, Darlington.
Baker, F., Creckmore, iron-founder. (Stephens, Doughty-street; Castlemar and Sons, Wimbome.
Reet, C. G., Stamford-street, bill-broker. (Bowden, Southwark.
Bloom, A., Basinghall-street, tea-dealer. (Crosby, Bucklersbury.
Botcherley, J., Bethnal-green, dyer. (Ashton, Old Broad-street.
Burt, W. A., Christchurch, coal-merchant. (Wangh, Great James-street.
Bedwell, J., London-road, bed-maker. (Gunner, Great James-street.
Buckland, J., sen., and J. Buckland, jun., Deptford, linen-drappers. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court.
Brongh, P., Boston, scrivener. (Hall and Co., Serjeant's-inn.
Cuming, G., Bedford-place, timber-merchant. (Burford, Muscovy-court.
Cockshaw, A., Leicester, stationer. (Taylor, John-street; Dalby, Leicester.
Charlton, C. P., Stourton, dealer. (Jones, Crosby-square; Helling, Bath.
Crimp, J., Colchester, butcher. (Bignold and Co., Bridge-street; Sarjeant and Co., Colchester.
Cohen, G. A., Mile-end-road, merchant. (Yates and Co., Bury-street.

Cue, C., Gloucester, hatter. (Capes, Gray's-inn; Kay and Co. Manchester.
Chandler, T., Bow-lane, carpenter. (Payne and Co., Aldermanbury.
Chapman, J., Wisbeach, ironmonger. (Simecox, Birmingham; Watson, Wisbeach.
Cherry, J., Coventry, painter. (Rye, Golden-square.
Cleaver, H., Market Lavington, linen-draper. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Wall, Devizes.
Coates, W., Leeds, grocer. (Smithson and Co., New-inn.
Doubleday, W., Manchester, tea-dealer. (Chester, Staple's-inn; Gandy, Liverpool.
Evans, G., Ketley, grocer. (Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Nock, Warrington.
Elliott, J., Holloway, carpenter. (Pocock, Bartholomew-close.
Evennett, B., Fleet-street, hat-dealer. (Howard, Norfolk-street.
Earle, G. and C., Great St. Thomas Apostle, wine-merchants. (Piercey and Co., Southwark.
Earle, W. F. B., Regent-street, auctioneer. (Wright, Bucklersbury.
Field, W., Brighton, carpenter. (Patten and Co., Hatton garden.
Gear, S., Nottingham, fishmonger. (Taylor, Featherstone-buildings; Payne and Co., Nottingham.
Grant, E., jun., Oxford, cornfactor. (Robinson and Co., Charter-house-square; Dudley, Oxford.
Gevard, W., Frome, grocer. (Swain and Co., Old Jewry.
Gill, G., Uxbridge, linen-draper. (Loxley and Co., Cheapside; Fry, Uxbridge.
Goodwin, J., Congleton, grocer. (Coles, Serjeant's-inn.
Hales, W. Wem, cabinet-maker. (Philpot and Co., Southampton-street; Burley and Co., Shrewsbury.
Hardwick, J., Cheltenham, carpenter. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Whatley, jun., Cirencester.
Haylar, J., Brighton, horse-dealer. (Heatheote, Colman street.
Houghton, M., Ipsley, grocer. (Lowndes and Co., Red-lion-square; Cresswall, Redditch.
Hemsted, W. and J., Bury and Sudbury, linen-drappers. (Bowden and Co., Aldermanbury.
Hook, J., Nicholas-lane, merchant. (Chilcote, Walbrook.
Harland, H., Fell-street, livery-stable-keeper. (Fawcett, Jewin-street.

- Harris, W., Bristol, silk-mercier. (Bridge and Co., Red-lion-square; Hare and Co., Bristol.)
 Harnett, E., Wapping, coal-merchant. (Baddeley, Leman-street.)
 Hill, G. J., Camberwell, oil-man. (Fysen and Co.)
 Hehir, J., jun., Leigh, baker. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Parker and Co., Worcester.)
 Hooper, R., St. Philip and Jacob, malster. (Brittan, Basinghall-street.)
 Harrington, J., Stanway, victualler. (Hall and Co., Salters'-hall.)
 Isles, F., King-street, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street.)
 Ironside, A., Louth, nurseryman. (Shaw, Ely-place; Wilson, Louth.)
 Izon, T., Handsworth, merchant. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn.)
 Jackson, A. C., Horselydown, coal-merchant. (Rottenbury, Horselydown.)
 Jones, E., Canterbury, grocer. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle.)
 Jones, D., Gwyddalwern, victualler. (Jones, Crosby-square; Anwyl, Bala.)
 Key, J., Great Prescott-street, general merchant. (Rippingham, Great Prescott-street.)
 Lamb, G. P., Somers-town, cheesemonger. (Hannington and Co., Carey-lane.)
 Lyon, A. and C. N., Jacob, Birmingham and London, dealers. (Yates and Co., Bury-street.)
 Lee, T., Liverpool, cotton-dealer. (Dean, Palsgrave-place; Gregory, Liverpool.)
 Middleton, J. and H., Seven Oaks, upholders. (Turnley, White-lion-court.)
 Minshall, J., Stockport, victualler. (Dean, Palsgrave-place; Boothroyd and Co., Stockport.)
 Mottram, W., St. John-street, victualler. (Selby Serjeant's-inn.)
 Meyer, H. L., Clement's-lane, merchant. (Kirkman and Co., Cannon-street.)
 Mills, W., Greenwich, linen-draper. (Street and Co., Brabant-court.)
 May, J., and P. Brodie, Fenchurch-street, tavern-keepers. (Williams and Co., Bedford-row.)
 Marshall, E., Liverpool, grocer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Maudsley, Liverpool.)
 Naish, F., Shepton Mallet, clothier. (Pope, Gray's-inn.)
 Neale, W., Leicester, woolstapler. (Wimburn and Co., Chancery-lane; Moore and Co., Leicester.)
 Nyren, J. W., and W. Adam, Battersea, colour-manufacturers. (Fyson and Co., Lothbury.)
 Nathan, N. and W., Mansell-street, quill-merchants. (Spyer, Broad-street-buildings.)
 Oakden, J., Radsley, manufacturer. (Abbot and Co., Symond's-inn; Welch, Ashbourne.)
 Patrick, J., F. and G., Brampton-en-le-Morthen, malsters. (Taylor, John-street; Badger, Rotherham.)
 Perkins, H. T., Angel-court, scrivener. (Nokes, Southampton-street.)
 Pritchard, C., Bath, upholsterer. (Frowd, Essex-street; Crittwell, Bath.)
 Parkin, J., Holehouse Clough, clothier. (Clarke, and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield.)
 Pearson, J., Long Eaton, grocer. (Few and Co., Henrietta-street; Mousley and Co., Derby.)
 Pluckwell, H., Old-street-road, potatoe-dealer. (Donne, Great Turner-street.)
 Roberts, M., Little Eastcheap, grocer. (Sandom, Dunster-court.)
 Richardson, H., Taunton, haberdasher. (Ashurst, Newgate-street.)
 Royston, J., Manchester, innkeeper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Boardman, Bolton.)
 Reterneyer, M., Aury-court, agent. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court.)
 Robertson, J., Berkhamstead, surgeon. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields.)
 Ridout, W., Ringswood, linen-draper. (Holmes and Co., New-inn.)
 Southgate, S., Gate-street, builder. (Clare and Co., Frederick's-place.)
 Stephenson, D., jun., and L. Mitchell, Dewsbury, dealer. (Jacques and Co., Coleman-street; Archer and Co., Ossett.)
 Seaman, G., Clerkenwell, livery-stable-keeper. (Forbes, Ely-place.)
 Stoddart, W., Freshford, cloth-manufacturer. (Mounsey and Co., Staple-inn; Watts and Son, Bath; Dixon, Caldwaiite.)
 Storry, F. W., York, dealer. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Ord and Co., York.)
 Smith, T., Edgeware-road, coach-proprietor. (Turnley, Lombard-street.)
 Simkin, G. R., Redcross-street, grocer. (Hanley, Furnival's-inn.)
 Smith, G., jun., North Shields, master-mariner. (Lowry and Co., Pinner's-hall-court; Lowrey, North Shields.)
 Smith, W., Brick-lane, baker. (Simson, Copthall-buildings.)
 Skipp, M., Commercial-road, iron-merchant. (Evitt and Co., Hayden-square.)
 Shears, A., Friday-street, silk-warehouseman. (Lloyd, Thavies-inn.)
 Skinner, G., Aveley, grocer. (Lofty, King-street.)
 Teale, J., Quadrant, hardwareman. (Gem, Chancery-lane.)
 Thorogood, W., Chipping-Ongar, victualler. (Jager, King's-place, Commercial-road.)
 Vine, T., Brighton, toyman. (Freeman and Co., Coleman-street.)
 Whitfield, R., Brixton, American-merchant.
 Wilmshurst, T., Oxford-street, artist. (Joyes, Chancery-lane.)
 Wright, W., Southwark, publisher. (Smith, Basinghall-street.)
 Wilson, W., Mincing-lane, sugar-broker. (Lewis, Crutched Friars.)
 Waring, J., Charles-street, ship-owner. (Pearce and Co., Swithin's-lane.)
 Wharton, T., Bidstone, farmer. (Lake, Cateaton-street; Foster, Liverpool.)
 Wild, J., and G. Shaw, Oldham, cotton-spinners. (Ward and Co., Temple; Haddfield and Co., Manchester.)
 Williams, J. E., Norwich, grocer. (Wire, St. Swithin's-lane; Marston, Norwich.)
 Williams, G., St. Paul's Church-yard, warehouseman. (Harris, Lincoln's-inn.)
 Walton, D., Oldham, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Co., Temple.)
 Ward, G., Leeds, innkeeper. (Wilson, Southampton-street.)
 Young, W., Rochester, coach-master. (Simmons, New North-street.)

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Hon. and Rev. E. Grey, brother of Earl Grey, and Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate-street, London, to be Dean of the Cathedral Church of Hereford.—Rev. J. C. Whalley, to the Rectory of Ecton, Northamptonshire.—Rev. J. Besley, to the Vicarage of Long Benton, Northumberland.—Rev. C. H. Watling, to the Perpetual Curacy of Charlton Regis, *vulgo* Charlton King's.—Rev. J.

Beauchamp, to the Rectory of Crowell, Oxford.—Rev. D. Daires, to the Perpetual Curacy of Marston, near Birmingham.—Rev. J. Stanton, to the Vicarage of Moulton, Northampton.—Rev. T. K. Arnold, to the Rectory of Lyndon, Rutland.—Rev. T. P. Wright, to the Vicarage of Roydon, Essex.—Rev. J. L. Lugg, to the Rectory of St. James, Tregony, with the Vicarage

of Cuby, Cornwall.—Rev. C. Tookey, to be Head Master of Wolverley Free Grammar School.—Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke to the Rectory of Walford, with the Vicarage of Ruardean, Hereford.—Rev. L. B. Wither, to the Vicarage of Herriard, Hants.—Rev. J. O. Zillwood, to the Rectory of Compton, Hants.—Rev. R. Tomes, to the Vicarage of Coughton, Warwick.—Rev. T. S. Evans, to be Head Master of Kensington Grammar School.—Rev. J. Buller, to the Curacy of St. John's, Plymouth.—Rev. J. Graham, to the Vicarage of Comberton, Cambridge.—Rev. W. A. Hare, to the Vicarage of Newport Pagnell, Bucks.—Rev. J. N. Shipton, to be Rural Dean of Bedminster.—Rev. J. C. Aldrich, to be Curate of St. Lawrence, Ipswich.—Rev. M. Evans, to the Rectory of Newton Kyme, York.—Rev. Dr. G. Cooke, to be one of His Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary for Scotland.—Rev. G. Brett, to be Morning Preacher of Hanover Chapel, Regent-street, London.—Very Rev. Dean of Cork, to be Chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—Rev. J. H. Harrison to the Rectory of Bugbrooke, Northampton.—Rev. H. Richards, to the Vicarage of Keevil, Wilts.—Rev. J. W. D. Merelst, to the Perpetual Curacy of Darlington, Durham.—Rev. J. J. Blunt to be Hulsean Lecturer.—Rev. Mr. Mountain, to the Rectory of Blurham, Beds.—Rev. R. A. Cox, to the Perpetual Curacies of Charminster and Stratton, Dorset.—

Rev. G. Hall, to be Domestic Chaplain to the Lord Chancellor.—Rev. J. R. Sheppard, to the Rectory of Thwaite, Suffolk.—Rev. R. Crockett, to be Chaplain to Lord Lilford.—Rev. G. Goodman, to the Rectory of Kemerton, Gloucester.—Rev. J. Fayner, to the Perpetual Curacies of Chillington and Seavington St. Mary, Somerset.—Rev. F. D. Gilby, to the Vicarage of Eckington, Worcester.—Rev. E. Hibgame, to the Curacy of St. George, Norwich.—Rev. J. Burnett, to the Rectory of Houghton, Hants.—Rev. J. Clementson, to the Vicarage of Wolvey, Warwick.—Rev. P. Fraser, to the Rectory of Kegworth, Leicester.—Rev. W. M'Douall, to a Prebendal Stall in Peterborough Cathedral.—Rev. R. Etough, to the Rectory of Great Addington, Northampton.—Rev. W. Pauli, to be Head Master of Chester King's School.—Rev. T. H. Cassan, to the Vicarage of Bruton and Perpetual Curacy of Wyke Champflower, Somerset.—Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Philpotts), to a Prebendal Stall in Durham Cathedral.—Rev. W. N. Darnell, to the Rectory of Stanhope, Durham.—Rev. G. Davys, to a Deanery of Chester.—Rev. J. Armihead, to the Perpetual Curacy of Barlings.—Rev. W. Vaux, to a Prebendal Stall in Winchester Cathedral.—Rev. J. Besly, to the Rectory of Aston Subedge, Gloucester.—Rev. T. Higgins to the Perpetual Curacy of Stoulton, Worcester.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

Dec. 26. By order of the Privy Council, form of prayer read in the churches "on account of the troubled state of the kingdom."

— 27. A meeting of a body of persons denominating themselves "The Tradesmen of Dublin," prevented from assembling by Proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The intention of the meeting was for a Repeal of the Union. An address was, by deputies, presented to Mr. O'Connell.

Jan. 3. The American President's Message, delivered December 7, to both Houses of Congress arrived; it states, among other things, the expense of its government as follows:—"According to the estimates of the Treasury Department, the receipts in the treasury, during the present year, will amount to 24,161,018 dollars, which will exceed by about 300,000 dollars the estimate presented in the last annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury. The total expenditure during the year, exclusive of the public debt, is estimated at 13,742,311

dollars; and the payment on account of public debt for the same period will have been 11,354,630 dollars: leaving a balance in the treasury, on the 1st Jan., 1831, of 4,819,781 dollars."!!!

— 5. By abstract of the net produce of the Revenue up to this day, it appears that the decrease on the last year has been £640,450., and that on the last quarter £29,480.

— 7. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland issued a second proclamation for suppression of dangerous associations in Ireland.

— 8. The Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias' Manifesto against Poland arrived; it is therein stated that the revolution is "a terrible treason"—"a torrent of rebellion"—and, "that they have proposed conditions to the Emperor, their *legitimate* master"!!!

— 10. Carlile convicted (at the Old Bailey) for publishing a malicious libel in the *Prompter*, entitled "An Address to the Insurgent Agricultural Labourers;" he was fined £200., and imprisoned for 2 years—and entered into securities

for 10 years' good behaviour, himself in £500., and 2 securities of £250. each.

— 11. Prince of Orange published a proclamation, in London, to the Belgic Nation.

— 15. Old Bailey Sessions ended, when 4 prisoners received sentence of death, 47 were transported, and several imprisoned.

— 18. Messrs. O'Connell, Lawless, and others, ordered into custody at Dublin by the Lord Lieutenant, on a charge of conspiracy, and admitted to bail.

MARRIAGES.

At the King's Palace, Brighton, Lord Falkland, to Miss Fitzclarence.—W. R. Courtenay, esq., to Lady Eliz. Fortescue, daughter of Lord Fortescue.—Lieut. E. F. Wills, to Louisa, daughter of Sir C. W. Bampfylde, bart.—E. H. Cole, esq., to Marv, widow of Lord S. H. Moore.—At Warwick Castle Chapel, J. Neeld, esq., M.P., to Lady C. M. A. Cooper, daughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury.—At Craigsend, Lord John Campbell, to Miss Anne Colquhoun Cunningham.—Rev. J. James, to Miss Wilberforce.—S. Newbery, esq., to Fanny, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Le Blanc.

DEATHS.

Lady Louisa Mary Lennox, aged 92, widow of the late Lord George Lennox, and grandmother of the present Duke of Richmond; she had been upwards of 50 years on the Pension List!—At Derby, W. Strutt, esq., F.R.S., 75.—In Bedford-row, T. Davison, esq., 65.—At Norwich, J. Gurney, esq., 75.—In Grosvenor-square, the Marchioness of Aylesbury.—In Stanhope-street, Hon. Elizabeth Mary Poyntz, wife of W. S. Poyntz, esq.—Catherine, wife of Sir J. Murray, bart.—Hon. Philip Roper, 94, uncle of Lord Teynham.—At Halifax, John Logan, 105, commonly called "Old Logan." He was born in Montrose, Sept. 1726. He has lived in five kings' reigns—50 years were spent in the service of his country, in England, Ireland,

and the West Indies—19 years he belonged to the 26th Cameronian reg., 23 years to the 32d reg. of foot, 3 years to the 83d reg., and 5 years to the Bredalline Fencibles. Of the last regiment he was drum-major.—This long service was rewarded with a pension of 1s. 11½d. per day. He has been twice married, and has been the father of 32 children—8 by his former, and 24 by his second wife. His last child was born when Logan was in his 77th year.—R. Clarke, esq., 93, Chamberlain of London.—At St. Leonard's, G. J. Wood, esq.—At Broughton, Alice Quainton, 100.—James Blackstone, esq., son of the celebrated Justice Blackstone.—Viscountess Masareene.—Charlotte, Baroness de Roos.—Mrs. Ford, 86, mother to the Duchess of Cannizzarro.—Hon. Louisa King, 19, daughter of Lord Lorton.—Sir C. J. Smith, bart.—Sir T. Frankland, bart., 81.—The Bishop of Cork.—At Edinburgh, Henry Mackenzie, esq., author of "The Mirror," &c.—Viscount Sidney.—F. Canning, esq.—Hon. Charlotte Grimstone.—In Berkeley-square, Ellen, wife of T. Legh, esq., M.P. This was the lady about whom so much interest was excited, in consequence of her abduction by Mr. E. G. Wakefield.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Munich, at the house of His Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, Henry Francis Howard, esq., to the Hon. Sevilla Erskine, fourth daughter of Lord Erskine.—At the Hague, P. F. Tinne, esq., to Henriette, eldest daughter of the late Vice-admiral Baron de Capellen.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, Mr. J. Donaldson, from disease brought on by over exertion and fatigue in the late revolution. He was a native of Glasgow, and well known as the author of the "Eventful Life of a Soldier," and "Scenes and Sketches of a Soldier's Life in Ireland."—At Trinidad, Mme. Gollivette, 116.—At Paris, Mme. de Genlis, 86.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—The trustees of the Savings' Bank established at Newcastle-upon-Tyne state, their receipts up to Nov. 20, to have amounted to £231,945. 7s. 3d., paid in by 4,063 depositors, and 12 charitable, and 80 friendly societies.—The moral advantages of these institutions in raising the character and increasing the comforts of the poor are incalculable. In England, Wales, and Ireland (for Scotland makes no return to the National Debt

Office) there are 487 Savings' Banks, in which the number of depositors is 403,712; the amount of deposits £13,523,428.; of these depositors more than half the number, or 203,691, have deposits under £20. each, or on the average £7. 4s. 5½d.; there are also 4,549 Friendly Societies, having deposits to the amount of £747,124. or on the average £164. 4s. 9d. each, and 1,684 Charitable Societies. The total number of accounts is 409,945, and the

total amount of deposits with interest £1,443,492; the average of the same placed to each account is £35. 4s. 2d.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of South Shields has been held at the Town Hall for the purpose of taking into consideration the sending its own representatives to the Commons House of Parliament; when a petition to both Houses was unanimously agreed to and several resolutions entered into for the purpose.

YORKSHIRE.—The inhabitants of Knaresborough have recently held a meeting at their Sessions House, Sir W. A. Ingilby, Bart., M.P., in the chair, on the state of the country, when several resolutions were passed, and petitions to both Houses of Parliament resolved on. Resolution 4 states—"That the People of this country, especially the Middle and Lower Classes, are now labouring under an Oppressive Weight of Taxation, a circumstance which this Meeting principally ascribes to the Defective State of Public Representation, the Want of a due Sympathy with those Classes, and a Profuse or otherwise Unwarrantable Expenditure of the Public Money."

LANCASHIRE.—The new and beautiful church of Blackburn has been nearly burnt down. It was considered one of the noblest pieces of Gothic architecture erected in modern days, and its estimated cost, when totally completed would not have been far from £50,000.

A very numerous meeting has been held at Manchester on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, when resolutions were passed, and petitions ordered to be presented to both Houses of Parliament, praying for immediate Reform.

Nothing has yet transpired to lead to the discovery of the parties guilty of the diabolical murder of Mr. Ashton, at Hyde, although a reward of £500. has been offered by the father of the unfortunate youth; another £500. by his other relatives; and £1,000. more by Government, with an offer of pardon to any accomplice, excepting the hand that actually fired the pistol, who will come forward and give the desired information.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—The amount of cash received at the Savings' Bank of this county from its institution in August 1816, to December 20, 1830, is £354,162. 11s. 0½d.; out of which upwards of £200,000. have been repaid to depositors.

DORSETSHIRE.—During the sitting of the Special Commission for this county, no less than four incendiary fires took place.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—The present amount of the Droitwich Savings'

Bank is £14,452. 14s. 10d.; the total number of accounts being 320.

WARWICKSHIRE.—The trustees of the Birmingham Savings' Bank have published their account up to November 20, last, from which it appears that £72,839. 3s. 8d., have been received since its institution by 3,139 depositors.

WILTS.—Twenty-five prisoners were sentenced for death at the commission for holding the special assize for this county. There were upwards of 300 persons for trial.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—At a public meeting held at Dursley Town Hall, the Bailiff in the chair, the inhabitants, amongst other resolutions, unanimously "Resolved, that this meeting deplore that any of their countrymen should be guilty of those acts of outrage and incendiarism, which have unhappily disgraced various parts of the kingdom, but cannot refrain from ascribing them to that lamentable Pauperism, which is the result of an intolerable burthen of Taxation, occasioned by long and destructive Wars, by expensive Establishments in time of Peace, by Sinécures and Grants, by immoderate and unmerited Pensions, and useless Places; whereby a sum of money is wrung from an impoverished people astounding in amount and ruinous in its pressure, on the springs of productive industry."—Petitions were voted to both Houses of Parliament upon the subject.

A public meeting of the bankers, merchants, and other inhabitants of Bristol and its vicinity has been held at the Guildhall, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament for a Reform in the Representation, when the petition and several resolutions were unanimously passed for that purpose, as well as for the Repeal of Vexatious Laws, the Removal of Unjust Monopolies, the Abolition of Sinécures and Useless Places, and Shortening the Duration of Parliaments.

The Dursley Savings' Bank account up to November 20, 1830, amounted to £18,992. 5s. 10d., contributed by 441 depositors and 17 charitable and friendly societies.

The receipts at the Custom House, Gloucester, have increased prodigiously since the opening of the Canal between 3 and 4 years ago. In 1827 the receipts were £28,500.; in 1830, £90,300.

The calendar at the last Gloucester Quarter Sessions consisted of 183 prisoners!!!

SOMERSETSHIRE.—At the 13th Annual Report of "The West Somerset Savings' Bank," it appears that the accounts made up to November 20, last,

amounted to the sum of £179,661. 19s. 9d. the savings of 3,625 depositors, 5 charitable societies, and 53 friendly societies. The Queentock Savings' Bank account up to November 20, last, amounted to £34,487. 4d., by 524 depositors, and 15 societies.

The inhabitants of Yatton and Kenn, Somersetshire, have sent a petition to the House of Lords, stating—"That believing that nearly all the statutes enacted in the earlier ages, when barbarism and superstition prevailed, are either revoked or so ameliorated as to have some reference to the present improved state of society, with the exception of the Tithe Laws; they, therefore, pray for their abolition, which would materially promote the cause of religion, the comforts and welfare of all the productive classes of society, and destroy a fruitful and never failing source of litigation."

The county expenses of last year amounted to £24,820. 19s. 8d.

ESSEX.—There are in this county 15 Savings' Banks, established at Barking, Chelmsford, Colchester, Dunmow, Epping, Halstead, Harwich, Castle Hedingham, Leyton, Manningtree, Rochford, Romford, Saffron Walden, West Ham, and Witham. The total number of depositors in these Banks is 7,897: the total amount of deposits, including interest, is £273,182. 8s. 7½d.; average amount of each depositor's account is £34. 4s. 0½d.; and of these depositors there are 4,340 whose deposits are under £20. each, amounting in the whole to £32,521. 4s. 6d. There are also 173 Friendly Societies, having £21,977. 2s. 5½d., and 56 Charitable Societies, having 3,909. 9s. 9d. deposited, making the total amount in the several Banks £299,069. 11½d.

The committee appointed to carry into effect a plan for ameliorating the Condition of the Poor, at Saffron Walden, &c., have published their Report, on the successful issue of the plan adopted of spade husbandry, and small allotments of land—which plans they hope will be adopted in other districts.

NORFOLK.—Lord G. Bentinck, in presenting a petition to the House of Commons from Lynn for a remission of the duty on sea-borne coals, gave the following statement of the partial burden this tax inflicts upon the county; which, with 351,000 inhabitants, and assessed to the property tax, in 1815, its greatest prosperity, at no more than £1,541,000., actually pays £90,000. sterling to the coal tax; whilst Yorkshire, with 1,200,000 inhabitants, and a yearly income of more than four and a half millions, contributes but £7,432.; and Lancashire, with a population of upwards of one million, and with an income rated

at three millions and upwards, pays but £3. a-year.—Norfolk is computed to consume 300,000 chaldrons; the removal of the tax would be to the inhabitants of that county alone equal to a boon of 75,000 chaldrons of coals.

A meeting has been held at St. Andrew's Hall, by the inhabitants of Norwich, on the subject of Parliamentary Reform, Taxation, Sinecures, &c., and a petition, founded on several resolutions, ordered to be presented to the Legislature.

A Parliamentary Reform Meeting was lately held at the Guildhall at Lynn, and various resolutions entered into, and a petition unanimously passed to the legislature. Allusions were made to the present institutions of the country as necessary to undergo a radical change, many of them having existed from five to 600 years, and although they might originally be well suited to the necessities and the ignorance of those times, it was monstrous to suppose that they would suit every age and circumstance of the people.

The receipts of the Norfolk and Norwich Savings' Bank up to Nov. 20, 1830, amount to £106,178. 11s. 7d.—depositors 2,781.

SUFFOLK.—The total number of depositors in Bury Savings' Bank, November 20, last, was 871, and the amount then due to them £35,867. 10s. 2d.

LINCOLNSHIRE AND RUTLANDSHIRE.—At the last annual meeting of the "Stamford and Rutland Savings' Bank," their property amounted to £42,680. 14s. 11½d., and the total number of accounts to 832. The Spilsby Savings' Bank amounted to £8,904. 16s. 11d.; the actual number of depositors were 255.

A meeting has been called by the High Sheriff for petitioning the Legislature upon the excessive Taxation of the Country, and the best means of reducing it without breach of National Faith, the wasteful Expenditure of Public Money, and the means of checking it, and that all-important question, Reform of the House of Commons. Several resolutions were passed and a petition founded thereon.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—The inhabitants of Leicester have held a public meeting in favour of Reform and Retrenchment, and to support his Majesty's ministers; when 10 resolutions were unanimously passed, and a petition to Parliament resolved on for those purposes. Among the observations elicited on the occasion, it was remarked by one of the speakers, that "the present misery and distress are the results of ruinous wars, wanton expenditure, unequal tax-

ation, and unjust monopolies, which, whilst they benefit and enrich the few, ruin our agriculture, destroy our commerce, and starve our population !!!”

BERKS.—A county meeting took place at Reading, having been summoned by the High Sheriff, for Parliamentary Reform, when a petition to the House of Commons for that purpose was carried unanimously. A resolution in favour of vote by ballot was also carried.

The amount at the last meeting of the trustees of the Reading Savings' Bank, appears to be £87,777. 6s. 3d., and the depositors numbered 2,025, including 17 friendly societies.

Sentence of death was passed upon 26 prisoners at the High Commission Assizes for this county; and about 70 were either transported or imprisoned.

HANTS.—Sentence of death was recorded upon 101 prisoners at the Special Commission held at Winchester—6 only were left for execution! 36 were transported, 65 imprisoned, and 67 acquitted.

At the last meeting of the governors of the Chichester Savings' Bank it appeared that £53,374. 11s. 5d. had been received up to Nov. 20, 1830; and that the number of contributors amounted to 970; including 16 Friendly and 8 Charitable Societies. The Newport Savings' Bank, up to the same period, had received £36,012. 11s. 1d., and the depositors were 833.

CORNWALL.—By the general statement of the Penzance Savings' Bank, made up to Nov. 20, 1830, it appears that £43,966. 7s. 6d. had been received from 903 depositors; and 11 Charitable and Friendly Societies.

A county meeting has been held at Bodmin, when the freeholders passed, unanimously, resolutions for a Reform in Parliament, and petitions to Lords and Commons, embodying them, were likewise passed.

There has been for some time past considerable excitement amongst the fishermen of Paul, near Penzance, Newlyn, and Mousehole, in consequence of a demand made on them for Tithes of Fish; this tithe was for many years fixed at 20s. each boat, but now it is raised to £4. 10s. A solicitor of St. Ives went there a short time since to demand the tithes for his client, but was so roughly assailed that he was obliged to retreat.—From *The Cornubian*, Jan. 7; which paper also states, that at a vestry held at Callington, it was considered that, instead of 6s. in the pound, under the present extraordinary pressure of the times, 2s. would be a fair composition for their tithes this

year. The same paper states, through the medium of one of its correspondents, “That the rental of the land, in the parishes of South Hill and Callington, amounts to only £3,800 a year; and that the Rector actually receives from the farmers nearly £1,000. yearly as Tithes!!!”

SUSSEX.—The magistrates assembled at the Quarter Sessions have agreed to a petition to the House of Commons, specifying that, in the present unfortunate state of the country, they feel themselves called upon to press most strongly upon the attention of the House the very distressing condition of the occupiers of farms, whether proprietors or tenants, in a great part of the eastern division of Sussex, and of their inability of paying their labourers, occasioned by abuse of the poor-laws; to the changes in the currency; to the excessive burthen of taxation; and to the system of tithes.

WALES.—The Swansea Savings' Bank deposits amounted, November 20, to £15,675. 3s. 11½d., and to 406 depositors.

The disturbances which existed in Wales have entirely subsided. The men have returned to their work; but in almost every instance the demands of the men have been complied with. The distress is not attributable to any local cause, but so that which afflicts the whole country—excessive and overwhelming taxation.—*Chester Courant*.

SCOTLAND.—New Year's Day last the waters of Loch Leven were admitted into the new channel which has been preparing for their reception during the two last years. This was an operation of the greatest delicacy, not unattended with danger, as the new cut is made to penetrate a considerable way into the lake, which had lately risen to an almost unprecedented height, and was threatening every moment to burst its barriers. Had this taken place, the immense tide of waters which would have escaped, would have carried along with it devastation and ruin. Thus a thousand acres of excellent land will be recovered from the lake, and several thousands of acres of marshy soil will be made perfectly dry, rendered capable of the highest cultivation, and will form one of the finest tracts of champaign country. The lake still consists of six square miles.—*Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle*, Jan. 5, 1831.

A Meeting for Reform has taken place at Glasgow, at which various resolutions were adopted, and petitions passed, to which an immense number of signatures have been attached.